McCALL'S

May
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What Every Parent Should Know

about high school students' lives

The story of an amazing adventure —

Temple Bailey

Edgar Wallace

Robert W. Chambers

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* * *

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Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

Victorine Kirk

Edgar Wallace

McCALL MIRRORS

WHEN I can't spin tales any more, then I'll stop living." Edgar Wallace, the English author who has written more books than any man now alive, and has had as many as six successful plays running in London simultaneously, thinks that "when a man stops dreaming, he is dead." At nine he was an orphan; at ten or twelve, a newsboy, office boy, cabin boy. Later, he became a sailor on a steam trawler, an enlisted man in a Kentish regiment, a correspondent during the Boer war, and a novelist. "A tippler at living," he has called himself, this broad-shouldered, dreamy-eyed, yet vigorous man who says with a smile, "Life amuses me tremendously." He was forty before his first book, *The Four Just Men,* was published. And now, though Edgar Wallace is still well under sixty, every fourth book sold in England is one from his pen.

Victorine Kirk writes: "In a little town in Arkansas where my father was president of an academy for boys, I was born, twenty-eight years ago—on a Saturday. The following morning my arrival was widely advertised when my father, standing up in all his dignity to perform his offices as superintendent of the Sunday School, reached for his handkerchief and pulled out a very small shirt instead." As the daughter of two educators, it was taken for granted that the author of *What Every Parent Should Know* should teach. But she wanted to write. Married at nineteen, she lived in Louisiana, then in California and, after her baby came: "There were hectic months of scribbling with one hand and holding the baby with the other and I tore up most of what I wrote." That was the beginning of an outstanding career which started on a typewriter purchased with money the owner earned as an extra in the movies.

There is nothing of modern restlessness about Isabel Leighton, only poise and charming calm. Yet she has managed to do the most amazing number of things in a few brief years. At seventeen she was married, making her stage début in *Deburau* several years later. During the next five seasons she played leading rôles in a formidable list of New York theatrical hits, finding meanwhile that adapting novels to the stage was even more interesting. She did this successfully with at least half a dozen, besides translating Sudermann's *The Mad Professor* into English in a distinguished manner.

Do you know that with America's reducing fad at its crest, the highest maternity death rate in eight years has been recorded? This is not simply a matter of figures; it is a stop, look and listen for every woman who has ever been tempted to try a diet without a doctor's guidance and for every woman who dreams of someday having a home and children. "Nothing like the present wave of dieting to attain slimness has ever been known before. It is like a famine, and has done more harm to the country than a war," says one authority. You and your friends will find both sides of the question aired in Mary Margaret McBride's article *That Dangerous Thirty-two* in the June issue.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, whose second study of famous saints will appear in the June McCall's, was born in Shropshire, England, the son of a Methodist preacher. As a boy, after long hours of work in a coal mine, he studied for the ministry, going in time to his first pastorate in Dutchess County, New York. Bigger churches called him in the years between. Besides conducting services at the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York, Dr. Cadman, through the daily press, counsels people the world over and inspires unseen millions over the radio each week.

Duncan Norton-Taylor, a young journalist not long out of college, has written *Beautiful But Young* for the June McCall's—the story of a young husband and a very young wife and their dimpling, wee daughter. You'll want to cry when you read it; but you'll laugh and remember, perhaps, that such things once happened to you.

"Of all these millions of books which is most in demand?" Helen Christine Bennett asked her guide in the Washington Library of Congress. "This," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye, and handed her *Americans of Royal Descent,* by Browning. And so Mrs. Bennett started her unique investigation of Americans who secretly confess to an overpowering interest in their royal blood. Her entertaining article *A Family Matter,* in June is the result.

Mary Rutledge, Eddie Ware and Dave Glenn who moved brilliantly through *Confidence,* Octavus Roy Cohen's dramatic story in the April McCall's, will come again to intrigue you in *They Also Serve,* in June.

And now turn to page 37 for a glimpse of Nell Shipman, the glamorous author of *M'sieu Sweetheart,* the novel that will be read and loved by millions, beginning in the June McCall's.

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"I have been dubbed the 'original radio widow' which is much worse than being a golf widow"

In Miniature—Mrs. Graham McNamee

Who follows her popular husband on and in the air

By Helen Hulett Searl

PERHAPS you saw her standing beside her husband on the observation platform of the Oriental Limited, on their gala trip West two years ago. Perhaps you have had a good look at her sitting in the stand at one of the big football games. Perhaps you have caught a glimpse of her in the broadcasting studio. A dainty figure in a gray krimmer coat with a bunch of violets nestling in the soft fox collar. A rounded oval face made one hundred per cent alive by a pair of darkly fringed, wide gray eyes, a real nose, and a generous, singer's mouth. And somebody has whispered, "There's Mrs. McNamee, Graham McNamee's wife, you know!"

My first impression, much less formal, of Mrs. McNamee, was gained one morning as I stepped from the elevator on the floor of the tall apartment house where the famous radio announcer and his wife live. I paused before the service entrance in my search for the number of their apartment. The service door was open and a tall blond man in overcoat and hat stood in the hall in front of it. In the second that I hesitated, a sparkling little woman appeared in the door with a glass of milk which she handed to the man and which he drank. I turned away immediately and rang at the proper entrance. Two minutes later the door was opened by the same young woman, smiling mischievously.

"IF THE whole world insists upon spoiling my husband, I simply have to follow suit," was her frank explanation of the impromptu domestic comedy upon which I had unwittingly rung up the curtain. "He always sleeps so late he has no time for breakfast. So I follow him to the door with the well-known glass of milk."

There is something very candid and outreaching about the wife of the "most popular man in America" that speaks of the West. I was surprised when she told me that she was born and had spent her whole life in New York City. The western strain is there, however, her grandfather having been a native of Kentucky who migrated to Missouri to free his slaves. No one can doubt the direct heritage from this humanitarian ancestor, either, who hears Mrs. McNamee speak of her reaction to her husband's "fan mail."

"So many millions of people listen in on the radio that all radio artists get thousands of letters of this sort, and I suppose most of them do as Graham does, throw them aside to be filed by someone else. But some of them are pathetic, from lonely people who are grasping at the very straws of life, from shut-ins, to whom the radio brings the bright world of music and an intimate contact with interesting personalities of the stage, sports, and the sphere of politics. I can scarcely restrain my feelings when I read some of them to Graham, sitting on the edge of the tub while he is shaving. It is really the only time I can talk to him when he can't get away," she said, smiling.

"I have been dubbed the 'original radio widow'; and I can assure you it is much worse than being a golf widow because they can't play golf after dark and that is just when radio gets going good. I have given up long ago having meals at conventional hours or doing anything on schedule. In fact I have come to the conclusion that our home is merely to provide us with the comfort we can't get anywhere else and not to be a burden to us, and that everything must give way to a radio career."

That this radio career is in reality a merger of two brilliant careers is no secret to close friends of the McNamees. As Miss Josephine Garrett, the feminine part of the combination was a popular and successful church and concert singer, with a voice out of all proportion to her size and a determination to go on the operatic stage.

That what seemed to be the opening wedge to this stage career proved instead to be the beginning of a vicarious radio career is only one more of those queer twists that fate delights in giving to the threads of our lives. A church in Westchester County decided to put on Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* for their annual musical fête. Miss Garrett was chosen for one of the principal parts in this delightfully tuneful operetta.

"When I told a friend of my grand opportunity," she said, "she remarked, 'Oh, now you will meet Graham McNamee! He has sung in those festivals for five years. You two will adore each other!' I sniffed rudely and said that I hoped never to set eyes on Graham McNamee. I had heard that he was horribly conceited. My friend only laughed. The first night of practice Mr. McNamee was not there and I was received with great warmth. The second night, as soon as I entered, I sensed a chilled atmosphere. I told myself that I was going to have to win these people all over again. The next moment I was seated next to Mr. Graham McNamee and forgot everything else. From that evening we were never any farther apart than we had to be. Within that week he confessed to me that he had put me under a heavy handicap with the rest of the singers by telling them that he was sorry I had been engaged for the part; while I had a fine voice and could play the part all right, I had the reputation of being horribly stuck-up and conceited!"

Mrs. McNamee laughed as she told of meeting the same friend on the train a few months later. "I told her I was meeting Graham for lunch in town, but I neglected to say that it was our wedding lunch. We were married that day."

TWO years later with the full approval, even at the suggestion of his young wife, Mr. McNamee began investigating that new thing—radio. Straight announcing during the evening hours led to *his* big opportunity, the chance to announce a prize fight, then an innovation and one that required a vivid personality to put it over.

This was the beginning of a hectic life for the young Mr. and Mrs. McNamee. The apartment was filled at all hours with a group of radio people, practicing, discussing, arguing, eating. The eager wife, trying to dispense hospitality while she kept herself in condition physically and mentally to fill her church and concert engagements, became worn out. The small apartment, attractive for its grand piano, its hostess who could play an able accompaniment one minute and make coffee and sandwiches the next, was [*Turn to page 63*]

Admit fair Lady

When your lips are delicately touched with the newest shade, when your gown is the latest importation, your hair has just been done by Charles of the Ritz, and is perfection itself . . . admit, Fair Lady, there's a certain thrill . . . a sense of correctness that breeds happiness — contentment. ¶ In this same category falls Holmes & Edwards Inlaid Silverplate. The same thrill. The satisfaction that you are irreproachably «right». The assurance that no one can question her taste belongs to the hostess whose table is graced with this distinguished Inlaid Silverplate. ¶ May we suggest that you ask us to send you our Table Guide, giving many helpful suggestions for entertainment. ¶ THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER COMPANY, INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor, 106 Seaview Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

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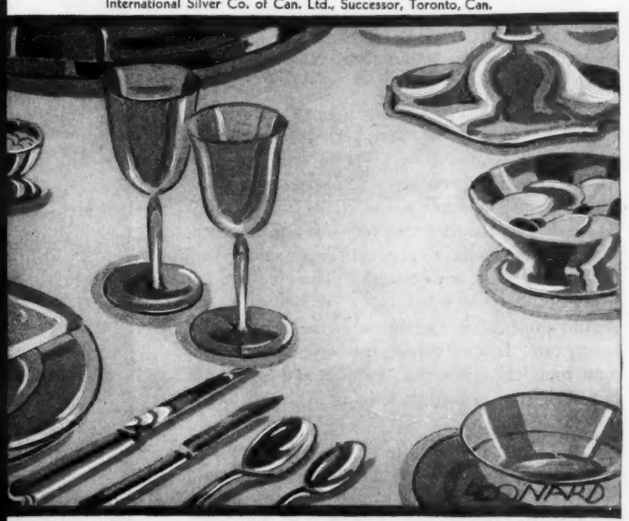

Behold the Viande (Trade Mark) Knife. Entirely new . . smart . . graceful . . and the most practical thing ever. Teaspoons are $3.75 the half dozen. Viande Knives (patent applied for) with hollow handles and mirror stainless blades $15.00 set of six.

—and you can complete your table ensemble by a stunning tea set, a vegetable dish, a bread tray, etc. matching your flat silver.

The Viande Knife illustrated is in Pageant pattern. The teaspoon and tea set are in Charm, the prize winning pattern.

What Would Happen

if a bride should order her dainty bridal slippers with soles of satin—rather than satin tops and leather soles? They wouldn't last long enough for her to walk down the aisle, would they? But silverware has as distinct wear points as bridal slippers. That's just why Holmes & Edwards have blocks of sterling silver inlaid where the wear comes in the most used pieces. A spoon for instance—on the back of the handle and bowl two pieces of solid silver have been cleverly, imperceptibly inlaid before plating and thus the spoon is protected for all time. That's why Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is something more than plate, yet it costs you no more.

Solid Silver Inlaid at the Wear Points

Holmes & Edwards Inlaid

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KLEENEX IS PREFERRED by brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "Street Girl" and "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." *"Kleenex is so dainty for removing make-up. Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent tissues."*

Betty Compson

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It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so very soft and absorbent they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Dirt encourages the bacteria which start most complexion troubles. Pimples and blackheads owe their start to bacteria lodging in the pores and starting an infection.

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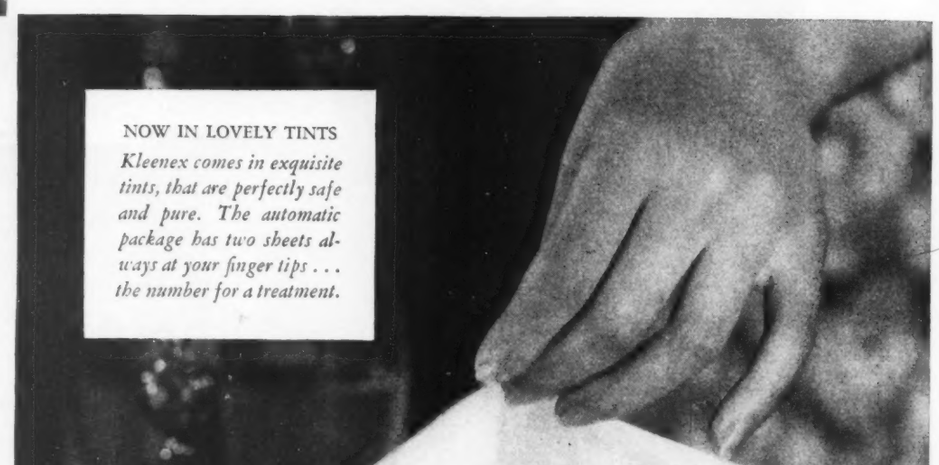


Kleenex Cleansing Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Tutankhamen's tomb was the supreme x, which was death

THE CURSE OF AMEN-RA

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by WALTER EVERETT

LORD CARNARVON walked into Tutankhamen's tomb with a smile and a jest and before the wonders of the buried treasure were revealed, he was dead. A dozen more colleagues quickly followed him into the shadows. Were their lives the sacrifice Amen-Ra, the most jealous of all gods, demanded as toll for their intrusion into the mysteries of the ancient dead?

APORTLY dragoman squatted on the side of the incline which overlooked the operations of the Carnarvon exploration gang. He watched with expressionless eyes the never-ceasing procession of fellaheen coming and going to the half-revealed door of Tutankhamen's tomb; and from time to time he surveyed the little group of helmeted Europeans who were directing the excavations. He turned eventually to his employer, the special correspondent of a London newspaper, and said: "They will find gold and death."

The startled newspaper man asked why.

"Because," said the dragoman, rolling a cigarette in his fat fingers, "the old gods live. This man"—he waved his hand contemptuously toward the door of the tomb—"was an unbeliever. He found the old gods too late; and he offended the god of all gods, Amen-Ra."

Somebody told Lord Carnarvon this story. He did not laugh at it. He was a very sane, unemotional man, a breeder and owner of English race horses. I knew him slightly, and have spoken with him on several occasions. He had always impressed me as one whose dominating characteristic was common sense; and in all seriousness, when they told him of the danger of meddling with the tomb of the great heretic, he immediately said: "I recognize that possibility."

And this is the fact that is curious, that every mummy which is supposed by popular tradition to be "unlucky" is the mummy of one who has defied the great gods.

Tutankhamen was buried with elaborate ceremonial, but the veritable Book of the Dead was not with him; and they made no image of Ra in yellow and set it at the bow of the boat which carried his swathed body; nor did they paint on suitable plaques the figures of the gods Tem, Shu, Tefnut, Seb, Mut, Osiris, Isis, Suti, and Nephthys and anoint them with cedar oil. And the Spell of Peace did not go into the closed cavern where they laid the body of the young king. Only a great unrest and a great uneasiness. For although Tutankhamen was hastily recalling the exiled divinities, and had changed his very name to propitiate them, the Old Ones who sit on the Parapets of Hell were not with him, and their wrath dwelt in the pitch-dark chamber where they laid the embalmed shell of the unbeliever. Amen-Ra had withered the dynasty with the curse of his priests; and there was no good in them, living or dead.

Some day we shall discover that thought has substance and that love and hate are as material as the rays of the sun; then we shall know that the stories we dismiss as myths and the frantic imaginings of half demented priests are terribly well-founded in sober fact. Hate may not lie like a cloud over the Valley of the Kings, nor stand, an invisible and vengeful shape, to bar intrusion into the mysteries of the dead; but hate is there, a tangible and everlasting factor.

Hidden under the great sand-heaps sleep many beneficient kings and statesmen, priests and satraps, favorites of the gods. There must be many tombs that are accursed. Very clear-headed scientists viewed the excavations with uneasiness. Such men do not believe in ghosts; but they do not preclude the possibilities of psychic phenomena.

There are hoodoo men and women—who doubts this? There are ordinary people who carry with them into house and office the aura of disaster or fortune. The *x* which produces such phenomena is a mystery as yet unsolved.

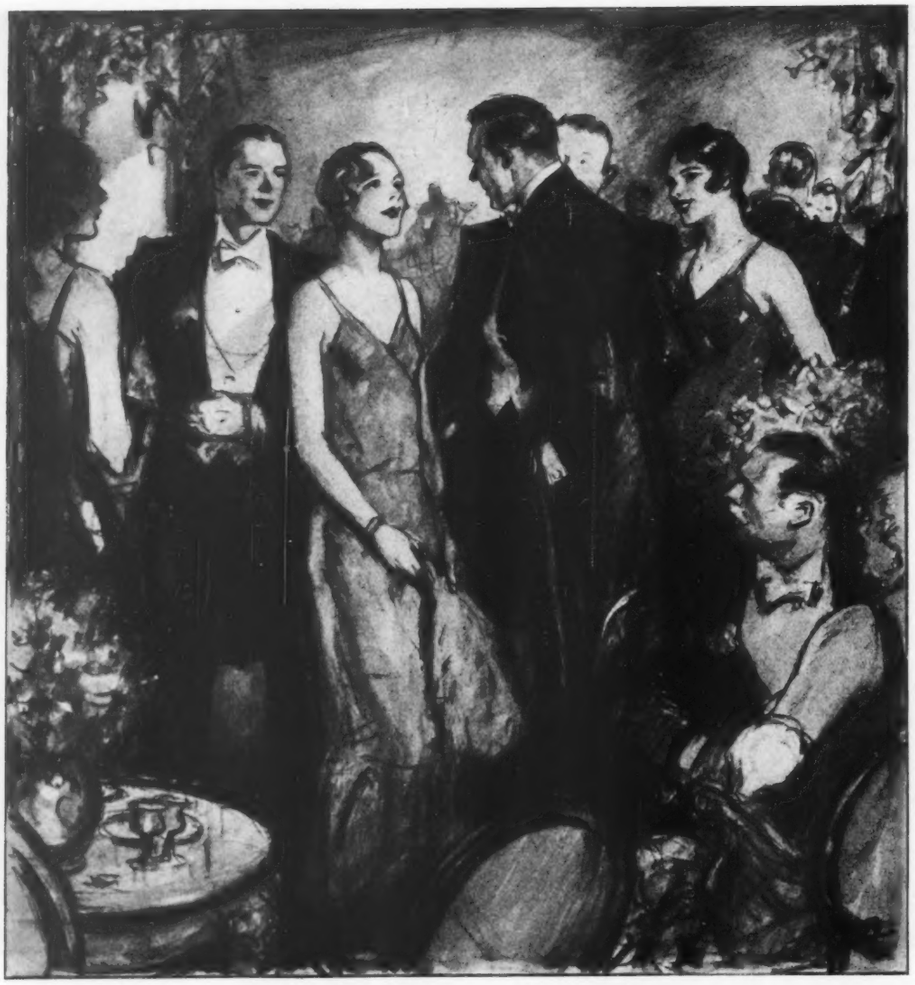
In Tutankhamen's tomb was the supreme *x*, which was death.

The group of helmeted men who watched the labors of the workmen, as slowly they uncovered the great door which fastened the tomb of the king, consisted of the Earl of Carnarvon, who spent his winters seeking the site of where Tutankhamen was laid to rest with all the grandeur of rite to which this strange, enigmatic young man was entitled.

With him were Howard Carter and his secretary, Dick Bethell, M. Benedite, the French archaeologist, who was in charge of the Department of Antiquities at Cairo, and M. Pasanova. Of those men only one remains alive.

When the tomb was opened two other notables entered. One was Colonel Aubrey Herbert, Carnarvon's half brother; the other was Evelyn-White. When Aubrey Herbert entered the cavern he shivered and stopped, reluctant to go on.

[*Turn to page 42*]



"I've a good reason for staying here. The 'rotten party' happens to be mine"

A DAY WITH A DÉBUTANTE

Do you know the cost of a coming-out party? How débuts are arranged and who is invited? And whether all that glitters spells golden happiness to the débutante? Here is an entertaining glimpse into the heart of the social butterfly

By Isabel Leighton

Illustrated by RAYMOND SISLEY

AT EIGHTEEN or thereabouts, the sub-deb, chafing in a cocoon of parental weaving bursts breathlessly upon the palpitating world and emerges a full-fledged social butterfly.

This seemingly painless performance is called a début, which, I am reliably informed, means the beginning; but if some of the parents who have given these inauguration exercises are to be believed, it usually comes a good deal closer to being the finish.

Nature, they tell me, has equipped no one with enough health to take them unimpaired through a successful first season in a big city. One's own introduction to society, fraught though it may be with apprehension and excitement, constitutes the smallest part of the physical wear and tear to which the débutante is subjected. It is the subsequent affairs, numbering some seasons upward of a hundred parties, at which one must be seen if one's popularity is to remain unquestioned, that produce the wan, ethereal expression the "debbie" wears so becomingly—a look which her sponsors call "spirituelle" and her friends call plain haggard.

Whether this badge of fatigue is worn as a result of weariness or worry is a question. Certainly worry over the success of the début does play a part.

Men, a certain very beautiful Helen told me, are getting almost impossible to please; and the younger they are the more they expect. When I asked her how many proposals she had chalked up to her credit at the season's end she remarked a little bitterly, "Helen of Troy's face may have launched a thousand ships, but this Helen's mug can't start so much as one outboard motor."

At one time the giving of a début dance was a form of popularity insurance. Parties were reasonably small and in accepting an invitation a man assumed the responsibility of showing the hostess some sort of reciprocal attention at least once during the season. If he was not sufficiently impressed to give her a bid* for dinner or theater he paid a call or sent some flowers.

"Nowadays," one wisecracking "bud" informed me, "if you're dying for orchids you've got to die to get them." Nothing short of the complete elimination of a débutante, it seems, can incite a man to such extravagance.

During the days when a hostess still had a fairly accurate idea of who her guests were and what they looked like a young man felt obliged to ask the girl for whom the show was put on to dance with him. As matters stand now not only do numbers of the boys refuse to go to the trouble of cutting in* on the evening's honored guest, but at least a third of them would not be able to recognize her should they see her again. In fact a very amusing story which has the added virtue of being true is still frequently chuckled over at the Junior League.

One of the smoothest* boys on the stag line*, it seems, had been casting admiring glances at a very lovely blonde whom he had met at another dance but whose name he did not remember. Finally he seized his opportunity to cut in and in an effort to make conversation he commented, "Rotten party, isn't it? What do you say we leave and go to the blow-out at Delmonico's instead?"

"So sorry," she told him mischievously, "but I've too good a reason for staying here." [*Turn to page 48*]

* bid—invitation.
* cutting in—helping oneself to part of another's dance.
* smooth boy—opposite of collegiate; sleek and sheiky.
* stag line—boys who hang about the dance floor waiting a chance to cut in.

That Stamp of Style

. . . A trimly tailored Armstrong Floor will give it to any entrance hall

ENTRANCE halls *are* a problem! Difficult to decorate. Odd-shaped. Too large or too small. And no matter how hard you try, they never look just right when the front door-bell rings.

Here's a little hint that will help you capture—and hold—that trim, smart look of the well-appointed room. It's a hint that comes from the country's leading decorators, from the country's finer homes. *Dress up the floor*—make it a fashionable foundation for your room scheme.

This was admirably accomplished in the room you see illustrated. The old drab floor is out of sight and out of mind. Over it has been installed a modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. The very way this floor was laid—cut and fitted to every nook and cranny, then cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—gives it a custom-tailored look. The very original choice of colors and designs—a bright promise indeed to the woman who likes to be different—gives it the stamp of style.

This room will retain its smart and trim appearance because the Armstrong Floor will. Colors can't scuff off or fade out—they're inlaid. Nor will the surface spot and stain regardless of weather or wear. It's Accolac Processed. Wax and polish it lightly. Or, if it should need frequent washing, renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

More trimly-tailored rooms—A whole bookful, in fact, of original rooms is yours if you write for "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Floor effects now showing at local linoleum, department, and furniture stores appear in actual interiors and are discussed by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. This book also brings you a free offer of Mrs. Brown's personal help when you decorate. Just send 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 329 Lincoln Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 6061

Two eyesores that formerly marred this room's beauty are now completely out of sight and out of mind. A cabinet-work cover—and the radiator became a charming console. A smart, trim effect in Armstrong's Linoleum—and the old floor became the keynote of the whole decorative treatment. Marble Inlaid Design 173 in main hall with feature Linostrip border. Plain linoleum in outer hall with special star Linoset.

Hand Made Marble Inlaid No. 77

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

Armstrong's (A) Product

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESQ . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

I brouqht back from the "blue qrass country" Fritters with a future . . . Ginqerbread with a past

I've seen the beautiful women and horses, and tasted the marvelous food, that have made Kentucky famous. And I've brought back some marvelous Crisco recipes from the very heart of the "blue grass country."

A mantle of hospitality hangs over the nice old hotel in Lexington where I stayed. For more than a hundred and fifty years (it used to be a tavern on the Cincinnati post road) cooks in its kitchen have sent travelers on their way happy and well-fed.

The jolly apple fritters I had with my Sunday morning bacon even *looked* different. Round honey-colored puffs of goodness with a hole in the center—strung on a slice of crisp bacon like golden beads on a cord, the kind of fritters that should have a brilliant future in any home. The inspired cook had pared the fruit whole, removed the core and sliced it *cross-wise.*

What good food does to your disposition

And the taste! They almost set me singing. Try them for YOUR breakfast, too. (I've given you the fritter batter with suggestions for other things you can do with it.) But don't try to fry them in any fat but Crisco. For nothing else can wrap fried foods in such a delectable crispness. Every "smidgin" tastes good.

And why shouldn't it? Crisco is so fresh and delicate-flavored itself. Just taste it the next time you're cooking. You'll know then why it actually improves the flavor of foods. It *never* smokes at the right frying temperature (and that's certainly a blessing if you like fried foods as well as I do). And you can use it over and over again for frying because it never carries the flavor of one food to another.

A Gingerbread with a family tree

I had tea in the old Kentucky farmhouse where LaFayette was a guest when he visited Lexington in 1825. And, as I sat in front of the fireplace and munched the most wonderful gingerbread I've ever eaten, I heard stories of famous race-horses bred on the farm . . . of a gentlemanly ghost in an upstairs room . . . of recipes that have been used for eight generations in this home.

This gingerbread is one of them. I brought the ginger I used back from Lexington from a grocery store in the rear of the house where Mary Todd Lincoln lived! My gingerbread tasted every bit as good as that I ate in Kentucky, when I made it myself later in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested.

The shortening I used was Crisco, of course. I never use anything else. Crisco is now so fluffy that there's no tedious process of creaming. Just put the sugar, Crisco and eggs into the mixing bowl together and blend with *one operation.*

Each speck of "spice and everything nice" gets fair treatment in this gingerbread, for Crisco is so delicate in flavor that it allows every ingredient to have its full share in the flavor of the finished cake.

I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," which I will send you free, if you write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-50, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

GINGERBREAD WITH A FAMILY TREE

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 cup molasses
2 eggs
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
3 cups sifted flour
¾ cup hot water

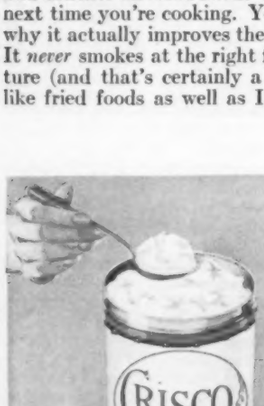
Put Crisco, sugar, molasses and eggs into mixing bowl together and blend with one operation (Crisco is as fluffy as whipped cream. No laborious creaming necessary, now. It mixes instantly with the other ingredients.) Stir in hot water. Add flour previously sifted with salt, soda and spices. Pour immediately into Criscoed shallow baking tin (about 8 x 12) and bake in medium oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

FRITTERS WITH A FUTURE

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 apples, pared, cored and sliced thin cross-wise
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg (beaten)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add egg beaten with milk. Mix well, stir in melted Crisco and lemon juice, then fold in apples. Drop by slices into deep hot Crisco (360° to 375° F. or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry to golden brown (about 2 minutes). Drain on unglazed paper. Dust with powdered sugar to serve as a dessert. Serve plain with meat. Other fruit and berries (the juice is used instead of milk) can be substituted. You can omit the sugar and use cooked left-over vegetables with the same batter. There's no end to the things this batter will "dress up."

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

MAY McCALL'S 1930

"Something in me was revolted, fascinated, thrilled and in agony all at once"

LADY ALONE

Who cheated to win

By Helen Topping Miller

Illustrated by LOREN WILFORD

A PLUMP lady in pink was posed in an attitude of frozen sweetness before the camera when the telegram came.

Nancy Hart glanced at it, crumpled it quickly, tucked it under a pile of artist's proofs between the alert smile of a popular bridegroom and the pensive eyes of a pictured bride.

"Now—if you'll lift the chin a little—thank you—that's better—" Mr. Pack's voice clicked on her eardrums mechanically. She heard it as she heard the gears of taxis in the court below, the elevator door clanging, the crackle of the light, the snick of the shutter. Things going on prosaically as usual. Light coming in through the windows of this pleasant hotel where she worked. April greening outside, ice jingling in bellboys' pitchers—going on as usual even though her world was suddenly shot through with panic and torn by a gray upheaval.

The plump lady stepped down from the dais, engaged in the customary argument about proofs and prices, was finally gone. Mr. Pack unbuckled the legs of his tripod, busied himself fussily with plate holders.

"And God," he sighed, "gives them a million dollars—and faces like that!"

"They need the million dollars," Nancy heard herself saying. Casually, lightly, as though the words of the telegram were not burning and crackling in her brain. The telegram signed "Con."

They had found her. They had found her again, and now the life she had made for herself, the world she had fought to build was utterly and everlastingly changed.

When Mr. Pack had gone back downtown, to the studio, she slid the yellow bit of paper out again and looked at it. Code, the casual reader would have called it. But Nancy, sick-hearted, knew better. It was not code, merely the vulgar, lusty truth.

"Blew the show," read the message: "At liberty here. You come up." Not even the inevitable tenth word "Love."

Nancy shut her eyes against the words, but she could not shut out the memory of the hand that had written them. A jaunty hand, recklessly tossing off life, flicking ashes from expensive cigars, turning so that big diamonds would catch the light, flinging dimes nonchalantly to porters—a long hand with careful nails and spatulate thumbs, built for riffling cards, for riffling lives. A hand she had clung to, loved, detested, a hand she had once bitten to the bone in childish rage. Now—it had found her again. She had evaded and dodged, she had lived a lie for years and years—and now she would have to tell Doug.

She stuffed the telegram in her purse.

"I may be away till Sunday," she told Mr. Pack, next day. "Family news."

He looked faintly surprised. "I didn't know you had any family."

"Everybody has a family. Mine merely isn't stationary or in evidence."

"A mobile family, eh? Did you get the number of that iron woman's profile?"

"The numbers are all in the book. I might go to New York in the morning—I'm not sure."

"Look here," Mr. Pack looked worried, "you aren't sneaking off to get married, are you?"

"How silly—of course not!"

"Why silly—with that news-hound hanging around here every night? And with the big season just opening here and all the fat meat on the register, depending on you to coax em into this studio—"

"I know they're up there. They don't get up till noon·no time"

"I tell you I'm not eloping, Packy! Can't I visit a roving family now and then without so much accompanying hysteria?"

"Well, of course—" He went on packing plate holders. The big studio was downtown. Once a day he came out to the hotel and photographed the dowagers and debutantes Nancy had solicited. It wasn't an easy job—finding customers. You needed a different approach for every subject; needed superhuman tact. But she had succeeded, and success was sweet on her lips. She had fought so grimly for it; fought battles no one else knew about. And then Doug had come—

She gave her hat a grim jerk over eyes that had darkened with unhappiness, and went out, down the mezzanine, through the softly-carpeted lobby.

The Western Union girl grinned at her from under her green eye-shade.

"Hello, Nan—going to N'Yawk?" She had read the telegram when it came in, of course.

"I may go for a day or two."

"Lucky lady. Got a date for tonight?"

"Nothing special."

"Just the regular, huh? Listen, if you do go, will you get me a new blouse? Something to go with my blue suit. And if you should see a good-looking string of wooden beads up there—"

THE assistant manager looked up from his little niche to smile at Nancy. The *maître d'hôtel*, propping the dining room door back, waved a friendly palm. Good, kind friendly people, all of them! That black day six years back, when she had gone to the assistant manager and asked him to let her check hats or sweep stairs or anything because she couldn't pay for her room or the meals she had eaten or anything—that day had receded into kindly distance. But the warm glow of his kindness would live forever. The big hotel was home. All the home she had ever known except a convent. A home, and a battle ground where, for years, she had fought life, alone!

The spring slush had melted under foot and the sky wore a soft opal glow as she walked briskly down the drive. Doug would be waiting at the corner in the old red car with rattling fenders which he refused to park before the hotel's elegant marquee. Doug, with his cowlick of brown hair, his grin, his irrepressible courage, his square-hewn honesty. Doug would be a city editor now in a few years when old Mr. Cavanagh retired. He had worked his way up, given up two years of college, given up his degree to make a sick mother comfortable. How could he understand—how could she ever make him understand?

Family meant so much to Doug, now that all his people had died. He carried his father's knife, his grandfather's little silver match box. They had been newspapermen, both of them, eminent, important. Their tradition was sacred. How could he understand a girl who had chosen to fight alone?

Nancy walked more slowly, letting the March wind cool her feverish face. Doug knew a marsh out on the Maryland pike where the frogs were already crying and the willow catkins in bloom. He had promised to take her out there to meet spring. And somewhere on that road, with farmhouse chimneys feathering suppertime smoke and farmhouse windows winking with little family lamps, little houses where love was, and truth and confidence—somewhere out there she would have to tell him that she had lied!

LIED without words, without uttering falsehood, without speaking at all. Lied with evasion and skill, so cleverly that it was difficult now to face the truth herself, to realize that it still existed. Her throat ached and her hands felt icy cold. She knew now what an idiot she had been. If only she had been frank at first, how easily, how casually, she could have done it! Then, if things had mattered to Doug, if he had drifted away indifferently, it would not have hurt. But now—now to have him look at her even with disapproval in his eyes was going to be agony. And if he despised her for being a cheap snob, for cheating about a thing like this, she knew that she could never endure it.

Her heart raced as she saw the old red car standing there; then it slowed to a painful aching.

"Doug," she was glad of any respite, however brief; "you've got a new overcoat!"

"Like it?" he beamed at her, kicking in the clutch as the old car wormed through the traffic of Connecticut Avenue. "Old one got so mothy and stale the dogs followed me yearningly. This is the new spring shade—look too yellow to you?"

"It looks gorgeous. I feel like an A.M.E. rummage sale beside you."

"Gosh, you always look like a society section ad. I've been ashamed to go out with you—afraid you'd see the look the hat check girls gave me when I handed them my old hound-mattress! You're the sort of girl a man wants to live up to, Nance, didn't you know that?"

She huddled far back in the seat, heaviness upon her, cold as ice. Traffic roared: great insolent sedans black and secret; rattling little roadsters with young people crammed into rumble seats; grave cars moving silently; clattering trucks. What would he say when he knew? No pride in his voice then, no husky approbation, no boyishly naïve worship. He was in love with her—Oh, she knew, she knew! Never a word, yet she knew. His pride in his work; the bank book brought exultingly to show her whenever he saved some money; old Mr. Cavanagh's approving words quoted without boast or comment; his eyes, his gentleness — these were all signs had her heart been deaf and blind. And now she must rend the page, break the song in the middle, tear the bloom before the petals were fairly open— She sickened and grew faint. Get it over! Get it over while she had courage to do it!

"Turn here, Doug," she said suddenly.

"Mud down that way," Doug objected.

"Not bad. Turn anyway. You—can back out. I—I've got something to tell you, Doug."

He cut the wheels, looking at her queerly. The old car churned and slid a hundred feet along a little lane, then died on a quaking bridge.

"Put out the lights," directed Nancy. "I want to talk in the dark."

INSTANTLY the thin, adolescent trees against a lurching fence vanished into blackness. Doug moved a little, his voice strange and even. "Mind if I smoke?"

"Please smoke." She set her jaw, wild pulses beating in her throat. There was the drag of a match and in the flare she saw Doug's eyes, intent, inscrutable, not looking at her.

"Doug," she began swiftly, "I'm going to New York tomorrow."

There was a little interval. "And you're not coming back?" he said presently. "Is that what all this melodrama is about?"

"Oh, yes, I'm coming back."

He sat so stiff. Already she could feel his withdrawal through the sleeve of the overcoat.

"What are you going for—to marry some other fellow?"

In spite of her wretchedness Nancy began to giggle. "Heavens, no, who on earth would I marry?"

"I didn't know. You were so tragic about it, I thought maybe you lured me out here to this deadly spot to let me know that all my hopes were vain." Doug laughed a little, relaxing an arm along the back of the seat. He was so dear—so dear! Why had she been such an idiot? She slid down in the seat a little, looking at the stars.

"Doug," she began without preamble, "I don't know what you'll think of me, but I haven't been truthful with you. I've never lied, Doug—I've just gone on letting you imagine things that weren't true. Doug, I'm going to New York tomorrow to see my father and mother!"

Even on her own ears the words fell like little sullen blows. The silence that followed them was hard and hollow. Then Doug's cigarette described a red arc out into the mud.

"But I thought—I got the idea—"

"I know, Doug, I let you think it. I let everybody think that I was all alone. Because I was—I have been, Doug, ever since I was fourteen. Desperately alone, with nobody to help me and nobody to care what became of me—"

"I thought I gave you a faint sign of encouragement now and then?" Doug said.

Some girl would be mad about him

"Don't laugh, Doug. You've been wonderful. I couldn't have fought through sometimes if you hadn't always stood by—"

"Nancy, don't you know how I feel—don't you know—"

"Please, Doug, don't say anything—yet. Anything you might be sorry you had said! Let me tell you the rest before I lose my courage. I ran away from my father and mother, Doug, when I was fourteen. They were here—in Washington. I ran away—to the hotel. I hid there because I knew they'd never think of looking for me in such an exclusive and expensive place. I hadn't any money. I lied about my name and my address—I gave my dead grandmother for a reference — Doug, my name isn't Nancy Hart, even—it's really Maxine Cooley!"

"My Lord, Nance—"

"I know it sounds dreadful, but it's true. My father's name was Con Cooley—my mother's was Kitty Hart. They call themselves Nat Wynn and Fritzy Sherwood now—they're show people, Doug—cheap show people. And I ran away from them because I was ashamed!"

THERE was another silence. Doug lit another cigarette, but his eyes revealed nothing. He was looking off across the black fields, into the stirring, breathing, black spring night. Nancy plunged on breathlessly:

"My mother's people were proud people—South Carolina people. An old family, terribly poor and stiff with tradition, that sort. When my mother was sixteen my dad came along. He was Irish, Doug: he could charm the birds off the trees. That's why I ran away, I was mad about him. He wanted me to be a bareback dancer—and I knew that if I stayed, a bareback dancer I'd be. He had taught my mother to ride and do the hoops and banners on a rosin-back and to work in the ring—"

"Circus?" Doug inquired in a flat and non-committal voice.

"Oh, worse, much worse at the last—cheap circuses, carnivals! Drifting shows—snake dens, fortune tellers! I hated it! I hated it! I hate it yet. The flap of canvas, the smell of a kerosene stove, the sound of a band make me sick now. I looked like my Charleston grandmother, they said. I was like her. They laughed about it. But something of her that was in me was revolted and fascinated and thrilled and in agony all at once. They put me in a convent when I was small. Dad was a good Catholic—the nuns were dainty and fine and full of high thoughts and good little prayers and all that was my grandmother in me grew and grew—away from them.

"And then they took me back. I stayed with the show six weeks—they traveled in wagons then, Doug; and tights and diving girls were still a little wicked, and oriental dances depraved. Dad worked in a little ring show with two white ponies and a fat old mare named 'Etoile.' Then one day he bought a horse for me—he was so proud of her. That day I ran away. It sounds horrible when I tell it, doesn't it?"

Doug smoked absorbedly, considering. The silence stretched till the black dark seemed to flow like a current, smothering, choking. A word would have lifted the weight of it, but Doug did not speak for a long, racking, three minutes. Then his voice came as from far away:

"I didn't dream that you'd been—through all this. I got the idea that you were an orphan—alone—"

"I am alone, Doug—a lady alone!"

"Well, you know what I mean. Of course, when you've had a mother like my mother, and lost her, it's hard to understand mothers who are—different! Funny your mother didn't try to break away from a life like that, isn't it?"

"Doug, you don't know my father! He's the kind who can make you forget—God! Why even you, if you were with him for an hour you'd adore him. And in two hours you'd lend him money and in half a day you'd decide that you ought to learn juggling or something, that the open road was the only road, and that people who stuck behind desks and went stupidly down to put their money in banks every week were vegetables—or hardly that! That's what I ran away from, Doug. And I'm not sorry. I'm not apologizing. I'm only sorry I didn't tell you sooner. But now—I've got to go to New York and see them."

"He was Irish: he could charm the birds off the trees"

"Why do you have to go? Why, if you've definitely cut yourself off from their lives, do you go back to it?"

"I'm not going back to it. I'm old enough, strong enough now, not to be charmed. I can see the sordidness, see through the glamor. But I have to go, because they've found out where I am. And I'm their child, after all, and if we can't understand each other it isn't their fault. Any more than it is mine."

"You're afraid they might embarrass you—blackmail or something like that?"

"Please, Doug, they aren't degenerates! They used to be—dear! Happy and animated, singing in dressing rooms— Oh, Doug, I can't make you understand! It's no use. You'll just have to forget all about me!"

"But why is it going to make so much difference, Nance? I'm surprised to find out that you've got a family wandering round over the earth, of course; but they're not criminals or a disgrace, are they? Can't we be friends just the same, even if your name is Cooley?" There was bitterness in his voice.

"Oh, friends—of course! You mustn't mind me, Doug. I'm ashamed, of course, being such a snob. Changing my name—that was an expedient merely. But I had to stand alone. I had to make my way. And I always knew where they were. I watched the 'Billboard'. Once or twice, when they were at liberty a long time—not working—I sent them money anonymously. But last month Dad was hurt—a leopard slashed his arm. I saw an account of it in the paper, and I wired the hospital to find out how he was. I told you he was Irish, Doug—and the Irish have a sixth sense nobody else owns. He must have traced the wire—and today I had a telegram from him. They want me to join them in New York. If I don't go, they'll come here, Doug."

"I see," he replied.

"And that will mean making awkward explanations. There will be people who couldn't understand a girl who was ashamed of her parents—and there will be crueler people who will understand only too well. So—I'm going. And before I go, Doug, thank you for being my friend! You've made things easier—and a lot happier—"

"Why the grim tone of finality, Nance? You're afraid you won't come back, is that it?"

"Oh, I know I'll come back. But we never know, do we? People change, and then it's too late to say things—nice things that ought to be said."

"Oh, Doug. You're changing now!" wailed the young and aching place in her heart. "You're changing and trying to be kind, and it's killing me!"

BEING kind when she wanted more—much more! Her heart seemed to return to her body with a jarred, sickened heaviness. She forced gayety into her voice. "Let's go back, Doug? We've been solemn long enough. Take me home now. I've got to pack and press my skirt and wash gloves and Heaven knows what."

"And you're going to call yourself Maxine Cooley?" Doug inquired when he stopped the car squarely before the hotel's insolent marquee. What did flapping fenders matter now?

"No. No—I can't do that. I've made my way, I've made a life for myself. I have to go on with it. I'll get my name changed legally—isn't there some way you do it with Congress or the Legislature or something? And you mustn't worry about me, ever. I'll get along." . . . .

They had parted—friends. Shaken hands. Doug had come down to the station, brought her candy and a new novel and a map of New York. Waving at him through a cindery Pullman window, Nancy fought back a fiery surge of misery that stung her eyes and made her mouth dry. Doug was so jaunty, so gallant, so altogether dear standing there in his new overcoat, his hat at the old reckless angle, waving his hand.

Some girl would be mad about him, some girl would make him happy. Some girl who wasn't walled away from him by the intangible, icy, impenetrable wall of a lie!

It all came back with the smell of those stairs.

The smell of a kerosene stove, the smell of theatrical make-up; the smell of trunks in which insufficiently aired clothing had been packed for months on end; the smell of cigarettes and little dogs and cold cream.

The Mrs. Backus who kept the boarding house was inclined to be curt.

"Wynn and Sherwood's got the third floor middle room," she informed Nancy. "Right in front of you at the head of the stairs. I know they're up there—they don't get up till noon no time. I guess they ain't got no contract yet. The show business is shot to pieces—but I guess you know that if you're in the p'fession!"

Nancy went up the stairs. On the second floor there was a patting and shuffle behind the door. Some forlorn "hoofer" was hopefully practicing a new routine. A girl in a limp kimono opened a door, stared at her rudely, emerged and went down the hall, bare feet thrust into slippers, hip swaying [*Turn to page 52*]

This amazing revelation of high school life, as intriguing as it is true, should help you to understand your son and daughter and to influence their future

What EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW

ON THE twelfth of September, ten years after having graduated from University, I enrolled as a junior in a high school in Los Angeles. My registration blank gave my age as seventeen—a statement whose humor I had to enjoy alone.

I am one of those mothers who have asked so often with dismay, "But what about this younger generation in relation to *my* child? Soon she will be ready for high school, and one hears that moral conditions are terrible! What will she meet? For what associations shall I prepare her? Against what influences need I protect her? Are conditions really as bad as they say? How can I know? Who can tell me the truth?"

As I have a growing daughter to consider, I wanted to know what her growing contacts were going to mean.

"If I knew what the boys and girls really are like, I wouldn't have this feeling of preparing to send her into unknown territory," I explained to a young married friend, who also has a daughter. "What do you think about them?"

"It is a pity that you aren't as young as you look," she joked. "If you were, then you could go to high school and find out for us."

It was idly said, but the idea stuck in my mind. From being an absurdity, the scheme developed into a possibility; and September found me in the high school registration office.

When I saw the large number of students enrolling, I began to wonder whether, in the five weeks which I could spend away from home, I would be able really to know any of them. But I had forgotten how the social preliminaries to friendship which adults practice are cast aside by young boys and girls.

Within two weeks I knew:

That except for a small minority, the younger generation moves wholesomely and normally behind a jazz mask which public gossip has hung upon it.

That those who do live unconventionally, do so with absolute thoroughness, setting no limits on their conduct. It is this excess which feeds the wild-younger-generation publicity.

That those with the loosest ideals most often come from homes without standards.

That those who are safest and happiest have been given some experience at wage earning.

That few drink regularly, or even frequently.

That the number of girls who smoke is fast increasing.

That boys and girls approve sound social restrictions, but react against insincere politeness and hypocritical "good form."

That they indulge in no poses, and see through those of their parents and teachers.

That while only a small percentage attend church, ninety-five per cent have a secret personal religion.

That they are tolerant, and readier than their parents to give the weak and mistaken a second chance.

That they are great sports, taking themselves not too seriously, and laughing at their own mistakes.

That they are emotionally practical in a new way. Romantic love is passé among them.

Before entering school, I had spoken of my plan to one of California's foremost doctors.

His comment was, "You will see that the boys and girls are much better than people think. They are victims of so much talk of 'flaming youth.' Only a very few deserve the things that are said about them."

When I had recovered from the surprise of finding that he was right, and that the "flaming youth" motion pictures, books, and plays have misinformed us, I became more interested in the last mentioned characteristic of modern boys and girls—the passing of romantic fervor—than in any other.

Somebody has collected and destroyed the rose-colored glasses through which the sexes used to gaze at each other in years gone by.

By
Victorine Kirk

Illustrated by
ERNEST FUHR

"We don't act like that and we're not married," snorted the boy

"Not many boys are taking girls out unless they get something out of it, one way or another," a quiet girl said to me. "A girl has to be one of three things if she is going to get asked out, and I'm not any of them."

"What three things do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how it is—she has to be either so good-looking or so rich or so important that it means something just to be seen with her; and I'm not any of those. Or she has to have a lot of pep and know some wise-cracks and be able to keep things stirring; and I'm not like that. Or she has to be willing to give up whatever a boy may ask for, and I'm not like that, either."

YOU can't blame them, though, for wanting to get something out of it. I guess we're the same way," said another girl honestly. "I know I don't give many second dates to boys unless they can take me to keen places. Some of the fellows I'd like to go with can't afford it, and I just don't go with them, that's all. I can't picture myself settling down all evening at home with one of them, and nothing to do but neck!"

This won fairly general agreement.

Two things have done much to dispel the romantic attitude between boys and girls. The first is the fact that most of the mystery of sex has vanished since it has become an allowed topic for conversation. The second is that marriage can no longer be represented to them as an infallibly ideal state, since they only need to look around in order to see scores of their elders making a failure of it.

Particularly in regard to this latter condition are young people growing sensible and wary concerning their own future plans.

I heard several of them say, "I don't intend to marry until I know what I'm doing and until there's money enough to make it all right, because when I do marry, I want my marriage to stick."

A boy friend went more into detail on the subject one night when, with three other couples, we made up a supper party at a downtown hotel.

Close to our table was an elongated table which had been specially decorated. Around it were seated men and women somewhat past middle age. There was a good deal of drinking going on at their table, in contrast to the arid condition which prevailed at ours. But more noticeably, there were general flirtations among them, of a very coy variety.

"Look at that, will you?" snorted my boy friend as we danced in the crowded room. "We don't act like that, and *we're not married.*"

"Then don't you believe in married people having affairs?" I asked.

"Absolutely not," he said firmly. "Believe me, my marriage is going to be different. I'll marry a girl I can trust, and she'll be able to trust me. I mean, even in little things. You won't see me out rolling my eyes like those birds. It's that sort of business that starts breaking up a marriage, and I want mine to last. I want a real marriage, too—no companionate stuff—and I'll get it, because I'll wait until it's sensible for me to marry. I mean, until I can take care of a girl right, do you see? And I'm not going to marry for nothing, either."

"Do you mean you're going to marry for money?" I asked. "Wouldn't that be rather cold-blooded?"

"Well, now, why would it?" he demanded. "After all, how long does the infatuation last after the honeymoon? It's right to be practical and look ahead, isn't it? But I wasn't thinking so much about money. I mean I'll wait to find a girl who has what I want in a wife. She won't have to be a knock-out for looks, but she'll have to be lively and know how to entertain my friends. And she'll have to have sense enough to know that romance won't last forever."

From outlining his marriage, he went on to outline his children.

"Believe me, my kids are going to know what life is all about, as soon as they begin to ask. I'm going to talk to them, not keep things back from them like my people did with me. I wouldn't want them to have to try to get the low-down on it all, just from other kids. And believe me, they're going to know how to work and make money, because that helps a kid to know what life is all about, too. That's one thing my father has taught me that I thank him for a lot."

He explained to me that he had a stamp collecting agency from which he made a good profit for a boy of his age. He was saving the money toward college.

I'D rather be doing something like that than just running loose after school, because it gets me somewhere," he said. "If some of the kids who chase a lot could find something to do that would get them somewhere, I'll bet they'd settle down to it, instead of cutting up and getting the rest of us talked about by—" he nodded toward the offending table—"old birds like that. You'll notice most of the straight kids have things to do at home. It's the ones whose homes aren't interesting that get into trouble. Look at Jane Fox."

I had already looked at Jane, on several occasions. Anybody given a chance would have looked at Jane, she was such a noticeably restless figure, overcharged by the lack of constructive occupation. She lived with her widowed mother in a great, heavily-curtained house on Wilshire Boulevard. Somewhere back in the dim drawing-rooms, her mother and her mother's friends sat perpetually playing bridge. Jane, who was considered by her mother to be such an innocent [*Turn to page 174*]

WHISPERING WALLS

Terror, stark, congealing, clutched Huydway House with icy fingers. What eerie secret rested there where once romance had lived?

By Vingie E. Roe

HUYDWAY House was a somewhat lonely place, set back from the roads which traversed the austere country of broken hills and upland valleys, skirted by its wide grounds that were more or less unkempt.

"I like to believe myself lost to the modern world when I come here," its owner, Mrs. Natalie Van der Huyden, said at times; "I wouldn't have a single gnarled tree cut down, or sacrifice a tangle of blueberry for a fountain or a view."

It had huge old rooms and high ceilings fluted with intricate designs in yellowing white plaster; and its windows at unexpected places had stained glass panes. There had been a garden once, set with exquisite roses. They were still there, though long since deteriorated into rank jungle from lack of pruning. One of them, a crimson rambler, ran up to the roof on the northeast corner, its trunk the size of a big man's wrist; and in the spring it dripped its flame and perfume upon the place in cataracts of sweetness. There were old terraces at the east, with a sundial that was very accurate, and weathered stone benches gray with the rains of years.

The house itself had never ceased to be a source of eerie interest to Mrs. Van der Huyden: it was so old, so full of odd corners, of quirks of architecture. It talked with a thousand voices when the wind blew; and what it could do in a storm had sent many a guest back to the city with the first day train from the village

"And Tomin," Harcourt's voice tensed sharply, "here's a wisp of hair—tawny red hair"

ten miles below. But Natalie only laughed, rocking before one of the great fireplaces which were everywhere, her handsome iron-gray head luxuriating in the motion of the ancient chair, her ringed hands lying there so peacefully in her lap.

"Let them go, Parkins," she would say to her maid who brought the news that they were packing; "I like them, the dears, but I like old Huydway better. And one can't blame them. They're bred to the bone in concrete and colored lights, orchestras and *hors d'oeuvres*. They're frightened when trees talk outside their windows in the night."

But whatever of satisfaction Mrs. Van der Huyden took in her summer retreat, it could not be said to be shared by her staff of competent servants which she brought down with her each year.

"Fair gives me th' fan-tods," Mrs. McEagin, the housekeeper, grumbled sometimes; "though far am I from bein' what you might call cowardly. There's somethin' fey about th' whole place."

And young Durgan, the chauffeur, agreed with her.

"Sometimes, driving in at night," he amplified, "I get the feeling of strange things hanging in these darned thick junipers. Even imagine I can smell them."

"You probably smell that silver hip-flask you're so proud of," sniffed Parkins darkly; "if you don't, you're the only one hereabouts —the place reeks with it!"

"I touched him!" she stuttered. "A man—a man—in a wet fur coat!"

"Atta girl," grinned Durgan; "I like your spirit."

"Which is more than I can say for yours," the maid flashed back.

But it remained for Old Tomin, the butler, mildly to flank the mistress.

Tomin, whom the rest called Ptomaine, creaking on his thin old legs, never lost an opportunity to defend Huydway House.

"For forty years I've been with the place, Mrs. McEagin," he would say gently. "Under the first owner, Sir Ethelbert Shaftstone, who came over from England and built the house; under the eccentric second, Mr. Hobble, the pickle man; and now for six years with our gracious lady, and I feel qualified to speak. There was never a better built house made of wood. I'll not compare it to the stones and concretes, though with them I don't include the slipshod stuccos; but of wood, no, ma'am, I don't know its equal."

"All very well, but what of th' unearthly creaks an' groanin' that goes on all night, an' th' whisperin' in th' walls? That last sets my hair on end. Was there ever a murder here, Tomin?"

The old butler hesitated for a split second and the interested circle, their eyes upon him, caught it.

"Come on," said Durgan; "was there?"

"Not exactly," said Tomin; "though Sir Ethelbert's second son was injured by someone or something unknown and never regained his right senses, dying some years later."

"Good night!" said the chauffeur. "I knew it."

"An' where did this take place?" asked Mrs. McEagin; "indoors or out?"

"We never knew, ma'am. We found the poor young man early one morning lying in his father's library, though his boots were that caked with mud—it was in the late fall—that we knew he had been abroad. There was blood on his clothes and a broad wound on his temple; and when he opened his eyes there was never again light of reason in them."

"Heavenly days!" shivered the housekeeper. "Now I know it's done I am for sleep!"

But when Parkins carried the tale to Mrs. Van der Huyden that eminently sane woman said sharply, "Well, what of it? Don't accidents happen to people all over the world? I would take it kindly, Parkins, if you would tell the others to stop conjuring up these bogeys. I'd be sorry to have to break in a new staff [*Turn to page 37*]

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER

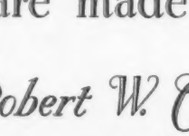
The Fifth Horseman

A modern princess weaves her enchanted way through the city of dreams whose spires pierce the stars, where hearts are broken—and mended—and fortunes are made in a day

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU

IN ONE hand Josephine grasped her battered suitcase, in the other, a basket concealing Trouble, her cat; a forlorn little figure silhouetted on the deserted station at Brook Hollow. There came a faint droning; then the train, which was to carry her out of all the sordidness of the only life she had ever known. "To New York?" She wanted to be sure. "Yaas'm," from the white-jacketed porter who had helped her aboard. As the train clicked along the shining tracks, Josephine Moreland pressed her face to the window and waved her hand. "Goodbye Bridge Street! Goodbye mill!" Behind her huddled the tiny factory town, grimy in its own gray smoke, where she had been born late in the lives of Joshua and Cora Moreland, whose slovenly house was the rendezvous for the village's questionable characters.



Ever since she could remember, Josephine had despised her own tawdry part in the entertainment of her mother's guests, had felt keenly the slights of the townsfolk. And since that midnight encounter with Earl Holden, when she had fought him off with the strength of a trapped animal, she wanted more than ever to escape from Brook Hollow. But it was only after she had met Stede Seafield, a New York playwright and the owner of the mill in which she worked, that life took on a new meaning. And now that Cora Moreland had followed her unprotesting husband to the grave, Josephine was free to go, fortified with the money they had left her only because they couldn't take it with them. "New York!" Josephine hugged the idea to herself in an ecstasy of joy. "I want to do everything, be where people are, have a gay time!" Her face became transfigured; her eyes grew brilliant, her cheeks flooded with the tender pink of apple blossoms. She was on her way!

Part II

A FEW streets in Greenwich Village still retain much of the old-time dignity and charm. And this also is true of Chelsea Village particularly at Chelsea Square, where Stede Seafield had bought one of those inoffensive Victorian houses built in the 30's. He bought it out of the proceeds of a play. It took all he made out of the play to pay for the house and to put it into livable condition.

And here, behind a neat, red brick façade, Seafield lived and worked and worried.

There is no realism; there is only the real.

Materially, life had never been difficult for Seafield: emotionally the world had crashed around him when both his father and mother had died of influenza during the same week. Stede Seafield recovered in his own way. It had been years now, yet he dared not dwell upon his loss. That dormant pain was always there. And with his recovery had gone, apparently, the capacity for deep emotion.

His house and household suited him. His profession suited him. But the disasters of the past winter did not suit him at all. They irritated, worried, bored and superficially upset him. And yet, at Christmas, he had found time and inclination to send books and write to a pathetically dingy little girl in Brook Hollow. That characterized the man. There was no bitterness in him.

Rawn, bothering him with letters concerning proposed additions to the mill, also mentioned the fact that his protégé, Josephine Moreland, had quit her loom and gone to New York to live.

Once or twice Seafield wondered what she might be doing in New York. But such girls swarmed in the metropolis, overcrowding the ranks of the jobless or underpaid, drifting with every cross-current of the big city.

His fugitive emotional interest in Josephine Moreland seemed naturally to have terminated. Such episodes pass swiftly from the creative mind. Life moves on with the velocity of light in Manhattan town, where the eyes of age as well as of youth gaze only forward, and the physically or professionally dying, alone have leisure to remember and look back.

One afternoon early in May, Seafield put on a straw hat for the first time that spring and started toward the Chelsea Theater, where he had an appointment to talk over a proposed play with Edward Lester, promoter, builder, owner and actor-manager of that handsome playhouse. Incidentally, Lester was a gentleman; also, he was an excellent actor.

Seafield was nearly forty, but he did not look thirty in his blue sack suit, straw hat, a flower in his lapel, and gently swinging a light malacca walking stick.

On his way down Fifth Avenue—for he made that detour, needing the exercise—he encountered Delancy Brook.

They had been school friends—a period when selection is natural and discrimination undeveloped. That was all they ever had in common, except a persistent liking for each other.

Brook, tall, correct, and languid, passed for a brainless ass among many. He now hooked the handle of his walking stick over one shoulder, and looked inquiringly at Seafield.

The latter said: "I'm on my way to the Chelsea Theater to see Lester. What're you up to?"

"Not much—the club," replied Brook listlessly.

"That's the life," commented Seafield. "A little bridge, a little tea, read the late afternoon papers, toy with tape of defunct ticker, say how-do to Reggie, Clarence and Algy, cocktail in the cloak room, toddle home to dress, toddle out to dine. You're working yourself to death, Delancy. Come take a toddle with me."

They fell into step and sauntered on southward, leisurely enjoying the afternoon sunshine.

"Doing a new play?" inquired Brook.

"I hope to."

They chatted of new plays and actors and finally arrived at the Chelsea Theater.

"Come on in," urged Seafield. "I don't mind your hearing what Lester and I say to each other."

Edward Lester's suite atop the Chelsea Theater was where he lived. The offices occupied the floor below. But it was in the big, handsome lounging room of his own private apartment that Lester received Seafield and Brook.

He had known Brook pleasantly at Harvard. They exchanged an amiable handshake. Then the energetic actor-manager turned to Seafield in his cordial, bantering way.

"Well, Stede, are you going to make a pretty play for me? Or did you come to break it to me that you're too busy?"

"No, I'm not too busy."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm doing a play for Bernie Bernstein. Max Klepper wants something for Lilias Vane. Other people are talking about things."

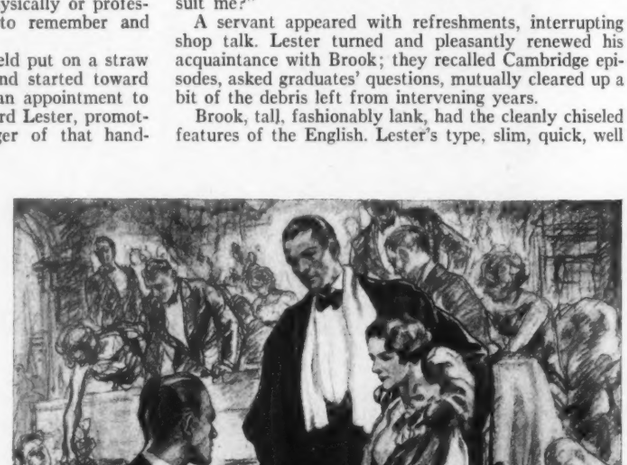
"Are you tied up?"

"No. I usually have two or three things going. It keeps me fresh—taking up one when I'm fed up with another."

"I want a woman's play and a real man's part for me which will give me a he-man's two-fisted job. Come on, Stede; no bunk! Have you anything on your cuff to suit me?"

A servant appeared with refreshments, interrupting shop talk. Lester turned and pleasantly renewed his acquaintance with Brook; they recalled Cambridge episodes, asked graduates' questions, mutually cleared up a bit of the debris left from intervening years.

Brook, tall, fashionably lank, had the cleanly chiseled features of the English. Lester's type, slim, quick, well



"Who is he?" Ranny colored violently

"And that," he added smilingly, "ends our confessions"

built, with fuller yet keener features, was entirely American. As for Seafield, his was the familiar Scottish build and features—cleanly muscular, with that military symmetry of head and shoulders which, in his type, so often goes with cinder-blond hair, inclined to curl at the tips, and a clear, deep blue eye that often seemed remote and sometimes wistful.

Brook rose and sauntered about inspecting the apartment which was filled with trophies of the theater.

"Go ahead with your confab," he said over his shoulder. "I'm amused."

So Seafield outlined the theme he had in mind; Lester seemed interested; and together they sketched it in while Brook lounged about, considerably taken with Lester's pictures and really lovely old-time furniture.

A distant sound of music penetrated the apartment, drifting upward from the depths of the stage.

"What are you putting on, Ed?" inquired Seafield.

"Nothing. That's No. 2 company of *Venus and Adonis*. They rehearse on our stage until six. Take a slant at them."

He walked over to the wall, slid a panel aside. Far below, in a dark pit on a lighted stage, tiny figures were maneuvering. Strains from the orchestra came up clearly now; voices of the stage director and the ballet master were audible above the clatter of dancing.

"That's Morris Spandau; hear him yell at them," said Lester.

"Old stuff," agreed Seafield, bored. "Are they cast?"

"I believe not," replied Lester, carelessly. "Spandau's assistant, Sam Glitterwitz, is doing the heavies."

THEY watched the miniature spectacle for a few moments longer, then Lester closed the panel and Seafield and Brook made their adieux.

Lester said, as they took their hats and sticks from a servant: "Now, Stede, when will you let me see a sketch on the lines we discussed?"

"In about six weeks," Stede replied.

"I'll hold you," retorted Lester. And as the elevator was slow in responding to signal: "Walk down one flight to my office," he said. "I'd like to show you a picture of a brand new girl whom I may engage to play opposite me next season. She's a real discovery."

They descended the stairway and came among a waiting company of young men and young women, which partly filled the corridor that led to Mr. Spandau's temporary abode.

Lester, being hatless, evidently was mistaken for Spandau, and several softly appealing feminine voices chorused, "Oh, Mr. Spandau," and several still more appealing hands touched his sleeve as he passed.

"I'm not Mr. Spandau, ladies," he said amiably. "Mr. Spandau is on the stage and Mr. Glitterwitz will see you."

"Oh, dear," sighed a girl, "I've been here since two o'clock! Can't you see me instead?"

"Sorry," said Lester pleasantly, moving on toward his own office with polite persistence.

Brook followed him. As Seafield passed the corridor, a hestitating voice spoke his name and he stopped inquiringly.

A rather pretty girl with blue eyes and yellow hair had risen from a bench, as though embarrassed at her own audacity. He couldn't remember that he ever before had seen her.

"You don't know me," she confessed, "but I've seen you in Brook Hollow."

"Are you from Brook Hollow?"

"Yes. I was stenographer to Mr. Rawn at the mill."

"What is your name," he asked politely.

"Florence Eden."

He smiled: "So you left the mill for the treadmill."

She laughed because he was smiling. "I came to New York with a girl who knows you: Josephine Moreland."

A second's hesitation, then Seafield remembered: "Josephine Moreland," he repeated. "Why, of course. She's a friend of mine. Rawn wrote me that she had gone to New York. How is she?"

"Fine!" replied Florrie.

"That's nice. You seem to be in rather fine spirits yourself, Miss Eden," he added, smiling at the girl's brilliant eyes and fresh color. "Is my little friend Josephine also trying to break into a Broadway play or chorus?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Florrie. "She thinks I'm crazy!"

"What is she doing in New York?" he asked, amused.

"We have an apartment together," explained the girl. "There are three of us—Clarel Cary is the other girl—all from Brook Hollow. Clarel works for Felixstein & Feldman. I went to a secretarial school for two months, but it was slow! Dead! Pokey! So I thought I'd like to go into a show. I don't know whether I'll get in, do you?" she added hopefully.

"What does Josephine do to amuse herself?" Seafield asked, ignoring her question.

"Oh, she's on the run every second—except when she's reading—and then you can't wake her up! You sent her some books once, didn't you? Well, she's read them and she's buying more all the time. And she walks and shops and goes to shows and museums and concerts and parties, and she flies around with her friends. Honestly, Mr. Seafield, she's the busiest thing in New York. But she'd love to see you!"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, my, Mr. Seafield! Why, whenever she mentions you, you'd think she was in church. You're Josie's hero, Mr. Seafield. Why, the way she feels, she won't even write to you because she's afraid it might bother you—"

At that moment Brook came back to see what was delaying Seafield.

"I say," he began, "Lester has that photograph—" He hesitated politely, noticing Florrie, and apologized for interrupting. Seafield presented Brook and also Lester, who now appeared at his heels.

"Little Miss Eden and I are fellow townsfolk in the metropolis of Brook Hollow," he explained, "and until quite recently we have been jointly and financially interested in the local silk mill."

"I was stenographer there," laughed Florrie, "and I guess Mr. Seafield owns the mill. That's our joint interest he refers to!"

Seafield said to Lester: "Can you arrange to have her see Glitterwitz? She's been here since two o'clock."

"Certainly. Come into my office." And as they turned away all together, with Florrie in the center: "Here's that photograph, Stede."

In his private office, Lester turned to Florrie. "Did you want to see Glitterwitz?" he asked.

"It's so kind of you—"

"Not at all," and, to a boy in the anteroom: "Ask Mr. Glitterwitz to step in a moment."

Seafield turned to Florrie and suggested that she write out Josephine's address, thinking to himself that he'd send the child another book or two; and Florrie delightedly complied.

Then Mr. Glitterwitz entered—all feet and a checked suit—and Lester said with grave generosity: "Sam, I hope you'll find something in No. 2 company for my little friend, Miss Eden."

"One of them sassy baby-dolls marked, 'Sold!'" Glitterwitz complained later to Mr. Spandau. "You don't dass ever fire 'em, neither."

"If she's Ed Lester's, keep off the grass," returned Spandau, dryly.

So, if her work never approached what face and figure promised, there was little likelihood that Florrie would be "fired" from *Venus and Adonis*.

THEY separated, and Seafield, standing deserted on the street, glanced over his shoulder at the clock on the Chelsea Theater. He had nearly two hours to dispose of before dinner.

Above massed roofs the western sky was already tinted pink. A flock of pigeons in early evening flight were circling an old church tower. The declining sun glittered on their wings. To saunter, with a prowling eye alert for vanishing traces of that old and sober city which his English forbears knew often was Seafield's custom of a soft spring evening.

Fumbling for his cigarette case, Seafield noticed that he still held in his fingers the slip of paper on which Florrie had written the address of Josephine Moreland.

"Seven, Grape Vine Lane," he read, "fourth bell."

He knew the little blind alley in Greenwich village—relic of some fragrant country lane, once flanked, perhaps, by stone walls over which wild grapes ran riot. Now it was only a paved lane set with shabby houses from which fire escapes sagged and multi-colored wash fluttered.

He walked that way, twirling his malacca stick, but with no definite intentions. He thought of his interview with Lester. He considered that and other matters. Presently he recollected Grape Vine Lane.

"Strange little creature," he thought, remembering Florrie's explanation of the child's disinclination to bother him with further letters.

The post box at number seven bore a card on which three names were written: "Miss Cary; Miss Eden; Miss Moreland." This amused him. He gave the electric button a jab with his malacca stick. After a while, an inner door clicked open slightly; Seafield walked in.

Four flights of smelly stairs rose before him; on the fourth landing a figure stood looking down at him, only dimly revealed under a skylight.

"Who is it, please?" came a voice he did not recognize.

He waited a moment to recover breath: "I'm looking for a Miss Moreland," he explained. "Is this her floor?"

"Yes. I am Miss Moreland," with interrogating inflection in the voice.

He climbed the last few stairs. He didn't recognize her, but she gave him one astounded look and leaned backward, both hands flat against the wall behind her.

"Are you Josephine Moreland?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded.

The only features which seemed familiar to him in this tall, slender girl, were the brown eyes.

"Do you remember me?" he inquired.

She nodded. After a moment she heard herself saying: "You will come in, won't you? You will, won't you?"

He released her hand. She led the way into the little living room; turned to see if he had followed; seated herself, scarcely knowing what she was about.

Now, in the full light of the room, Seafield was astonished by the transformation that less than a year had brought in Josephine Moreland.

Here was no child; here was youthful maturity, slender, supple, and really lovely to look at. In fact, the disturbing beauty of the girl left him perplexed and silent.

As for Josephine, she had so much to say that she could say nothing. Her underlip was still tremulous; self-possession difficult to maintain.

Meanwhile, a trifle amused at himself, Seafield made the first effort.

"In less than a year you've grown up," he said. "How old were you, anyway, when we met in the cemetery?"

"Nearly eighteen."

"You seemed fifteen. So you're nearly nineteen now."

"Yes."

"I'm so glad to hear that all is well with you now," he said, pleasantly.

"How did you hear?"

He told her about his encounter with Florrie.

At that her first swift smile broke out and she cried: "How wonderful! How wonderful that you met her and came here to see me!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"I didn't think you'd remember me."

"I don't remember you as you are now."

SHE leaned toward him from her armchair, serious, winningly eager: "I never thought I could forget what I was," she said, "but actually I am forgetting. The memory of it is going. Even you were beginning to be unreal—I tried to keep you real in my mind. I tried."

Because he laughed, she laughed, too, but she was in passionate earnest, and her clasped fingers tightened on the arm of her chair.

He said: "Your little friend, Miss Eden, tells me that you are on the jump every moment, flying around town. You must be having a good time."

She nodded, still smiling.

"What interests you most?"

Her face flushed and she answered ardently: "The whole world of books! How perfectly beautiful it is, Mr. Seafield! Every time I go to the lectures or good plays I think how perfectly beautiful our language is. It gives me pleasure to hear it well spoken. I am taking English, French and Italian lessons. Everybody tells me that those two Latin languages are more beautiful than my own. But I don't think so, do you?"

"Well, I don't know," he said, immensely amused. "Our language is fine. But very few Americans have learned it. Are you considering the stage as a profession for yourself? Is that your idea?"

"Oh, no," she said; "I have no talent."

"No desire, either?"

She shook her head.

"Well," he said, "that's one problem settled!"

But the duet was over; Clarel Cary came in; Josephine presented Seafield, prettily but nervously; they chatted for a few moments; then Clarel retired to her own room. Seafield said goodnight.

Josephine gave him her hand; went to the door with him, then to the landing; gave him her hand again.

"You have a telephone," he observed; "are you in the book?"

"Yes."

"Shall I call you up?"

"Yes."

"Some day when you're not flying about like mad?"

"Any day."

"But you might have engagements—"

"Any day," she repeated with a faint smile.

"All right. Goodnight, Josephine," he said with the very slightest feeling of unease.

She gave him her hand for the third time.

On his way home to dress for dinner he remembered the soft symmetry of that slim hand.

"It's astonishing," he thought, "that I never noticed any trace of looks about that girl. It certainly is amazing."

While dressing for dinner that evening, self-analysis led him leisurely through the day as far as the moment when a slender hand and his own parted in leave-taking.

"Forty!" he ejaculated to himself. "Well, curse it all—curse it all—"

He went downstairs to the drawing-room, shoulders hunched, both hands in his pockets and a crisp lock of hair standing up obstinately on the crown of his head.

Annie Cassidy presently announced dinner.

"Are you Josephine Moreland?" he asked incredulously

"All right," he muttered. Then, as the maid lingered, he looked up.

"Please, sir, Mrs. Seafield called you on the telephone at six—I told her you were out."

After a silence: "Oh—did Mrs. Seafield leave any message?"

"No, sir."

"All right."

DELANCY Brook spent every Sunday, rain or shine, at Brookdale, his country place. He had the kind of place that includes a rock garden and perfect barns. The ensemble, on the whole, struck one as mildly mindless, like the countenance of a Jersey cow.

Brook drove his scarlet sport car to the curb before Seafield's house, and leaving Anthony Speedwith, Jr. beside the wheel, strolled up the steps, rang, and went in.

Annie Cassidy was dubious concerning her master. "He doesn't seem very well this morning," she said.

"Has he breakfasted?"

"No, sir, he didn't wish any."

"Out late? Working late? What's the matter with him?" demanded Brook.

Brook, being intimate and privileged, Annie gave him a non-committal look and gently shook her head.

"Oh," said Brook, "is it that?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see. Was his wife here, Annie?"

"No sir; she telephoned."

"When?"

"Night before last, sir."

"Has Mr. Seafield been—ill—for two days?"

"Since that—yes, sir."

"Upset him, eh?"

THE maid gave him a distressed look.

"Why didn't you send for me? You agreed to—oh, I forgot I went out of town."

"Yes, sir; I did call the Charter Club."

"I'm going up," said Brook, briefly. And up he went and announced himself through the closed door. Seafield, in dressing gown and slippers, opened it. Except that he looked pale, he seemed to be all right.

"My car is down in the street," explained Brook; "come along."

"No; I'm lazy—"

"Come on," interrupted the other. "It's clearing; it's going to be a fine day."

"If there's to be a party—"

"No. Only you, Tony Speedwith, and myself."

"No girls?"

"I haven't asked any, but you know how it is—one or two might motor out. Had your bath?"

Seafield nodded.

"Coffee?"

"I don't want any."

"Well, come on, then, old sport. We'll wait for you."

He went downstairs and out to his car, where Speedwith, Jr. sat in his knickers, one leg cocked over the other. "Is Stede coming?" he inquired.

"Yes. Did you ask anybody out?"

"I told a few that we'd be there—"

"Girls?"

"One or two—"

"Which?"

"Clarel Cary. I forget the other one's name."

"Can't you catch her now on the wire and tell her not to come out?" Brook asked.

"Why?"

"Stede is low in his mind. He's had one of those spells."

"What's the matter? Wife?"

"I believe so."

Speedwith shrugged, got out of the car and crossed the street to a drugstore, where the sign of the blue bell hung.

When he came back he shook his head: "Sorry, but Clarel is out. She needn't bother Stede. You and he can go over to the club and play golf—"

"All right," nodded Brook, shortly.

In about half an hour Seafield came out of his house, dressed in cap and knickers, nodded amiably to Speedwith and climbed in.

"Turn her loose," he said with a yawn, and passed an unsteady hand over his forehead.

As the car swung around and started south, he lifted his white and tired face to the magnificent blue sky; and into his eyes of Scottish blue, came that slightly wistful expression, as though perplexed with the scheme of things.

As the car rolled over the bridge, Seafield gazed through the steel spider web about him. The wreck of a boy's kite hung across one strand.

"Like that," he thought, dully, "I'm entangled."

Now there was more country to be seen, flat cultivated stretches, bluish green woods on the horizon; dogwood was out of bloom, but pink and white magnolia made lawns lovely and wisteria in fullest glory festooned wall and pergola. And almost every time they halted—for Sunday traffic was heavy—Seafield heard thrushes singing.

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"There was my father—I just stood and stared at him at first"

HARRISON, FRESHMAN

By Faith Ellen Smith

Illustrated by GEORGE BREHM

JULIA DALLIS went up to St. Peter's to attend the annual field day, not so much because she had any special interest in watching a crowd of youngsters contend for the pennant or the loving cup, or whatever it was that symbolized the coveted winning of the school's athletic honors, as because she could not wait for the mid-semester vacation to see what the school had done for John.

All the way up the Hudson, in a coach crowded with chattering, enthusiastic alumni and proud, gift-laden parents, she sat apart, gazing from the window at the stately sweep of the river with eyes bright with dreams. She was a little resentful of the invasion when, at Bakerville, an elaborately-gowned woman in rustling black silk and heavy red-fox furs, dropped into the seat beside her and showed signs of desiring to talk.

The stranger fidgeted for a time. Finally, although Julia remained elaborately unaware of her presence, the woman asked, "You're going up to school, I suppose?"

JULIA relinquished her dreams with a sigh. "Yes," she said. And, because she could never bring herself to conscious rudeness, added, "I've a boy taking part in the field day this year."

The other woman beamed.

"So have I—my son, Paul Southern. He's the senior class president. Your boy may have mentioned him."

John had not mentioned Paul Southern. He had not, as yet, learned to write newsy letters, even to Julia; and probably the senior class president was a being of too exalted a sphere to bulk large in his first-year universe. So she gave a little, non-committal murmur, and the other woman chatted on:

"Paul's going to Harvard next year. His father—my husband, has been dead for two years—always said Yale, and Paul used to talk of going there when he was a little tot; but I've always admired Harvard men, and I wanted him to go there. Paul's a mother's boy—always wants to please me—of course I didn't *say* anything— ("Oh, no," thought Julia. "Of course you *wouldn't!*")— "I wouldn't influence him for the world. But Paul said, 'Mother wants me to go to Harvard, and I'm going.' So I registered his name— Is your boy going to Harvard?"

Julia smiled. It was strange enough to have little John away from her even at prep school. Unthinkable that he should ever be old enough for college! "I don't know," she said. "He's only a freshman."

"Oh!" The other woman's eyes studied her observingly. "I *thought* you looked young to have a son graduating."

"He isn't really my son." Julia didn't want to talk intimate personalities with the stranger; but she realized that an explanation was inevitable if they were to ride to their destination together. "He is my brother's boy; but his mother died when he was born, and my husband and I have had him with us ever since."

The other woman smiled. "How sweet of you."

There was a note of patronage in her tone. Julia resented it.

"We were awfully glad to have him," she said. "We've never had any children of our own, though it's hard to realize that John isn't our own. We couldn't care any more for him if he were."

"John?" Her neighbor echoed. "His name isn't John Harrison, is it? I've heard my son speak of a John Harrison."

"Why, yes, it is." Julia was puzzled. It did not seem possible that a fourth-year boy would have noticed her quiet, shy child sufficiently to speak or write of him. There was, too, something in the other woman's voice that branded the explanation as untrue. Julia stole a side glance at her. There was something about the other woman, she realized now, that repelled her. Something hard and cold and selfish, a lack of generosity in the thin lips, a hint of insincerity about the pale, cold eyes. She would be a manager, intolerant of anyone's will but her own—cruel, beneath her veneer of gushing kindness — Oh, well, no matter! But Julia was sorry for the senior class president.

Strangely enough, after that, Mrs. Southern ceased her efforts to draw Julia into conversation, and they rode on, almost in silence. Yet, Julia, returning to her preoccupation in her own affairs, was conscious now and again, of her scrutiny.

John was waiting for the train at St. Peter's station. Julia saw him at once—a slender figure, standing very erect and self-conscious, in his new blue, braid-trimmed uniform, with the heels of his highly-polished shoes drawn sharply together at salute; and she repressed, with an effort, her desire to wave to him. He would not welcome a boisterous greeting, she thought. He seemed to have taken on a new dignity during his two months' absence from home. "When I get him alone, I'll hug him," she promised herself. "But I imagine I mustn't even kiss him before all these people. He looks as if he were afraid I might try to."

SO THEY shook hands very properly, and Julia, seeing her neighbor of the journey envelop a tall, furiously blushing lad, was glad that she had spared John any such insult to his maturity. As it was, she saw her boy's sensitive face go white with the force of his emotion until the freckles across the bridge of his nose stood out like a connecting chain between his honest brown eyes; and the hand that he gave her was icy cold.

"I've brought you a fruit-cake," she whispered. "And a box of oatmeal cookies, and Nora made you some fudge." And, in the same breath, anxiously, "You look thin, dear. I hope you're not studying too hard."

"No, I'm all right. I've been working like—like everything, getting ready for today. They're only three of us freshies taking part, and I'm—just think of it, Moms!—I'm going to play on the team tomorrow! Lowring sprained his ankle at practice yesterday, and Mulvane—he's the coach, you know—said I could take his place." His changing, boy's voice rose laughably in his excitement.

"Football?" she asked.

"Sure! The big game with Western." Taking her arm and reaching for her bag, he led her toward a bus into which other students were marshaling other guests.

"Aren't you pretty young to play on the team?" she asked somewhat anxiously.

"I'll be the youngest fellow there—and the only frosh," he boasted, squeezing her arm.

With an effort, she smiled. Oh, well, boys were boys, and they came through the brutalities of football warfare somehow! She must not spoil his pleasure by letting him know that she was worried.

He gave up his seat in the crowded bus to an older boy with the insignia of some sort of rank on his shoulders, and stood in front of her, swaying with the movement of the vehicle, pointing out landmarks.

"There's the parade ground, Mother; where we drill. And over there's the chapel. See that statue? Last year's class gave that . . . and there's the gym . . . "

He was excited, unnaturally formal, conscious that others beside herself were listening. She knew that he wanted to ask about things at home, and without thinking of the possible effect of her words, she said: "Fan has three little new puppies. A brown one and two black-and-white ones, marked like herself." An instant later, she realized her mistake, when she looked up to see him biting his lips. Poor little homesick lad! He was having to fight back the tears. She began, tactfully, to ask about school affairs, and the embarrassing moment passed.

A bustling hostess-in-charge shooed Julia, with a crowd of other women, into one of the dormitories, temporarily given over to the housing of guests. John leaving her at the door, said: "You're to have my room, Mother; I've got to leave you for awhile, but I'll be up to call for you before lunch." He went off about important academic affairs of his own.

Julia alone in the immaculate and scrupulously orderly little room, wiped her eyes. Only her own and her husband's photographs, in silver frames on the dresser, gave the place a touch of personality. But it was her boy's room. In a rare rush of sentiment, she bent and kissed the hard white pillow where his dear head had rested. Doubtless they were making a man of him at St. Peter's, but she wished she might have furnished the bare little place with all the modest luxuries he was accustomed to at home.

SHE had time, before he came to call for her, to go through his belongings, neatly and compactly stowed away in the lower half of the dresser, looking for missing buttons and socks in need of darning. The efficiency of the school management had robbed her of any labor of love there; everything was in perfect order. A little disappointed, she began to replace the spotless garments when there fell from between two pairs of pajamas a slip of paper, secreted from prying or inspecting eyes. As she stooped to replace it, her eyes involuntarily followed the three lines sprawled across it in John's uneven, immature hand:

> My Mother's eyes are wells of peace,
> Her lips are gates of kindly words.
> Her hair . . . .

She smiled as she replaced the paper. The intricacies of verse were too much for the boy, as yet; but he had a nice touch that promised well, she thought, for the future. At least, she was glad that he loved poetry, as he loved all beauty—and that he loved her enough to make her the subject of the greater part of these scraps of young endeavor that she was forever finding, scribbled in his school books and in other unlikely places. She sat down in the room's one, stiff-backed chair to wait for him, exulting in the thought of his clear-souled young fineness. What a dear child he was, and how much of her own! How ridiculous to think that the mere accident of birth made her and James any the less his parents.

After a little she heard his step in the hall, and his quick, short knock at the door. She opened it, and in blessed privacy, pressed him close to her heart and was held close to his.

"Moms! Dear, dear Moms! I'm *glad* you've come—*so* glad you've come!" He could not restrain the tears now. They ran down his cheeks and wet her neck. "School—school's great— but, gee, I've wanted you!"

They had only a few minutes together. Then a gong sounded; and they went down to the dining hall, staid and formal again.

When grace had been said and the little flurry attendant upon seating had subsided, John said, under cover of the sudden rush of conversation: "What do you think, Moms—Father—I mean, you know, my own father—is here."

"Here?" She was surprised. What had inspired her brother with this eleventh hour interest in his son?

"Yes," the boy said; and she saw then that his long, thin hands were moving nervously. "Prexy called for me in the parlor this morning, just before you came, and I went down, and there was—was my father. I didn't know him at first; and he said he wouldn't have known me, if he hadn't known I was coming in. It's queer about us, isn't it? I just stood and stared at him at first. The fellows said my father was here, and I thought of course they meant Dad."

"I suppose he wanted to see you play," she said reassuringly. She could not resist a sense of thankfulness that to him, "father" meant her husband rather than her brother. Yet she did not want the boy to be afraid of George, or resentful of his claim to affection. She must be glad herself and try to inspire him with gladness that George had finally awakened to a sense of parental responsibility.

The boy considered the remark— "But he didn't know I was going to take part," he said. "I don't think he came to see me, somehow. I don't know *why* he came."

"It doesn't matter, anyway, now he's here." She tried to speak lightly, while her mind planned an unselfish throwing of parent and child together. "Eat your lunch, dear Remember all you have to do this afternoon."

Conversation around the table became general. John awoke to his social responsibilities and presented her neighbor—a tow-headed youngster, with bulging, apple-red cheeks, who, in turn, introduced her to his mother and his aunt. Predictions were made as to the outcome of the afternoon's contest and tomorrow's game. Even the adults became excited, convinced that vast issues were awaiting decision. "How young we all are!" Julia thought, renewing her own youth.

All at once she saw John's whole frame stiffen. She looked down the length of the oak-paneled room and saw that George and two other persons were making a late and rather spectacular entrance.

She thought at first that only chance had brought them in together; for, as far as she knew, George was a stranger to Mrs. Southern—a Mrs. Southern daringly clad in tight-fitting lavender velvet with a great corsage of orchids—and the tall boy who must be Mrs. Southern's son Paul. Then the woman turned to George with an arch, flirtatious smile; and a suspicion leapt into her mind, full-grown into a certainty. So there was the explanation of George Harrison's sudden interest in St. Peter's! She struggled with a mean little sense of selfish satisfaction. If George were contemplating the formation of new home ties, would not John belong to James and herself more entirely than ever before?

SHE had no way of knowing whether or not John had grasped the significance of the little scene. Immediately after lunch, he went, with the other boys, to the gymnasium, to dress for the contest, and Julia, with the apple-cheeked lad and his mother, wandered around the campus and into the various buildings until it was time to make their way to the drill field. Here, among the crowd at the gate, she found her brother and Mrs. Southern waiting for her.

George, she could see, was embarrassed. He greeted her with a perfunctory hand-clasp.

"Eloise said you were here," he said. And, turning, brought Mrs. Southern forward with obvious pride. "I believe you two ladies have met before."

Mrs. Southern grasped Julia's hand with effusive cordiality.

"Indeed we have!" she exclaimed. "Though I'm afraid I took rather a mean advantage of you on the train, Mrs. Dallis. I knew who you were, but you didn't know me. You see, I didn't know whether George had mentioned me or not—" She cast down her eyes coyly.

"I'm afraid I didn't," George confessed. "I'm not a good letter writer, and I've not seen Julia or James for three years. Mrs. Southern is my fiancée, Julia. We're to be married during the Christmas holidays."

Julia Dallis made a polite murmur of congratulation. "Have you told John?" she asked.

"Why, no." Apparently George had not considered the necessity of informing his son of his plans. "I don't think he knows, unless Paul has mentioned it."

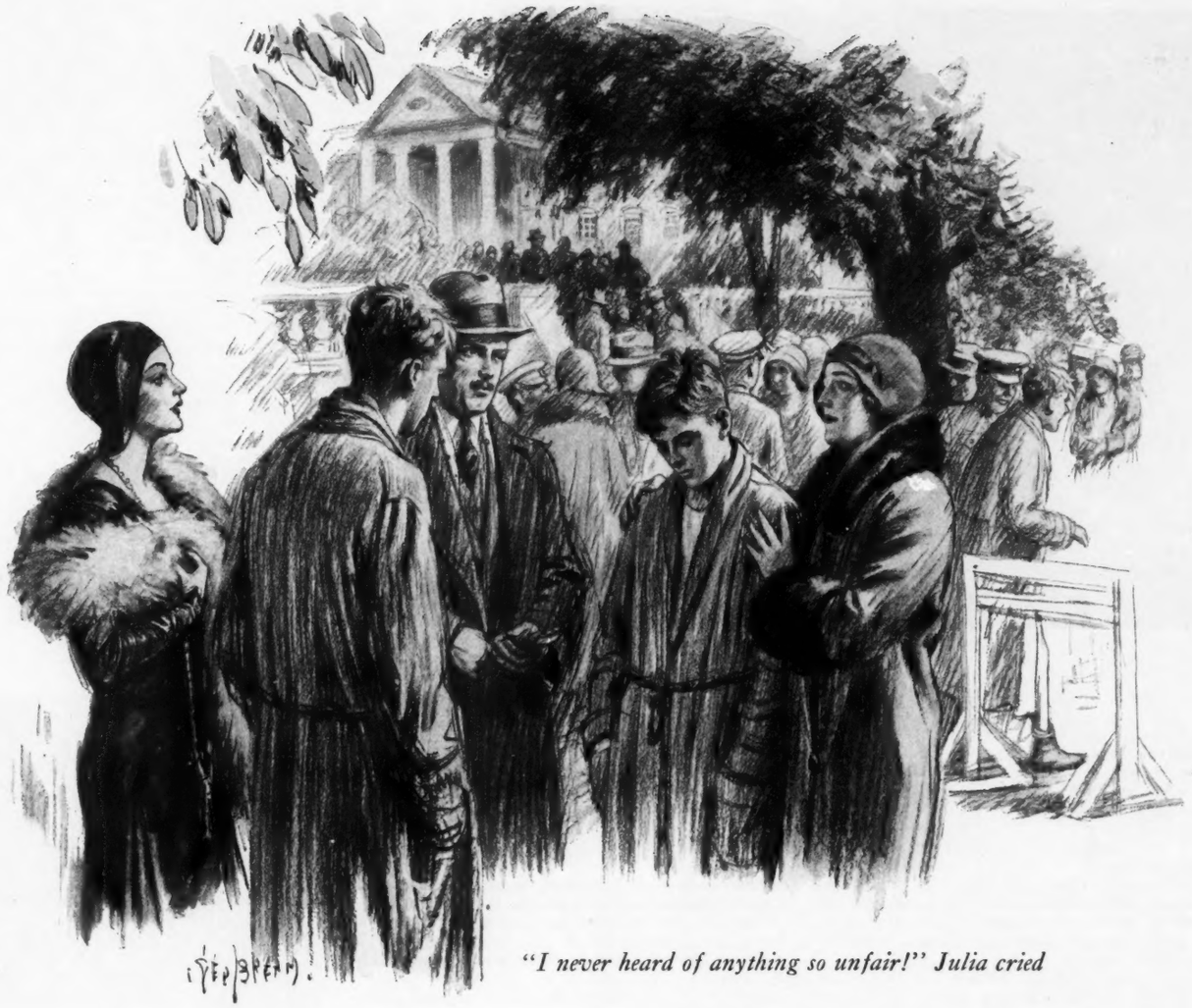
Mrs. Southern said that she did not believe Paul had. "The boys have had so little chance to know each other." Her voice conveyed a consciousness of the vast distance that separated the senior class president from a humble freshman. "After all, John's only a baby," John's father said.

"He's nearly fifteen." Julia's heart was hot with indignation. How could George care so little about his own son?

A sense of constraint seized upon them all. It was a relief to realize that the seats were filling. "Come and sit with us," Mrs. Southern urged. "We'd so love to have you."

Julia would much have preferred to sit alone, but there seemed no graceful way of escape. She allowed herself to be seated, an interloper, between her brother and his fiancée, and, almost as soon as they had taken their places, the contestants marched into the field.

"Oh, hello, Moms! I didn't go back on the team, did I?"



"I never heard of anything so unfair!" Julia cried

"There's Paul," said Paul's mother. She leaned across Julia to point out to George the tall boy in sketchy running costume at the head of the file.

"And there's John," said Julia proudly. How little he looked, and how frightened, among those larger boys! Would he catch cold, with his thin little arms and legs bare to the crisp November air?

"Paul is *so* athletic!" Mrs. Southern was saying proudly. "Last year he won the high jump and the thirty-yard dash. I've promised him a car if he does as well this time."

JULIA bit her lips. She wanted to boast of John's prowess, but his triumphs were all before him. She even struggled with the temptation to say, "John *has* a car"—thus unprecedently dignifying the ramshackle flivver in which her boy, during vacations, roamed the country roads around their home.

"What a cat I am!" she thought, and, resolutely, she shut her brother and Mrs. Southern out of her consciousness and leaning forward, fixed all her attention upon the field.

Just once before the whistle sounded and the events of the afternoon were under way, John found time to look up at the grandstand. He sought for Julia's face among the spectators and smiled with nervously quivering lips. She smiled and waved in return, but her heart stood still with fear for him and with anxiety that he should make a brave showing before her companions.

Paul Southern won the high jump and the broad jump, and Julia politely applauded with the rest, though her heart was heavy. John did not jump well. He tagged along, with dogged persistence, accomplishing nothing, and she bore the knowledge of his disappointment in addition to her own. But the fifty-yard dash was another matter. Either the boy had by this time overcome his stage-fright or his slightness was in his favor. He came out second, and Julia, rising in her place, clapped her hands, blinking tears of pride from her eyes. Even George muttered a careless "well-done."

When the events were over, Julia, with her brother and Mrs. Southern, joined the crowd gathered around the contestants. John and Paul were both centers of congratulatory knots of their classmates. She realized, happily, that her boy had become something of a class hero.

The other youngsters modestly drew aside as the adults approached, leaving the five alone together; and Julia quite boldly put her arm around her boy and drew him close to her side, murmuring, "I'm so proud of you, dear!"

John, blushing, dug the toe of his running shoe in the dust. "Oh, it wasn't anything," he deprecated.

"Indeed it was," Mrs. Southern said gushingly, turning for a moment from her own boy; and Paul added a patronizing, "Hot stuff, Kid! You'll get there some day."

Julia glanced from one lad, in his enveloping bathrobe, to the other. Now that she had an opportunity of studying Paul at close range, she saw that he was very like his mother. There were the same telltale lines of selfishness in his immature, evenly featured face, the same look of hardness in his young eyes. Well, the thing was no affair of hers!

"You ran splendidly—didn't he run splendidly, Paul?" Mrs. Southern appealed to her tall son.

"Oh, he did all right," Paul said grudgingly—he himself had finished fifth. With a petulant drooping of the corners of his mouth, he turned away. "Time to go and dress, if I'm going to get down for dinner."

Mrs. Southern seized his arm with one hand and extended the other, with a flurry of scented furs, to sweep John toward her. "I'm proud of *both* my boys," she said. "Tell him, George."

Thus commanded, George came grudgingly forward. "John," he said, "this lady is going to be your mother. And after the first of the year, she and Paul and you and I are going to take a nice long trip around the world and when we come back, we'll have a new home together. What do you think of that?"

At those carelessly spoken words, the universe turned black before Julia Dallis' eyes and the solid ground seemed to sway beneath her feet. She stared at Mrs. Southern, for the first time seeing, in the frivolous, overdressed woman, a monster who menaced her dearest possession. Before she could muster her own faculties for speech, she heard John's voice raised in a childish treble.

"But—but I couldn't leave Moms and Dad—and I couldn't leave school!"

"I shall take a tutor," Mrs. Southern proclaimed regally. "And you and Paul can do your lessons together. Your father and I have planned for everything."

Julia found her voice then. She turned to her brother with blazing eyes, "George, you don't mean—you can't mean—to take the boy away from us?"

GEORGE HARRISON fidgeted with his gloves. He was not, as his sister knew, a brave man. Probably his one desire at the moment was for flight; but the issue being forced upon him, he attempted to meet it lightly.

"Well, Julia, I know you're fond of him. But, after all, he's my boy—and now that I'm to have a home of my own again, there's no reason why you and James should be burdened with him any longer."

"It will be so nice, having company for Paul," purred Mrs. Southern.

"I never heard of anything so unfair!" Julia cried. Although, unconsciously, her arm tightened around John's shoulders as if by her own physical strength to keep him at her side, the presence of the two boys had faded from her consciousness. All at once, the peaceful school campus had become a battleground upon which was being waged a clash of wills with unspeakably great issues at stake. "Why, he's like our own child—he *is* our own child. We've nursed him through babyhood. Clothed him, fed him, *loved* him—" Her voice broke.

Mrs. Southern said coolly, "But, my *dear* Mrs. Dallis! His father has contributed to his support, and I understand there have never been any legal papers of adoption—"

"Contributed to his support?" Julia flared. "Yes; and every cent George has ever contributed is in the bank in John's name. Do you think we care about the *money?*"

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What's Going On in the World

Thrills For The Ears

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THAT superb American baritone, Lawrence Tibbett, is the first of the major opera stars to sing his way through a full-length sound picture; and it is pleasant to record that he emerges from his pioneering experience with immense credit. He proves that the audible screen presents a magnificent field of opportunity for opera stars, particularly for those who specialize in the lower registers.

I have heard that when Mr. Tibbett first went to the Metro-Goldwyn studios to play his part in *The Rogue Song*, one of the officials called him aside and asked, "Can't you give us a little crooning in this picture, the way Rudy Vallee does? That's what the fans love." Mr. Tibbett politely replied that "crooning" was not in his line; he would give all of his robust voice to the microphone, or go home.

Mr. Tibbett does give his all, and what a lot it is! The sound apparatus quivers under the impact of his vocal blasts; but it is equal to the severe test, and no one can complain that Mr. Tibbett's fine effect is ruined by faulty recording.

The Rogue Song is an extremely ambitious offering, photographed entirely in technicolor and elaborately mounted. The story is adapted from the libretto of a famous Viennese operetta, *Gypsy Love*, and is therefore fantastically romantic in tone; the hero is a gay, dashing bandit of the Caucasus, the heroine is a haughty Russian princess, and there are two low comedians who are indescribably unfunny. But neither the plot of *The Rogue Song*, nor its dearth of humor, is of any importance. Lawrence Tibbett is the whole show, and he is excellent.

Those inveterate tourists, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, have issued their first talking picture, and many people will go to see it in the hope that it presents the authentic roars of lions and growls of head-hunters. They will be disappointed, for *Across the World* is nothing much more than a re-hash of films previously made by the Johnsons, with sound effects created in the laboratory and not in the jungle. Mr. Johnson's voice is heard throughout the picture, commenting on the scenes projected; but this lengthy lecture adds little to the interest.

There is no reason why travel and wild animal pictures—similar to *Nanook of the North, Grass, Chang*, etc.—should not be made with genuine sound. We see and hear bits of them now and then in the news reels. It shouldn't be much more difficult to place a microphone near an African watering hole than it is to place cameras and lights.

Since *Journey's End* established itself as the success of the century on the stage, the movie producers have been toying with the dangerously revolutionary idea that a love story is not absolutely essential to a photoplay. Three results of this amazing notion deserve especial attention:

Hell's Heroes is the story of three bad men of the West who are fleeing from justice when, in the midst of a sand-storm, they discover a dying woman and her newborn babe. She entrusts the child to their care, and asks them to take it back to the very town from which they are escaping so that it

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Catherine Dale Owen and Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song"

Helen Grace Carlisle

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

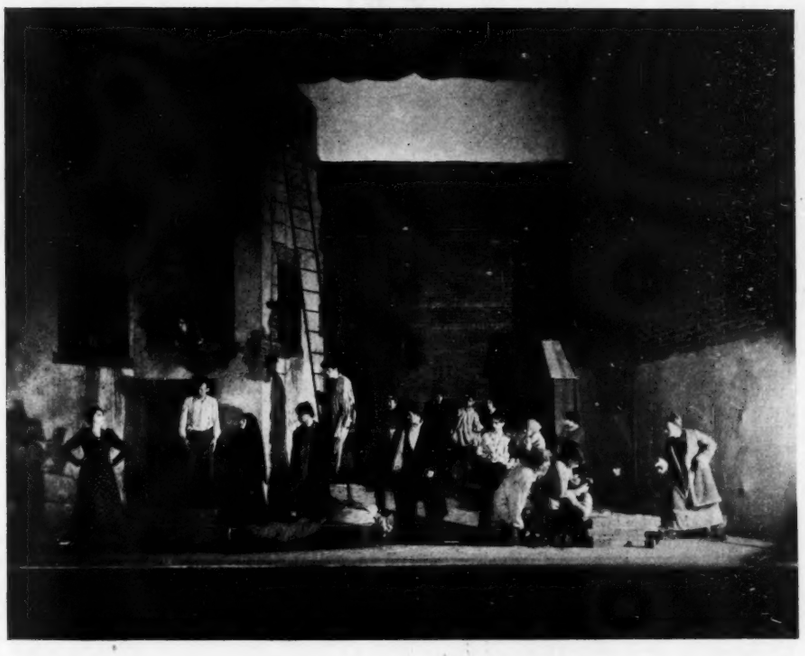
WITH VIOLA PARADISE

Inside Information

TWO kinds of novels give us inside information, making us intimate with the excitements and the routines of human lives. One type lifts the curtain on the unfamiliar or on the hidden background of the familiar. The other serves our hunger not so much to look but to understand, to *feel* our way into the very bones and souls of its characters.

In this class is *Mother's Cry* by Helen Grace Carlisle, the heart-breaking story of Mary Williams, from her first job as timid cash girl through her marriage and the growing up of her four children. Hers is the grief and shame of a son who dies in the electric chair; and the pride and joy of another son who becomes great. A review can hardly convey the beautiful human quality of this book. It has this in common with great tragedies: it wrings your heart and makes you weep; but at the end you are not depressed. Rather your spirit is purged by pity—and admiration. The simplicity, the courage, the lovableness, the humor—whenever life gives her a chance—of Mary Williams, transmutes the bitter and often sordid struggle into a valiant achievement. Don't miss this book.

Mildred Cram lets us into the private lives of those glamorous creatures, stars of the stage and concert platform. Her book, *Madder Music*, is a light, swift account of the Batemans, a family [*Turn to page 177*]



A scene from Gorki's insistently human play "At The Bottom"

This Month

Edward W. Bok

WORDS AND MUSIC

By DEEMS TAYLOR

More Durable Than Brass

THE fall and winter of 1919 were a critical period in the existence of the Philadelphia Orchestra. In that famous post-war year when, as you probably remember, living costs—and, inescapably, wages and salaries—doubled and tripled almost overnight, it became obvious that the orchestra's annual deficit, which the backers had, for a decade, been meeting out of their own pockets, was about to rise to staggering heights, with slight prospect of ever coming down again, even after the war.

The directors were in despair. The backers were already carrying as heavy a load as they could bear, income from seat subscriptions was not within shouting distance of expenditures, and there was no endowment. For an anxious week or so it began to look as if the magnificent orchestra, already recognized as one of the world's greatest, might have to disband.

And then, like the arrival of the American gunboat in a South American movie, help came. The directors announced that a wealthy Philadelphian, who preferred to be known only as the Unknown Donor, had offered to meet the orchestra's deficit for a period of five years, if the backers would agree to convert their accustomed annual contribution into the nucleus of an endowment fund. Not only was the orchestra saved, but the endowment became a permanent [*Turn to page 98*]

Sliding Down The Cellar Door

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

MAXIM GORKI has not yet challenged George M. Cohan or Anne Nichols as a writer of Broadway hits, but he has one play which has earned more separate productions in New York than can be claimed by any other living dramatist. I refer to his tragi-comedy about life in a Russian cellar. It has never scored a long run, but it is immensely vital for every other spring some producer gives the piece a new English title and trots it out again.

At the Bottom is the latest title. And this time the play boasts more than a new name. William L. Laurence, a newspaperman, has taken the Russian of Gorki and set it into American slang.

There is logical justification for this. The characters concerned are workers, peasants, beggars, thieves with here and there an aristocrat tossed in for good measure. There is something fundamentally false in having a pie-peddler speak in rolling literary English. On the other hand it is rather startling when somebody called Alyoshka suddenly rips out, "Give 'em the works." And it disturbed me to hear a woman in the play known as Vasilisa referred to as "kiddo."

Mr. Laurence, I assume, has made a rather free adaptation from the Russian and he must have been tempted to go still further for he can hardly have failed to consider the notion of taking the whole assemblage and setting it down somewhere in the boundaries of America. Then might they slang each other to the heart's content. But here would be a wrench. Though Gorki has written of emotional values which are universal, much of the detail is rooted in the Russian soil. For instance, it would be extremely difficult to find an American equivalent for the decayed baron who plays an important part in the action. And there is also a Tartar workman who prays to Mohammed at a vital point in the play. *At the Bottom* will have to remain Russian and it is a problem how to keep it there and still strike a colloquial note in the translation.

It seems to me that the trouble with the present experiment lies in the fact that Mr. Laurence's American slang is not in the least expert. The adapter is himself of Russian birth and he has given us a distinctly literary version of popular argot. Almost he seems to have ferreted his street idiom from a book. Much of the slang derives from the nineties. I do not remember that "Go way back and sit down" actually appears, but there are phrases equally archaic. Nothing is quite so dead and colorless as dead slang. There is no other commodity so dependent upon being served fresh every hour.

Yet it would be a mistake to exaggerate this failing in an excellent production of one of the world's great plays. After a bit the ear becomes accustomed to the fact that Russians are quarreling in the terms of Mutt and Jeff. It doesn't seem to matter. The play is vigorous enough to live through this rash experiment.

Audiences should be kindly in the license which they allow to actors supposedly speaking in a foreign tongue because of the scene in which the action takes place. All of us calmly accept the fact that two Frenchmen in a farce should exchange greetings and the news of the day in English. We do not ask that Caesar should use Latin when he addresses the Sphinx in the play by Mr. Shaw. Even rather complicated lingual arrangements are accepted. There was one war play in which Americans, French and Germans appeared. The big scene found two German spies, alone, engaged in plotting. For the sake of atmosphere the dramatist had one of the villains mutter his evil intentions in a particularly guttural and menacing German but at the end of each sentence he would pause and [*Turn to page 105*]

Dr. Stephen S. Wise

The Permanence Of Marriage

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. WISE is the most famous Jewish preacher in America, if not in the world. He is not simply a personality; he is an institution. The founder and chief Rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York City, whereof we read in his Autobiography, his victorious fight for a free pulpit in the Jewish Church, added to his great gifts as [*Turn to page 63*]

WILD WIND

"Men don't wait forever"—The knell of a waning courtship rings in Jacqueline's ears through years of silent sacrifice

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by C. D. MITCHELL

IF YOU could only know how I've wanted you!" Christopher's voice held a quiet fierceness, yet the strong hand that caressed Jacqueline's bronze head resting in the hollow of his shoulder was indescribably tender. "You were my star in the darkness—over there, my precious. And whether you marry me or not, Jack, there shall never be for me another woman." "Oh, Kit, Kit! Don't put it that way," the girl protested softly. "I'm going to marry you, darling, but I've promised Mary I would not leave her till she is well again!"

Jacqueline's eyes were dimmed with tears, for very soon Kit must go away—alone; now that the war was over and the voice of the big guns was silenced forever he would sail to India to inspect his company's tea plantations growing green in the tropical sun. "There will be temple bells and ivory towers, dearest, and strange and wise old men, and young and eager women emerging from centuries of seclusion. And we'll make the trip on a slow-going boat to prolong our honeymoon," he had coaxed. But Jacqueline knew that the honeymoon he pictured was only an enchanted dream, for Mary, her invalid sister who would never again stand tall and straight in her golden beauty, and Joel, Mary's husband, disabled in the war, and their children, needed her care.

So in the few brief days that were left before Kit's boat sailed, Jacqueline and her lover tried to crowd in enough joy to make bearable the dreary months of separation that spanned ahead. There were cozy chats over the teacups together, exciting trips to Boston, the theater, dancing, days of unforgettable joy and—parties with Sue Gilman. Sue had loved Kit always—long before he had known Jacqueline. And one night, touched by his suffering, she could not help but say to him: "If Jack cared, as some women care, she'd go with you, she'd go . . ."

Too soon the day for Kit's sailing dawned; on the pier, with his friends about him, he laughed with them. But when he had Jacqueline for a moment alone with him in his cabin, he kissed her and put her from him. "Dear love," he whispered, "don't make it too hard for me." And then, at last, *Kit was gone. And Jacqueline knew that her youth had gone with him.*

Part IV

FIVE years of Kit in India. Five years of Yolanda growing up. Five years of Mary flat on her back in bed. Five years of Joel fighting for his life financially. Five years in which small Joey had left babyhood behind and had arrived at rampageous boyhood.

Five years, too, of women having their hair bobbed, and of shamelessly shortening their dresses. Five years of after-the-war adjustment. Five years of prosperity! Of Prohibition! Of bootlegging. Five years in which Jacqueline had moved about in a maze of household duties, from which she had emerged competent, but dimmed and dulled by the process.

She knew that she was dimmed and dulled. She no longer flamed and thrilled at every slight adventure. In a world of bobbed-haired women, she still braided her tresses. Her dresses covered her knees, and they were, as a rule, of serviceable colors. Once when reading again *Quality Street,* she had sighed a bit over Barrie's heroine, whose lover came back to find her in spectacles and cap.

Kit had sailed home each year during the five to ask her to marry him. He had not found her in spectacles and cap, but on his last trip he had noticed the dimming and dulling. "What are they doing to you?" he had demanded.

She had tried to make light of it. "Nothing. I am really just as nice as ever, Kit."

"You're nicer, but—I hate that dress, Jack."

It had been the best she could do. Joel was so fiendishly hard up, with all the doctor's bills for Mary. So Jacqueline had worn a black lace of Mary's made over; and even Kit's flowers had not brightened it into becomingness.

The next day Kit had taken her to town and had bought her a dress—a rosy thing of tulle with floating ribbons; and that night they had gone to a dance

"If I ran away with Kit, what then?" Jacqueline demanded. "Oh, my soul, do I have to tell you!"

at the Yacht Club, and she had felt young again and pretty. Mary hadn't quite approved of Kit's getting the dress for her. "In my day, men didn't buy clothes for the women they were going to marry."

"Your day is my day, too, Mary. But Kit wanted me this way, so I let him do it."

Joel, too, had disapproved. "You'd better let me buy your things, Jack."

But Jacqueline, high-hearted and happy, had touched her rosy ruffles with light finger-tips, and had parried, "Why worry, Joel? On an average I am really a very proper person."

When Kit had gone back to India, the rosy gown had become a symbol of that short time of happiness with her lover. Jacqueline had worn it until it was hopelessly out of date, and always with a memory of her first joy in it, and of Kit's masculine appreciation of her surrender to his masterfulness.

"There's so little you will let me do for you, Jack."

"Some day, you'll do everything."

"I wonder if that day will ever come."

"OF course," she had smiled up at him, and had tucked her hand into his; and the saleswoman had brought back the parcel, and Kit had gone off with it under his arm, and they had been whirled away in a taxi for lunch at the Club.

But the night before he left, Kit had said again, "I wonder if that time will ever come," and there had been discouragement in his bearing, and weariness in his voice.

"Things *must* work out soon," Jacqueline had said. But Kit had not answered her, and had sat staring into the fire. And this time, after his return to India, his letters changed. They were no less loving; but it was a love which had settled down to wait. He ceased urging. And in a way she missed it.

The letters came once a week and were made up of daily bulletins jotted down wherever he might be. And so she came to know his life as if it were her own. She lived, indeed, two lives, in one of which she was Mary's proxy in all home matters. The other, in which she followed Kit about in a land of peacocks and ivory, of snow-tipped mountains and dense forests, of tropic heat and lush gardens, of smart English officers and their smarter wives, of that older, glamorous civilization of opulence and intrigue, and *Arabian Nights'* adventures.

She developed a technique in her own letters which kept them from monotony. There was, really, she told herself, nothing to write. One couldn't emphasize forever the fact that Joel was still kind but critical; that Mary's growing patience and sweetness made her more than ever heart-breaking; that small Joey was a handful but a darling; and that Yolanda in her confident and challenging youth ruled the household. Yet as these things were her only news, she set herself to illumine the pages she sent to Kit with quaint and subtle humor. No matter how tragic the day, she managed to make the account of it amusing. And gradually she came to see the life about her as she wrote of it to Kit, and was saved from bitterness by her own whimsical viewpoint, and by the insistence with which she held to it.

AND now at the end of five years, she sat one August afternoon on the front porch which looked out over the harbor. There were snapdragons in boxes on the rail, and their great masses of bloom were blown about by the wind, so that they were like pink plumes waving. Simple Simon in his cage in the corner made a spot of gorgeous color against the background of azure sky and sea. It seemed to Jacqueline that it was on such beauty that her soul was fed. In the midst of the dullest task, she could look out across the garden to the ever-changing sea and draw a quick breath of delight.

At the moment she was mending stockings, and she hated it. Not many women mended stockings in these days, but one couldn't be always buying. As she bent to her task, her bronze locks, neatly braided, shone in the sunlight. She wore a fresh frock of blue linen. She was young and sweet, but she felt a thousand years old. Her mind was on the dinner. There was fish again and Joel was not fond of it. But it was cheap, so they had it. But Joel was never quite the same on fish-dinner nights. He was apt to be—carping! That was what Jacqueline had called it in a letter to Kit. But she had made a joke of it and a play on words, and had drawn a series of funny illustrations in which a huge carp with Joel's face was weeping as he read a sign, "Fish-dinners!"

Jacqueline hated having always to think of food. She hated it as much as she hated mending stockings. Yet she knew that in itself she did not dislike domesticity. It was only that, of late, all these things had seemed so futile. She had felt herself narrowing to the limits of a little life. She had so few outlets. Joel had his daily contacts in town, and Yolanda those of her school; but Jacqueline met few people except those who came to see Mary.

Yolanda's school had been one of the things which had increased their budget. Mary had wanted her daughter sent to an exclusive place in Salem. It was expensive. "But she'll make her friends there," Mary had insisted.

"You flatter yourself!" Yolanda at fifteen, accomplished in the art of coquetry!

Joel had agreed, "It isn't as if we had a dozen daughters; and we must give her the best."

Giving Yolanda the best meant that Jacqueline must reduce household expenses to the extreme limit. Yet she too had felt that Mary was right. Yolanda must have the best. And perhaps the gracious heads of the school might find some way to curb the child's galloping spirit. "She's running away with all of us," Jacqueline told herself when Yolanda, keen of mind and eloquent of tongue, would force her reluctant family to accept her point of view.

"You are really very silly," she had told her aunt, one day after Kit's departure, "not to marry Uncle Kit. Why don't you do it?"

"Oh, I'm needed here, Yolanda."

"You think you are. But why should you worry about us? It's your own life, isn't it?"

"Yes. But there's your mother—and Joey."

YOLANDA had considered that. Then she had said, "Mother ought to have a good nurse."

"Your dad can't afford it."

"He thinks he can't."

"Yolanda, you know how hard it has been for him since the war."

"Yes. But that doesn't mean that you're to carry him on your shoulders for the rest of his days. Gracious Peter, Aunt Jack, if I had a man like Kit in love with me, I'd run a mile to meet him."

The child when she said it, had been sitting with her aunt on the bluff which overlooked the sea. She had worn a sweater and skirt of soft dull blue, and her bobbed hair had made a close gold cap for her head. Yolanda at fifteen was taking on some of her mother's loveliness. She had the same golden beauty and grace of line. If she was still a bit awkward, she made up for it in a flame-like quality of spirit, which her mother lacked, but which Jacqueline possessed in full measure.

It was this flame-like beauty which had lighted her when she had said, "If I had a man like Kit to love me, I'd run a mile . . . to meet him." [*Turn to page 124*]

"You don't mind? I must finish this. I—I'm leaving tonight, you see"

"Love is like a party frock—something to put on when the moon is in the sky," said a girl with hair the color of sunlight on autumn leaves. But then she learned her

A, B, C's

By Vivien R. Bretherton

Illustrated by H. J. MOWAT

LEONI knew everything about clothes. She knew that when one was born with hair the color of sunlight on autumn leaves, one wore forest green and turned into a gypsy. Or delphinium blue, and turned into enchantment. Or, if one were daring, jacinth red and turned into something very dangerous.

Leoni had hair the color of sunlight on autumn leaves.

Leoni knew everything about people. She knew that when one was born with a certain something, one looked bored, and people hopped about like Mexican jumping beans. Or stormy, and people drew in their horns and walked gently. Or interested, and people, and especially men, took too much for granted. Leoni had been born with that certain something.

And as for love—

"I know everything about love," remarked Leoni, to no one at all; "and I don't think much of it. Look at my mother—smashing a perfectly good career for marriage, then smashed the marriage for that career. Look at my father—that is, try to look at him if you can find him—barging around Europe—ruining his disposition and his nerves, not to mention his digestion. Love is like a melodrama, exciting for the moment, but too highly seasoned for steady diet. Love is like a party frock, something to put on when the moon is in the sky. Love is like a riddle; but when you solve it you aren't interested any more."

Now, it might be supposed that when one sat on the wing of an old, discarded windmill, on a hill miles from everywhere, one might air one's philosophy of love without interruption. Leoni thought so. It was, therefore, somewhat of a shock to have a voice break in upon her.

The voice was masculine, and it said, sounding a little vexed, "How you go on! Aren't you afraid love will up and bang you in the eye, one of these days?"

Only years of expecting unexpected things from two temperamental parents kept Leoni from falling off the windmill. That, and the knowledge that it was her windmill. So she sat up a little straighter and looked around for the owner of that voice. There he sat, almost beneath her nose.

He was young. Leoni had eyes to see that. And the sort that probably knew a lot about love, since women had undoubtedly been pursuing him from his crib days. But if he was disturbed by Leoni's scrutiny, he didn't show it. He was doing things to a canvas propped on an easel, and he seemed absorbed in the doing.

Leoni eyed the strange young man, and the strange young man painted tranquilly. Then he added, cheerfully, "And just because you've been disappointed in love, as they say, is no reason why you should go sour on the whole institution."

Leoni gasped. That was a little too much! "Don't think I'm disappointed," she said crisply. "I'm not even interested. Besides," sternly—"you had no business listening. I wasn't talking to you."

The young man cocked his head on one side and eyed his canvas. It seemed to please him. Then he said, absent-mindedly, "That's all right, I don't want you to talk. Now, if you'd just turn your head the other way—"

Leoni didn't turn her head an inch. She demanded, imperiously, "Would you mind telling me what you are doing?"

The strange young man sighed. He put down his brush. He looked at Leoni patiently, as one might look at a contrary child. "I'm trying to paint you, if you'd stop wriggling around and stay put for two minutes."

"Paint me!" At that, Leoni did slide off her windmill. "What do you mean by painting me! I won't be painted!"

The young man eyed her. "See here," he said reasonably, "I didn't ask you to sit on that windmill. I was painting a perfectly good windmill, all unadorned, before you showed up. But if you will perch on it, you have to expect to be painted. After all, I'm an artist, and all is grist that comes to my mill. Now, will you take your pose or won't you?"

"I will not," said Leoni crisply; and she looked as if she meant it. "Besides, it's my mill, not yours."

The young man stared at her. "What do you mean, yours? It happens to be mine. I bought it."

Leoni bristled. "You bought it! You didn't do anything of the sort! I bought it myself!"

WOMEN, thought the strange young man, never did know what they were talking about. "Now see here," he said patiently, "I don't know what you've bought, if anything, but it wasn't that windmill. It's mine. The hillside, in fact, is mine. And what's on the hillside goes with it."

Men, thought Leoni hotly, always believed they could bully women. She said, coldly, "I know perfectly well what I've bought, though it seems you don't. The hillside is mine. I've got the deed to it. And that settles the windmill. Now, if you've finished trying to talk me out of my property, would you mind going and leaving me on it? I bought it to get away from people, not to have them underfoot."

The strange young man, whose name happened to be Kimberley Marley McKay, snorted. "And why do you think I bought it? I'd like a little solitude myself, if you want to know it."

Leoni didn't want to know anything. Nor was there any use, she told herself, in arguing with an artist. She knew artists. She'd lived around them long enough. So she turned her back on this one and said, mildly, "I hope you find it." With which remark she walked away, leaving Kimberley McKay to think his own thoughts—pleasant and unpleasant.

It annoyed Leoni that she had to go, the next morning, to the Recorder's Office in town and verify her ownership of the windmill, not to mention the hillside. She wanted to begin making her windmill house without any unnecessary delays. But deeds are deeds; and she intended to be sure that the unpleasant young artist had no claims to her property.

She found the unpleasant young artist there before her. She said, politely, "You've found out I own the windmill, I'm sure."

"I have not," returned Kimberley Marley McKay. "If you want the truth, I've found we both own it."

Leoni stared at him. "That is ridiculous!" she cried.

"Call it what you will, you'll find it's so if you check up. I bought the place six years ago, when I was last out this way. That is, I bought part of the hillside. The boundary line, at that time, gave me the windmill by a bare two feet. The boundary line at present gives it to you, by a bare foot. There's a mistake in plotting somewhere, but the fact remains that we've both bought the windmill."

"But the present boundary line," pointed out Leoni triumphantly, "gives it to me. And this is the present, not six years ago."

"That," retorted Kimberley McKay, "is something for the court to settle. That is, unless you listen to reason. Now, I'm willing to buy thirty feet from you, at a reasonable price. That will give me the windmill and clear up the two titles."

Leoni gasped. "But I want the windmill! I intend to live in it! I'll buy thirty feet from *you!*"

"But I," said Kimberley McKay, "do not wish to sell."

"Nor do I." And Leoni set her lovely mouth more firmly.

Kimberley McKay tried new tactics. "Look here," he said helplessly, "if we drag this into court, it may take months. Why can't you compromise?"

Leoni, who had dreamed of peace and quiet in that little windmill, saw it escaping her. She didn't know what was going to come out of it all, but she decided she might as well run a big risk as a little one. So she said, and it was her last word on the matter, "Go to court if you want to. The present boundary line gives me the windmill and I'm going to live in it!"

IT HAS been said that Leoni knew everything about clothes. She knew that when one had hair the color of sunlight on autumn leaves, one wore forest green and turned into a gypsy. Or delphinium blue, and turned into enchantment. Or jacinth red, and turned into something very dangerous. But she had no wish to be dangerous, and it didn't seem worth while to be enchanting. As for being a gypsy, that was obviously out of the question, what with an artist wandering around on the other side of her hill. So she bought herself a jersey frock that looked both casual and practical and she dug out from somewhere an old sweater that was both old and comfortable. And so garbed, and without another thought for Kimberley McKay, she proceeded to turn her windmill into a house.

It was a surprising house, with windows like witches caverns and tiptilted doorways at unexpected angles. It wore its windmill wings with a decidedly jaunty air, somewhat like the ears of a surprised rabbit. Leoni was entranced with it, and enjoying herself immensely, in spite of the fact that Kimberley McKay was building a sort of cabin on his side of the hill. Whether he was giving up the windmill or just establishing himself for a legal siege, Leoni didn't know. And didn't, if the truth were known, care. She had [*Turn to page 151*]

"I'm tired of handling temperamental people adroitly. I'm going to sleep"

FIRE OF YOUTH

Breaking faith or risking happiness? This is the price that silence pays

By Margaret Pedler

I LOVE you! . . . Phil, I love you!" Terry's voice was stifled by his nearness to the girl in his arms. "I can't tell you—" his words stumbled to a halt. "I know," Phyllis murmured. There was a wild bird note in her voice, tremulous and thrilling as the mating call in spring. The wonder of it! Knowing now that they loved each other! "Terry, when did you first begin to—to care?" Phil finally whispered. "When I opened my eyes and saw you, on the beach that day I almost drowned."

Then a shadow had fallen across the brightness of this new and shining love. Terry was going away! And he had said no word of marriage except: "Until I can keep a wife, I won't ask to have one. But I'll come back, darling," he had added at parting. "Don't forget me, dear one, promise you won't forget me!"

The glorious golden autumn faded; December came with a thin powdering of snow. Four months and no word from Terry! Phyllis' heart was heavy. Would she ever see Terry again? Were those breath-taking hours they had spent together for him merely a passing fancy while for her they remained the dearest thing in life.

Unexpectedly Phyllis' father died, the shadowy father who spent many months of each year on the continent trying to bury his grief for the dead wife he adored, and who had left Phyllis to care for Piers and Budge and Venetia, the younger children. And suddenly, the realization that there were no funds came stingingly to the family he had left unprotected, for in the hearts of each of these half-grown youngsters there burned the desire for careers—painting, pony-raising, singing. So Phyllis smothered her sadness over Terry's going and his silence, turned Wetherby Grange into an inn and—met Timothy Wing. Wing, wealthy and famous, a playwright, had come to the Grange for a rest, and before six weeks had passed, had fallen in love with Phyllis. One night in June he told her: "I love you. All my life I must have loved you, I think—loved the woman that you are."

Phyllis shrank away from him, stricken. A vision of Terry's young, passionate face so inexpressibly dear, rose before her. "Oh, Timothy . . . Oh, my dear! I'm so sorry," she cried helplessly. "You mean it's 'no'?" "I'm afraid it is . . . I love you every way except—except that." He was silent. Then, "Some day I hope I can make you happy. Goodnight, dear," he said and turning, strode away along the white, moonlit path.

Part III

PHIL crossed the hall and mounted the stairs slowly. Outside her bedroom was an oriel window, letting light into the corridor; and here she paused involuntarily, drawn by the moon-drenched beauty of the garden below. As she leaned against the framework of the window, she gazed out wrapt in difficult thought.

On the occasion that Timothy had saved her, when she had missed her footing on the staircase, she had been struck with a sudden dismayed suspicion that his feeling for her was something other and deeper than friendship. And now she knew, without any shadow of doubt, that he loved her.

The knowledge added one more to life's complications. Because it did complicate things badly when someone of whom you were terribly fond as a friend became terribly fond of you in an entirely different way—asked for something it was out of your power to give.

A sudden sound broke the silence that reigned in the corridor—a muffled sound which startled Phil abruptly out of her musings. She lifted her head, listening, and in a moment it came again. There was no mistaking what it was this time, the broken, stifled sound of someone sobbing. It came from the bedroom next her own—Venetia's room.

Tiptoeing across the corridor Phil opened the door softly and peered in. The moonlight, slanting in between the undrawn curtains of the window, revealed a tossed and crumpled bed, white sheet outlining a curved arm and shoulder, a copper-gold head pressed down into the pillow, face hidden.

Closing the door behind her, Phil hurried to the side of the bed.

"Venetia! . . . Darling! What is the matter?" she asked in dismay. "Are you ill?"

The slender shoulders beneath the sheet heaved and a choking sob was the sole response.

Phil seated herself on the edge of the bed and attempted to draw aside the sheet. But Venetia clung to it desperately, burrowing her head still further into the pillow.

"Tell me what's the matter," persisted Phil. "I shan't go until you do."

"Nothing's the matter," came at last in a muffled voice.

"Venetia! Darling! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Illustrated

by

W. C. HOOPLE

"I would like to teach 'er. It will be a c-r-r-rime eef she is not trained"

"There must be something, or you wouldn't be crying like this."

Suddenly the figure in the bed gave an indignant wriggle and sat up, revealing a wet and tear-stained face that still contrived to look devastatingly beautiful.

"Surely I can howl if I want to?" demanded Venetia in a voice of suppressed fury.

"Of course you can. But surely I can ask why?" replied Phil, smiling.

A pair of wet blue eyes glowered at her. "You wouldn't sympathize, if you knew," said their owner sullenly.

"I'm sure I would. Try me and see."

Venetia hunched a sulky white shoulder.

"Oh, very well, then. It's my voice, if you want to know," she flung out.

YOUR voice?" Phil felt mystified. "But it's going on all right, isn't it? I thought Donaro was pleased with it?"

"'Pleased'! He *adores* it! He says if only I could go to a really great teacher I should soon be making thousands. Thousands! And then—" she checked herself abruptly.

"But he's a good teacher himself."

"Not good enough, though. He knows it. He says so."

"That's remarkable of him," commented Phil mildly. "Most teachers of anything consider themselves quite equal to the task."

"Not an artist like Carlo," flashed back Venetia. And then, suddenly self-conscious, she flushed vividly.

"'Carlo'?" Phil spoke swiftly. "Do you call him Carlo?"

The girl remained silent.

"Answer me," insisted Phil, a lurking fear in her heart.

But Venetia evaded the question.

"I knew you wouldn't sympathize," was all she said.

"I don't see anything to sympathize with *yet*," responded Phil practically. "You're having decent singing lessons; and later on we may be able to afford even better ones."

"Later on! What's the use of waiting, wasting time?" retorted Venetia. "Oh, you don't understand—you'll never understand either Piers or me! You're not an artist."

"Perhaps it's just as well that one of the family isn't," returned Phil, standing. She saw that it was no good continuing the discussion in the girl's present mood.

"Look here, dear, it's pretty late," she said soothingly. "Lie down and go to sleep now, won't you? We'll talk things over another day and see if we can't fix up something better for you before long—let you have your chance."

In her own mind she was wondering whether it *would* be possible to accept at least a part of what Timothy had offered, in so far as Venetia was concerned, at any rate. She sensed all the restlessness and irritation which lay at the back of this night's scene. The girl's artist temperament, unruly, demanding, was driving her before it like a leaf before the wind that heralds a storm.

While these thoughts were passing swiftly through her mind, she was smoothing the tumbled bed and pillows, Venetia submitting to her ministrations half resentfully.

"Now, will you try and go to sleep?" asked Phil, finally. Adding, with a smile: "You'll get your chance some day, Venetia, I'm sure."

Venetia stared at her with blue, enigmatical eyes.

"Yes, I suppose I shall," she said slowly.

Then her lips suddenly quivered and she flung her arms impulsively round Phil's neck.

"Goodnight, Phil darling," she said, clinging to her with childish abandon. "And forgive me, won't you?"

Phil, considerably relieved, smiled down at her. This was the Venetia she was used to—emotional and impetuous, easily moved to anger and as easily to a charming and adorable repentance.

"Why, of course," she answered, kissing her warmly. "You absurd child!"

GOING over to the window, she pulled down the blind and, drawing the curtains together to shut out the silver moonlight, left the room.

It was stiflingly hot. In addition, the kitchen maid had quarreled with the cook and departed in high dudgeon and without notice, so that a few extra duties had fallen to Phil's lot in life, and this afternoon she was busy shelling peas in the coolest corner of the kitchen garden she could find.

"Glorious weather," the early holiday makers at Torrenby described it. But to Phil, her days filled with monotonous household tasks, often to the exclusion of even time for a dip in the sea, it was just wearyingly, unbearably hot. She felt very tired as she sat there shelling peas—tired and dispirited.

There were so many things that worried her. To begin with, she was beginning to realize the truth of what Timothy had said—that it would be a long time before the profits of running the Grange as a guest house would cover the cost of a start in life for either Piers or Budge or Venetia.

Venetia's affairs, too, worried her increasingly. The girl had been oddly aloof and reticent since her outburst on the night she had been found weeping in bed.

ONLY yesterday Phil had received an unpleasant shock as regards Carlo Donaro's attitude toward his gifted young pupil. She had been shopping in Torrenby and, in accordance with a pre-arrangement made with Venetia, had called for her at Donaro's studio. Arriving a few minutes before the end of the girl's lesson she had waited for her on the landing outside rather than interrupt it. A blur of voices came from within. And then suddenly, in response to what sounded like a protesting utterance of Venetia's, a single vehement sentence spoken by the Italian came clearly to Phil's ears:

"Darling! *Carissima! Carissima mia!* You know I will do anything—anything in life to make you happy."

A minute or two later Venetia had emerged from the studio, flushed, her eyes very wide and bright like big blue stars.

Phil had made no comment, deeming it wiser for the moment to say nothing; but the incident worried her considerably, and she intended asking Timothy's advice about the matter as soon as she had the opportunity.

Only nowadays she found it difficult to confide in him with the old ease and freedom. Although he had never once referred to that moonlit [*Turn to page 161*]

INNOCENT WORDS

"Hurry! It's time to get up or you'll be late"—Innocent words that begin the day in a million homes. Does it make any difference, in terms of happiness, how you say them?

By Jane Manner
as told to Mary Lena Wilson

I CAN tell you what you are in five minutes' conversation with you, or merely by listening to you read a poem or story. I could do it even if you spoke in a language I did not understand."

Miss Jane Manner, who makes this statement, has devoted her life to the study of voice. As a reader she has interpreted the works of d'Annunzio, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Chekhov and other classics to audiences throughout America. As a teacher she has trained such actresses as Vilma Banky, the Hungarian star, for the talkies, and Muriel Kirkland, the charming lead in *Strictly Dishonorable*, for the legitimate stage. But perhaps most important of all, in her studios in Cincinnati and New York she has come in intimate contact with thousands of women who have sought her for help in the solution of problems to which their voices seemed to be the key.

"And their voices are the key," says Miss Manner. "Your voice, often far more than the words you say, tells the world what you are.

"One of the most popular persons in America is Graham McNamee. Few of the millions who admire him have ever seen him; many of them could not tell you what he looks like, though they have doubtless made a picture of him in their minds. Most of them could not recall anything he has ever said. But they know his voice, and they like him.

"Rabbi Stephen Wise has inspired hosts of people, not just by what he says, but by that strangely compelling magnetic voice which transforms the simplest sentence to words of flame. Long after you have forgotten the lines or even the plot of the play in which Katherine Cornell appeared you remember the haunting quality of her lovely voice. 'A glamorous voice.'

OF COURSE,' you may say, 'no one denies it is important for a radio announcer or a speaker or an actress to have a good voice. But that does not apply to me. I am not using my voice in a way that makes any difference.'

"Aren't you?

"'Hurry. It's time to get up or you'll be late to school!'

"Innocent little words. You've said them, or heard them said, a hundred times. They are the words that give the keynote for the day in a million homes. Does it make any difference to your boy or girl whether you say them in a sharp, fretful tone or in a warm cheery one?

"The 'good morning' of the boss is proverbially the barometer of the office. Not so proverbially, but just as truly, is the 'good morning' of the salesman—and that salesman may be you—who comes in to solicit business. The curt 'good morning' that immediately raises a barrier of hostility and distrust; the too boisterous 'good morning' that makes you mentally whisper, 'four-flusher'; and the quiet, pleasant 'good morning' that tells you your visitor is a man with whom you can deal.

"Have you ever called up the complaint desk of a department store full of righteous indignation at some outrageous error on their part and primed to express it to the full, to be met by a soothing *oh, so sorry* voice: 'Oh, Mrs. Bent, won't you please give me the details so that I can have the matter adjusted at once?' And your anger cools almost to the point of apology. It isn't so much her promise to adjust at once, it's the way in which it is given. The answer that turneth away wrath is a soft one.

"And haven't you ever had a gay little tea party interrupted by a newcomer, a very nice person whom you really like very much, with a flat, whining voice? The party stops bubbling and before you know it the party's gone wrong, and you know why.

Two actresses trained by Jane Manner: Vilma Banky of movie fame and Muriel Kirkland, a Broadway star; also Graham McNamee, of the golden voice

"Of course, you may be just as fine a person beneath the surface, even if your voice did get a bad start in life; and those whose friendship you value will realize this sooner or later. Just as you know that the woman in the sloppy, ill-fitting suit, with wisps of hair sticking from under an unbecoming hat, and with a shiny, red nose, may be the most worthy soul in the world. But if you are meeting her for the first time you may think that a little more attention to her appearance would indicate a greater sensitiveness and a higher respect both for herself and for you. And even if she is one of your oldest friends whose heart of gold you have often seen glitter, don't you often feel that its gleam would be just as bright if she gave an extra ten minutes a day to her toilette?

"But you can forget even shabby or unbecoming clothes if the personality of the wearer shines dazzlingly enough. She may say something so interesting or amusing or exciting that you forget what she has on. But if she says it in rasping, dissonant tones, you cannot get away from them.

"But then *you* have not a strikingly unpleasant voice. Not unpleasant at all. As good, certainly, as that of any of your friends. No one has ever spoken of it particularly, by way of complaint, but then no one has ever criticised it either, except at such times as when you have been speaking too loudly or mumbling or were sharp or cross. But then everybody is open to criticism at times. It isn't any Julia Marlow of a voice, but it is good enough for a woman in private life.

"Do you stand before your mirror and say: 'I'm good looking enough. No one has ever spoken to me about my looks by way of compliment; but they're good enough for a woman who is not on the stage. I guess I won't bother to powder my face or have my hair waved.' No. Your appearance is not good enough until it is as good as you can make it. Neither is your voice.

FACE the facts. Go into a room by yourself. Close the doors. Take a book and from it select a passage. Read it aloud. Is your voice beautiful? Is it pleasing and expressive? Is it at your command to convey the feeling you wish it to convey? Is it such a voice that you know you could appear in any gathering and let it speak for you? Is it an asset—as much of an asset as a silver fox scarf or a Paris frock? And if it isn't, don't you wish that it were?

"With all our efforts, the perfect figure, the pretty face, and even the *chic* costume are sometimes impossible of attainment. God made our faces; and our pocketbooks, to some extent, make our clothes. But we ourselves make our voices.

"And now that you are in your room alone, face to face with that voice of yours, what *is* the matter with it? Not so bad, but certainly nothing that arms you as a shield and buckler to conquer the world.

"Voice faults are of two kinds. There is the basic fault of bad tone production—the voice is throaty, high-pitched, rasping, nasal. The other is the fault of poor diction, the words are badly pronounced.

"You may resent the idea that you could be guilty of mispronouncing words. It is like having holes in your stockings. But have you never heard

[*Turn to page 100*]

The author's studio mirrored in the quiet waters of the river which wound through his life like a silver thread

SON OF THE FORESTS

By James Oliver Curwood

MY FIRST memories were of the Shiawassee which was to run like a silver thread through my entire life, was destined to be the partner of my sorrows and my joys, the comrade of my happiness," Curwood wrote. And it was this river of sparkling waters which comforted him in his loneliness when, for the sake of a year's schooling in Owosso, he tore himself from all the precious things that meant home—his family, the old Ohio farm, Skinny, and Jeanne of the golden hair, and Jack, his dog. A few years later even in the midst of his delirious joy at seeing his first stories in print, Curwood said, "The River claimed me utterly." It was forever an escape for him into the land of thrilling boyhood vagabondage and daring escapades.

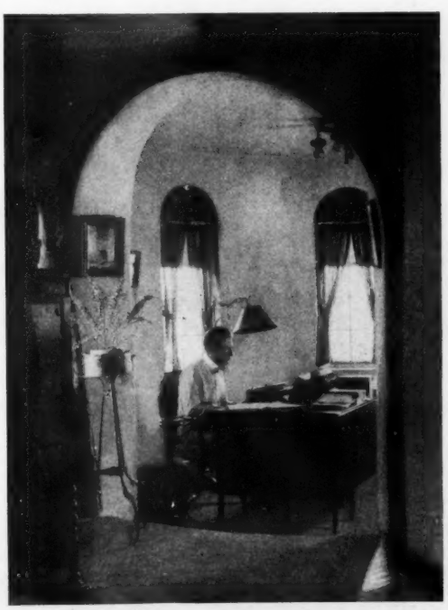
And when the time came when, with neither diploma nor credits of very great merit to carry him on, he was, as Professor Austin had said, about to make an effort to "jimmy" himself into the University of Michigan, it was hard to say "goodbye." But his thrist for knowledge rose above all else, and the boy who was later to be acclaimed in the world of novelists, looking back years afterward on the oddly-dressed, half-grown youth setting out on a great adventure, wrote: "I had no trunk filled with good clothes, only a grandmotherly receptacle known as a 'telescope', a box in the baggage car containing my typewriter, $120 in cash, and a determination to achieve a successful college career."

Part III

HAVING all my life followed the principle of being on time, or a little ahead of time, I landed in Ann Arbor several days in advance of nearly all the other students. Checking my worldly goods at the railway station I set out on a hunt for room and board, and had an almost clear field to myself, I sought for the cheapest accommodations I could get, and the first day was successful in arranging for both. I was particularly fortunate in being directed to Gray's boarding house, on State Street, a place which was run exclusively for students in straitened circumstances like my own, and where at the end of each week the student paid his pro rata share of the cost of food and the expense of serving it. I was advised that the individual expense for provender ran from a dollar and sixty-four cents to a dollar and eighty-three cents every seven days, and that the three most dependable articles of food on the bill of fare were bread, potatoes and prunes.

In addition to this fortunate discovery of an eating place I found a great bargain in a room. It was in a very small and humble house without a furnace, and its furnishings were limited to one chair, a small table, a lamp and a bed. There was no rug on the floor, nothing at all but these things, and the owner of the place, a very old lady, told me frankly that she was too poor to make it more comfortable. She let me have it for a dollar a week, and after I had brought my property from the depot I went to a second-hand store and purchased a piece of old rag carpet for two dollars, and a small stove for three dollars.

I was ready now for the final dramatic test, the "entrance examinations," to be written, I was told, in the dread presence of the most learned ogres of the university, who would very soon afterward advise me of my fate. Grimly I had made up my mind what would happen to me if I failed to qualify in the special literary course which I had elected for myself. I would not return home to be pitied and laughed at as a failure. I would go out into the world, with the small capital I had, and make a name for myself somewhere. Probably I would go to Alaska, where the gold rush was at its height.



The Shiawassee murmured beneath his windows

Thus I waited, while hundreds of new students with high school diplomas in their hands began to pour into Ann Arbor. And for the first time I realized to the depths how great my folly had been. Had I possessed a million dollars in those last hours I think I would have traded them gladly for the little parchment roll which so many others had and which now seemed to mean more than any other one thing in the world.

In spite of all the unbelievers and doubting Thomases among my friends, I *did* achieve the privilege of sitting at Mrs. Gray's table. The first of my examination days came, and I found myself before Professor Scott. He gave me a long list of printed questions, and I was to have, I think, two hours to write my answers to them. With a body that quivered with anxiety from one end to the other I read the long list through, and slowly but surely my blood began to freeze in my veins and I felt creeping through me one of the strangest and most sickening sensations I have ever had. In those moments of mental and physical paralysis I would have staked my life that no one of my teachers at home could have answered those questions there on the desk before me.

MY SICKNESS of soul must have been in my face and eyes, for at last, as if through a distance, I observed that Professor Scott was looking at me. There were only about half a dozen of us taking the examination, and already I could hear pens scraping on paper. My eyes shifted about me. The others were all at work. Then, as if drawn by a magnet, my eyes met Professor Scott's again. I tried to cover my confusion and blankness of thought by a weak grin. Professor Scott smiled back, very pleasantly. He rose from his desk and came down among us, and when he reached me he paused for a moment and laid a kindly hand on my shoulder. Then he bent down and spoke in a low voice for me alone, *"I am glad you are not starting out too hurriedly, James. You have plenty of time!"*

I set to work, and not until I had written for several minutes did it dawn upon me that I possessed a stupendous advantage over all the others because of my years of experience in story-writing. I warmed to the task, and after working a while I went

back and started all over again. The "story value" of that examination was getting hold of me, and in the first paragraphs of my new paper I stated frankly that I did not feel myself capable of answering all or even a large part of the questions asked, but that, if I might have the privilege, I would discuss them in my own way when I did not have definite or technical answers. I did. I wrote twice as much as any one of the others who were taking the examination and answered directly and with surety only about half as many of the questions, but I *discussed* them, one and all.

When I came to a question which, apparently, had me completely whipped I would neither evade nor guess at it, but would frankly state wherein its mystery to me lay, and would then treat it from that angle with half a page or more. The fact that I had read hundreds of books of all kinds helped me beyond measure.

I went through my examinations in this way with all flags flying, and a few days after I had sent back home the triumphant news that I was an accepted part of the great institution at Ann Arbor, Professor Scott had a friendly talk with me alone in which he asked all about my affairs, expressed his pleasure at the success I had already achieved in story-writing, and then said that judging from my examination papers and what I had already done he believed a very large field in newspaper work was open for me in Ann Arbor, where dozens of correspondents and special writers for outside papers were paying their expenses in that way.

THIS little talk gave a new and inspiring impetus to my hopes and ambitions. During the first several weeks I think I must have written fifty editors whose addresses I got from a newspaper directory. My replies from the few who answered me were not encouraging and the situation grew darker and more hopeless for me as winter came on, when I was compelled to buy coal for my little stove. A new encouragement came in December, when "The Gray Goose" bought my story "Yasodhara of the Luni" and sent me another five dollars.

Occasionally I got a line or two from the Sunday editor of the "News-Tribune", in Detroit, but he was the only one who paid the slightest attention to me. "The stuff you are sending has all been written a thousand times," he wrote me in January. "Send something new, something snappy!"

This brief criticism and advice came almost simultaneously with the receipt of another letter from "The Gray Goose" in which the magazine inclosed a check for *ten dollars* for another one of my stories. My spirits rose again, and I asked the Free Press correspondent if he would explain to me just what George Snow had meant by "something snappy." I forget this young man's name, but he meditated for a moment, and then said, "Well, if you can find a prof's daughter who is secretly married to the man who tends his furnace, or can dig up a murdered man somewhere, or discover some poor working-cuss who is heir to a fortune and doesn't know it—all that is 'snappy' enough for feature-stuff. But don't fake it. If you do you're a dead hope!"

I got the drift. Something unusual—that was what the editors wanted from their special writers. So I began to prowl about like a hound hunting for a scent, and at last saw my chance. Where I got my first "lead" I cannot recall, but it was to the effect that about ten miles from Ann Arbor lived a farmer whose wife claimed to be a descendant from one of the titled families in Europe.

I flatter myself that I made a good job of it. I found the place and the people, and returned to my typewriter with both facts and photographs. There wasn't much to the story, except that the woman possessed a fairly strong notion that she was distantly related to a Lord Somebody-or-other over in England. From the library I secured material which gave me vivid pictures of domestic life in palaces and castles and of great affairs at court. In the midst of all this aristocratic glamor I put my horny-handed, poverty-stricken little farmer woman. Not in a single instance did I fake, for at least ninety per cent of the whole story was encompassed in colorful and picturesque descriptions of what might have been had the lady's grandparents never come to America. It was the epic thing that got me started in newspaper work. The "News-Tribune" printed it, and very soon after that began to give me assignments.

Where Curwood retreated from the world of people and things to his world of dreams

It was not long before I achieved what I considered to be a tremendous triumph. Somebody in Detroit had been arrested for cruelty to animals because, being a Christian Scientist, he had attempted to cure the broken leg of his horse through faith-healing. George Snow, editor of the "News-Tribune," sent me the newspaper clipping and asked me to secure the opinions of a number of University professors on the subject of Christian Science.

This was a ticklish job, but I kept at it, beginning with President Angell, who was very nice and talked with me in the fatherly way which made all the students love him, but who told me there were others better fitted than he to discuss the subject. At first I was turned down all along the line, but I kept at my job so persistently that three professors at last took pity on me and agreed to write brief articles for me.

MY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE symposium, of which I did not write a line myself, but which appeared under the names of the professors, was given the distinction of two full pages in the "News-Tribune," and from that hour my fortune was made, speaking from a financial point of view as well as from a newspaper angle. Scarcely a week passed thereafter that I did not have at least one story in the Sunday "News-Tribune" and sometimes I had two or three. Before my first year at college was over I was making anywhere from thirty to seventy-five dollars a month. This was a lot of money and I began to feel like a millionaire. I continued to eat prunes and hash at Mrs. Gray's boarding-house, but I changed living quarters, and rented a two-room apartment on Jefferson Street for which I paid five dollars a week. Also, for the first time in my life, I went to a tailor, and had a suit made up for me in fine style. I had already acquired a mandolin and a pipe, so I was quite the thing when I made ready to return to the humble town from which I had come, and where I anticipated a sweetly satisfying triumph over all the boys and girls and skeptical grown people who had known me.

The novelist's favorite lodge, deep in the Northern woods

But business intervened. There seemed to be no end to my good fortune now that it had started, and Professor Adams, who was undertaking a huge railway statistical work for the government during the vacation months, offered employment to about a dozen students at seventy-five dollars a month. I was one of them, and accepted, so that when the fall term opened I was financially able to give myself a considerable number of luxuries I had never known before. During this second year my newspaper work steadily increased in importance, and I began to supply Sunday features to the Chicago "Tribune," the New York "Tribune" and the New York "Herald," so that by the time another Christmas came around I was making anywhere from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. I still continued my story-writing, but despite my most heroic efforts I could sell nothing except to "The Gray Goose," whose editor still bought my stories.

During nearly all of July and August of 1900 I was out in the open, mostly on the Big Marshes, in spite of the mosquitos, and when I returned to college in September of that year I resumed my newspaper work with greater vigor than ever, and with even greater success. I had added the New York "Times" to the list of big papers which were taking my contributions when the most important event of my young manhood came to pass. I received a telegram signed by *Pat Baker!* Even now one needs to say no more than that in Michigan, where the memory of this big, gruff, fighting Irishman, the greatest newspaper editor the state ever had, is still fresh and vigorous in thousands of minds.

And this telegram I received from Pat Baker offered me a job as a reporter on his paper!

I SAW fortune and glory ahead of me. Even nature and my story-writing were forgotten in the wild thrill of the moment. *Pat Baker wanted me on his paper!*

I resigned from the University. I went to Detroit bag and baggage to become the dumbest reporter that ever lived.

Ed Beck, the city editor, told me to get acquainted during the first week, and sent me out on nothing but funerals.

Then came the thrilling night—Saturday—when we drew our pay envelopes. Nothing had been said about what I was going to receive for my services, but I was sure it would be munificent—more than the thirty or forty I was making at Ann Arbor.

I opened my envelope and counted the money, and sometimes I feel that my heart has never quite recovered from the shock which I received at that moment. There was my wage—all of it. *Eight dollars a week!*

This brought me down out of the clouds of a sudden and fortuitous opulence to the hard rock of permanent achievement. I was sick with despair when I drew that first check. I saw my college career shattered and gone. I saw myself a single grain in the great mill that was grinding with the power of human brains. Never had my egoism received such a terrific jolt. But even then I knew that I was going to stick it out, and would not return to Ann Arbor again. And now that I look back on it all I am glad that Pat Baker asked me to become a reporter on his paper; I am glad he started me in at eight dollars a week instead of fifty; I am glad the world took what appeared to be a hard slap at me then and there, and for some time afterward, for it all helped to make a book and magazine writer of me, and always I have loved my craft.

Pat Baker, my idol among men, handed me a terrific jolt the second week. My hair was rather long. Some of us were wearing it long at college then, so that it bulged down over our collars. Mr. Baker called me into his office and told me to get mine cut if I wished to continue on the "News." I didn't mind losing the hair, but the effect of the managing editor's words upon my conceit was almost brutal.

And at last the big event came to pass—the large opportunity which I was always hoping and watching for; something which, in a single hour, would make me famous on the staff.

Today the word "scoop" is almost forgotten in the standardization of great metropolitan [*Turn to page 178*]

Why every family needs Soup . . . regularly!

Soup is more than delicious. More than an irresistible temptation to your appetite. It is nourishing food in liquid form. It promotes digestion and benefits health by causing the digestive juices to flow more freely. So it's a splendid rule to serve soup at least once every day on the family table.

Whether your choice for the day is the world-famous Campbell's Tomato Soup or any of the 20 other tempting Campbell's selections, your enjoyment is certain. 12 cents a can.

YOUR CHOICE

of a different Campbell's Soup each day!

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

"Dere teacher" knew the capital of Siam ... but she flunked a soap-test!

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

GENTLEMEN: I've always been a bit skeptical and amused at the glowing letters printed in your advertisements. Yet here I am—writing the same sort of letter and all because for the last few washdays I've been an enthusiastic user of P AND G soap.

I had taught school for several years before being married—knew nothing about laundry soaps—and must confess I wasn't much interested! I thought all soaps were alike, so on my first shopping trip I innocently asked for "laundry soap." I got it ... and struggled along until a friend suggested I try P AND G.

Frankly, I doubted that all she said of P AND G could be true. But I used it. Behold, my washing was done in half the time with scarcely any rubbing. The dirt literally rolled out. And I was proud to hang my clothes on the line — which hadn't always been true!

Very truly yours, Ethel B. Kast, Eugene, Oregon

When I remember my first housekeeping days, I can smile *with* Mrs. Kast. It's so easy to think that all soaps are alike. But they aren't. Soaps deserve grades, as much as school papers! And I'm sure that Mrs. Kast could pass a soap test with honors now—she knows some soaps are only "fair"—and that P AND G Naphtha deserves "excellent"!

No hard rubbing—and sweet, crisp clothes whether the water's hard or soft, warm or cold! Safety for light-hearted colors—and *real* whiteness for white clothes. Do you wonder that more and more women are telling me that they prefer P AND G White Naphtha? Why then, you may ask, does this superior white soap often cost less than dingy-colored soaps?

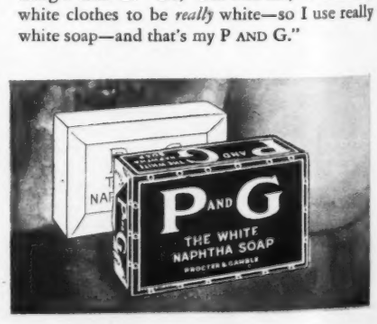
This is the reason: P AND G White Naphtha is the world's most popular soap. So it is made in enormous quantities. And as you know—making a lot of soap at one time is far more economical than making a little now and then! That is why this quicker-working, *white* soap costs you less than ordinary soaps!

So P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs less because it is so popular. But remember—it is so popular because it *really is a whiter, better soap.*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NM-50, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio

For white clothes—white soap preferred! Women today have more confidence in *white* soaps. Recently I found 3 out of 4 women in one Michigan city using P AND G. "Oh," one told me, "I want my white clothes to be *really* white—so I use really white soap—and that's my P AND G."



The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1930, P. & G. Co

WHISPERING WALLS

[*Continued from page 17*]

this summer," she added as an afterthought. "Now tell Miss Gerry to come to me when she has breakfasted, and not to forget that Mr. Framway is having lunch with us today."

"Yes, Madam," said Parkins. "And when does Mr. Danny arrive?"

"Day after tomorrow. And no wonder the child is excited and wool-gathering. One doesn't become engaged every day in the year. That is," she added smiling, "not the Van der Huydens and Fairweathers."

Ericson Framway came that day to lunch with his neighbor. He was a tall man, lean to emaciation, nearing his late fifties, whose great head sat oddly on his stooping shoulders. He had dark eyes above a face so keen that one thought instinctively of sharp-edged things, like knives and axes; and his tongue, once loosened by an appreciative audience, was rapier-like in its brilliant play.

He lived on his own estate, which joined the ragged woods of Huydway House at the north; and had spent his life in research. He was an anthropologist of international fame and a very retiring man.

"The Girl", the dog and the bear

A CLOSE-UP OF NELL SHIPMAN

Author of McCall's great new serial "M'sieu Sweetheart"

NELL SHIPMAN, the tall, athletic, graceful and gracious author of next month's sensational serial, *M'sieu Sweetheart,* has played "The Girl from God's Country" in life as well as the theater. Hers is a romance of abandoned trails.

Born in Victoria, B. C., she startled her miniature world when, at thirteen, she joined a theatrical troupe in Seattle, Washington. At an age when most girls were first putting up their hair she was touring Alaska with the "Girl of the Golden West;" "The Barrier" bringing her to stardom at eighteen. Reaching New York she began writing scenarios. Then, when James Oliver Curwood's "God's Country and the Woman," was screened, she was cast as the "Woman," rising to stardom on a wave of magnificent outdoor pictures that marked an era in moviedom.

The story of how she led a handful of adventurous companions through a long and torturous winter in northern Idaho, filming "The Grub Stake," was a feature in all newspapers five years ago.

At that time, Miss Shipman retired from pictures to become the wife of Carlos de Corveda, a well-known portrait painter, to spend a year's honeymoon in Spain and on their return to make her home in Glendale, California. And there, this mother of three children was to write that astoundingly beautiful novel, *M'sieu Sweetheart* which will grace the June McCall's and win Nell Shipman an even wider audience than she has ever played to before.

BUT you," he once told Natalie Van der Huyden, "rest me. You are that rare person, a listener, a thinker, a pointed speaker; and you have courage. You are simple of soul structure, impervious to the trivialities with which our modern life is hung."

Tomin let him in and took his coat and stick from his arm, his hat from his hand. It was a cold and windy late spring day and the wind was keening in the trees outside. In the few minutes between Tomin's departure and his return Mr. Framway did a peculiar thing—he searched every corner of the reception room with his darting glance, looked up and down the walls, inspected the one old window, high up, and ran his eyes along the baseboard.

Then Tomin came back and he followed him to Mrs. Van der Huyden in the delightful room beyond. "Welcome, my friend," said Natalie, rising with her charming smile, and holding out her hand. "Always welcome. There's woodpigeon for lunch—your favorite—and I know a brand new bit of scientific gossip, so we should get on well today."

"We always get on well," said Eric Framway.

At luncheon Geraldine, Natalie's only daughter, joined them—a gentle girl, all blown yellow hair and blue eyes that brimmed over with the joy and wonder of the first days of her engagement.

She gave little to the conversation save her beauty, which was as comforting and pleasing as that of the roses glowing against the dark wood panels.

It was almost five o'clock, for Eric Framway stayed late; and they had discussed spiritedly the latest discovery of Sir Amlin Howard in the matter of the infrared ray, when Parkins came diffidently in and asked to speak to the mistress. She was excited and showed signs of strain. Outside the closed door she looked at Mrs. Van der Huyden with dilated eyes.

"Will you come to the housekeeper, Mrs. Van der Huyden?" she asked; "she's having hysterics in the butler's pantry."

"For what reason?" Mrs. Van der Huyden asked.

"She says she heard the moanin' again, and that this time there's no mistake—it came from outside the closed window, and there isn't a ledge the size of a man's hand to stand upon outside. She says it's a haunt on Huydway."

Natalie muttered an impatient word. "Wait until I excuse myself to Mr. Framway," she said and turned the latch. She was not cognizant of the two cat-like leaps which took her guest away from the door and to the mantel where he was stooping for a coal for his pipe when she entered.

"I am obliged to go and administer a dose of good sense to my housekeeper," she said vexedly; "the whole staff has become convinced that we have a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Nothing less. It moans and whispers and slides in the solid walls—to quote Mrs. McEagin. She's from Ireland, you know."

"Wind," said Ericson Framway easily, setting the coal to his tobacco; "these old houses are full of noises."

BUT when he was alone he stood quite still on the hearth and it was apparent that he was listening with every sense of his body.

He took his leave shortly after Natalie's return, promising to come again soon, as was his custom, and he also told her that he would bring her a book, just out, on the subject of blood-transfusion and its after-effects on the nature of the recipient.

Mrs. McEagin was as temperamental as a prima donna for the next few days; and even sensible Parkins looked guardedly behind her when she left dark rooms. The storm brewed itself into a near hurricane and was at its height the second day when young Dan Harcourt arrived.

Geraldine went down to the town to meet him, with Durgan, and his advent added breeze and gayety to the somewhat sober household. A frank, delightful youth, honest and engaging, he was almost as dear to Natalie as he was to her daughter. His sturdy figure and shining black head put a point to every room he entered. He called Mrs. Van der Huyden "Mums" already and had a wholesome respect for her mental capacity.

"What's this that Gerry dear tells me about ghosts at Huydway?" he asked, standing before the fire that night; "have we gone back to the voodoo days?"

"Not at all, Danny," said Natalie; "but you know how a suggestion of the mysterious, once liberated among an isolated group of people, even intelligent ones, will spread and grow like an evil fungus. Mrs. McEagin is Irish, and more than a little superstitious; and she has read into the sounds of trees and the old house itself a meaning of fearful things."

"And Durgan abets her," said Geraldine. "He says he *smells* things in the trees at night. Parkins told me that."

"The whole intermediate plane of the earthbound must be sticking round," grinned the boy; "I'd like to meet a few of its best specimens."

DON'T talk so, Danny!" said Gerry, round-eyed. "I certainly wish you wouldn't."

"Gerry Van der Huyden!" cried Natalie in astonished exasperation. "You, too?"

"Certainly not, Mother," said Gerry, blushing; "but there is—there is a sort of throat-gripping quality in the mere thought of unseen things about. In the walls! Think of it!"

"You just stop thinking of it this minute. I won't have it. Now you go over and play something soft and tinkling for Dan and me. We like it, you know, dear."

Young Dan looked as if he would like anything Gerry did, now or forever; and the evening passed in contentment and peace. They retired at eleven with the storm outside settled to a steady downpour. The sleeping rooms of Huydway House were all on the second floor, opening into a central corridor after the fashion of old houses in the region, their windows giving out to the gardens at the east, a tangled roof of ancient trees toward the west. That occupied by Harcourt was near the front of the house and joined at the right by Mrs. Van der Huyden's, while Gerry had the one beyond her mother's. Parkins slept across the hall, and lower still, beyond an empty guest chamber, were those of Tomin, Mrs. McEagin, and Durgan, toward the back.

Thus the entire personnel of the place was within reach of each other at a moment's notice.

Young Dan Harcourt was that best of all sleepers, a healthy, normal young man, and always said it would take an earthquake to wake him, once well settled into his stride for the night. Yet that first night at Huydway House something did awake him. [*Turn to page 38*]

WHISPERING WALLS

[*Continued from page 37*]

Not startlingly, nor with a sense of fright, but casually, as if it had been done softly. He lay very still in his bed, listening, but there was no sound except the rain on the closed window and the sound of the moaning trees. The room felt very fresh, and yet there was in it, stinging his nostrils faintly, an odd acrid smell. With the complacency of a good conscience and digestion he turned over and went back to sleep.

But with his first foot on the floor in the morning the incident came back to him, because his door was open, a little draught from the interior of the big old house blowing gently across his bed.

"H'm," said young Dan; "now just didn't I shut that door last night? Darn right I did."

He went across and examined the lock, closing the door and pulling the knob to see if it held, which it did admirably. He put on his bathrobe and made his way to the bathroom for his icy shower and came back feeling very fit, thinking, however, about that open door. He dressed himself in heavy tramping togs, for he and Gerry were to spend the morning in the rainy woods; and he was all but ready for the breakfast which the deep Chinese gong was announcing from the lower regions, when he remembered his wrist watch and reached for it on the dresser top. There was no watch there. Nor was it anywhere, though he searched the room minutely.

"Ah, yes," he said to himself; "there is a ghost at Huydway, but one with a darn good sense of value. That ticker was worth one hundred and sixty dollars." Not wishing to alarm the household, however, he said nothing of the loss at breakfast and set off with Gerry directly afterward.

THE sounding forest, articulate with the tongues of rain, was a "faerie land forlorn," and the cheeks of the girl bloomed pink with youth and the damp winds. She looked adorable in her short gum coat and high boots; and Harcourt forgot Huydway House and its unease.

It was brought forcibly back to him, however, when they returned at one o'clock, ravenous and happy, to find Mrs. Van der Huyden red with exasperation and the servants badly upset. "What's the matter, Mums?" he asked.

"Some more foolishness," said Natalie tartly; "I may have to get a new staff after all. Mrs. McEagin has had some more hysterics because she insists that she heard whimpering on the inner stairs last night; and Tomin reports that three of the large spoons are gone, along with the silver teapot."

Harcourt looked at her with wide eyes.

"One might make allowance for Mrs. McEagin's whimpering," he said slowly; "but as for Tomin, no. If he says the teapot's gone, it's gone. You should know that, Mums, better than I who have known him so short a while. Tomin is the Rock of Gibralter and I'd stake on his word."

"He's getting old," said Natalie stoutly; "he may have mislaid the things."

But Harcourt, waylaying the old man in the dining room, knew better. He also told him about his watch.

There was genuine distress in the old butler's eyes. "To you I can say it, sir," he said guardedly, "though I wouldn't to the ladies or that scatter-brain, Durgan; but it's only some more of *it*."

"*It?*"

"Yes, sir. It's been happening at Huydway House for years. It began with the strange death of Sir Ethelbert's son just before the war, and has gone on in different ways ever since. There was the whole of the drawing-room furniture smashed to bits in nineteen-eleven with never a trace of human work. If Mrs. McEagin had been here then she'd have lost her wits, poor lady." He smiled his little dry smile. "And there were the two fine setter dogs in nineteen-thirteen literally torn to scraps beside their kennels. It was dry weather both times with no chance for a footprint, though it does seem strange that a human, sir, could do such monstrous things. I don't hold with spirits myself, yet I don't say they don't exist, and I will say that to a superstitious mind some of these things have a supernatural aspect."

"Thanks, Tomin," said young Harcourt gravely; "you have given me a valuable side light. I think I shall extend my stay at Huydway House."

"I don't want to go home, Mums," he told Natalie at dinner that night. "What's the chance to snitch a whole week's board off you?"

"The same chance a son would have in the bosom of his adoring family," she answered smilingly.

Ericson Framway was a constant visitor, more so than usual.

"I must be an unpardonable nuisance," he told her, smiling; "but I have been so lonely most of my life that I fear I trespass on good fellowship in my appreciation of a home like this."

"'In the house of thy friend thou art at home'," quoted Natalie quickly.

Monday passed uneventfully. They dined and played bridge and walked a bit, sat about the fire at night. Geraldine played some old-time songs, and Dan joined her with his fairly good tenor. It was after eleven when they finally went upstairs to bed. There was a wind again which howled at the corners. "Darn spooky place, if you ask me," said Harcourt to himself; "though a wonderful one for beauty and romance."

Directly after breakfast Mrs. McEagin tendered her resignation to her mistress. "'Tis not th' likes of me, Madam, can stand it," she said firmly; "not wid me temperamint. Th' sound av blood tricklin' in th' drawin'-room wall is th' last straw."

"McEagin, are you daft?" cried Natalie; "this is sheer nonsense! Blood in the walls! And how could you hear anything from the drawing-room, tell me that?"

"Parkins an' meself came down at two of the mornin' because av a bit av th' indigestion I was after havin'—an' passin' in th' hall we heard it plain. Tricklin' it was an' no mistake."

"Parkins?" said Natalie hotly.

"Yes, Madam," said Parkins distressedly; "there was such a sound."

"My heavens! Are you leaving me, too, after four years?"

"No, Madam," said the maid stoutly; "I am standing by."

"One bit of brains. And courage. What nationality are you, Parkins? English, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Ah! Of course. No wonder England rules the Irish."

"By all th' Saints an'—England is it? Who says so?" shrieked the housekeeper, her red face purple.

"I do," said Natalie harshly; "unless you go back to your work and see things through."

"Thin back I go if I'm snatched from my bed this very night!" cried the woman, and tied her apron back around her waist.

JUST before lunch Tomin came quietly and told Natalie to come with him to the cellar where the wines were kept. He did not explain, and she followed him silently. In the gloom of the cobwebby place Tomin ran a flashlight along the musty shelves. The rows of old bottles, laid down, some of them, by Sir Ethelbert Shaftstone, showed hectic disarray, their ends turned all ways and in their ranks huge gaps.

"This has happened before, Madam," he told her quietly—"once in 1916 and again in '21. A great loss, that last time. Some of the *liqueurs* which Mr. Hobble had imported from France at great cost, along with a priceless vintage from Italy."

Natalie Van der Huyden looked steadily at the shelves, her face flushing. "Well," she said presently, "it is very evident that this house is being victimized by a gang of robbers. This tallies with the silver, Tomin, and I'm sorry I questioned you. I thought you had mislaid it."

"I do not mislay, Madam, if I may be so bold as to say so. It is my business not to."

"And a good butler you have been, Tomin—none better. I'll have to be a bit gentler with this affair, in my acceptance of reports, I mean. Now let's go back upstairs—and no word of this to McEagin, Tomin, or we'll not be eating. Nor to Parkins."

"No, Madam."

With Natalie's gravity added to that of the others, the tension of Huydway House rose to breaking point. Harcourt noticed it and asked her what she knew and she told him of the cellar. Taking Tomin with him young Dan made a thorough search, the result of which was the discovery of a window, dull with ancient accumulations of dust and cobwebs, high up behind a stack of old packing cases, whose clasp was gone. It had been broken off entirely and lay on the ledge below—and the break was old, rusted red.

"Here's where the marauder entered, perhaps as far back as that tragic time before the war. And by George! He's entered lately! Here's a bit of a green leaf sticking to the sill. And Tomin," Harcourt's voice tensed sharply, "here's a little wisp of hair—tawny red hair. Has anyone in this neighborhood got red hair?"

"No one that I know of, sir," said the butler.

"H'm," said Harcourt, "things begin to thicken. And I don't like the looks of them."

"Nor I, sir. Both times when the cellar has been raided it has happened just prior to some violence—the setters and the drawing-room."

Harcourt felt his blood run cold, thinking of Gerry.

To add to the discomfort of the house, the weather suffered a lapse again into rain, which followed the wind, and all the eerie noises began. Harcourt and Tomin patroled the place inside and out, adding reinforcements to all window catches and door locks, though without avail, as the happening of the next night proved.

THEY had sat up late around the fire, Ericson Framway seeming loath to go home; and had retired in a rather low mental state, since that sane and level-headed scientist had seemed at last to come under the spell with the rest of them. There had been a strained expression about his eyes, Harcourt thought; and when he had at last risen to leave, his deep glance had flashed over every corner of the room with an odd intensity.

Tomin had brought his coat, a short garment of rough fur; and they had all trailed with him to the door, ushering him out into the stormy night reluctantly.

"There's no sense in your going at all," said Natalie. "There's the blue room unoccupied and you might as well stay until daylight."

But Framway had thanked her and gone his way into the rainy dark. That had been at a quarter to eleven. By twelve Huydway House had settled into what rest and quiet it could muster; and Harcourt had fallen into the first sound sleep. It seemed only a moment to his startled consciousness when he found himself on his feet in the middle of his room, his ears bursting with sound. It was his own name in scream after scream—*and the voice was Gerry's*. It was coming from the hall outside Mrs. Van der Huyden's door and he could hear the thud of the girl's fists, panic-striken, on the panels.

"Gerry!" he yelled. "Gerry! I'm here!" and flung himself toward the sounds. He heard Natalie's voice, too, as she tumbled from her bed. Groping swiftly, he caught Gerry just as she slid down beside her mother's door. She was on the verge of fainting, but his presence, the warm strength of his arms about her, the shaking that he gave her instinctively, caught her back to normalcy. Then Natalie was there, the lights flashed on under her practical hand, and the servants were hurrying from their rooms.

"What is it?" asked Dan. "What happened, dear?"

The girl's eyes were wide with terror, her throat working. She tried twice to speak before she could make a sound. Then, "I touched him!" she stuttered; "I had my hand on him! A man—a man—*in a wet fur coat!*"

"My God!" cried Harcourt.

"Gerry," said Natalie sharply, "you're dreaming! Snap out of it! What were you doing in the hall?"

"I—I wanted a drink of water," Gerry jerked; "and—had forgotten— to take any in with me. I waked up thirsty and—went down the hall to [*Turn to page 40*]

EMPTY SPRING

By Clinton Scollard

O I have yearned for spring so much
Through barren days and long,
The south wind with its tender touch,
The linnet's haunting song!

But now that spring is here indeed
I find, such loneliness
In the low pleading of the reed,
The greening bough's caress.

The sky is flawless blue above,
The river flawless blue,
But what is beauty, O, my love,
And springtime, lacking you?

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Does it seem muddy? sallow? dull?

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Then *you are not giving it the help it needs!*

Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Rub this vigorously into your skin, rubbing from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. For Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water followed by another application of the healing Woodbury lather. Wash off with cold, clear water. Ah! how good it feels! Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

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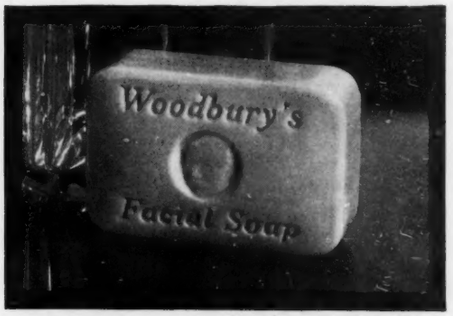

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WHISPERING WALLS

[*Continued from page 38*]

the bathroom. It was when I was coming back."

She shivered from head to foot. "I had my hands out in front of me. Didn't want to turn on the light and waken all of you. And I touched a man on the back! My hand slid right down his back! He had on a fur coat—and it was wet with rain."

"Tomin, get your clothes on and go down and stir up the fire," said Harcourt, "we'll all dress and gather in the living room. I'll want you, Durgan. We'll comb this place!"

His first act, once downstairs, was to go to the library and pick up the telephone. Then he remembered that he did not know the neighborhood calls and went up and knocked at Natalie's door. She was nearly dressed and opened it a bit.

"Now don't be indignant," he said quietly; "but give me the ring for Mr. Framway."

Natalie's sharp eyes widened. "What do you mean, Dan?" she asked.

"I mean that that bird wore a fur coat out of this house," he answered grimly; "and it's raining."

"You silly boy! Ring Eric Framway if you want. It's one long and three shorts."

So Dan went down again and rang one long and three shorts, until his arm ached. By that time Durgan was beside him and he gave it up. Together they went over the house from top to bottom, and found nothing disturbed.

Further sleep, however, was definitely out of the question and they sat about the fire until it was time for Mrs. Eagin to begin breakfast, when it required the combined efforts of the household to persuade her to do so, and that with the proviso that Tomin, Parkins and Durgan should stay with her every second.

IT WAS a dreary day that followed, with nerves strained to cracking and everyone watching and listening. Four times Harcourt tried to get Eric Framway on the telephone without avail. "The line must be down in this storm," said Natalie; "see if you can get the town."

He could not and Natalie, true friend that she was, cast him a triumphant glance. "You see?" she said.

"No, I don't see," said Harcourt grimly, "what the failure of the wire can have to do with a rain-wet fur coat in your hall an hour after that old monkey-student left."

"Why Dan Harcourt!" cried his prospective mother-in-law. "How dare you speak so of one of the foremost anthropologists of his time! I'm ashamed of you!"

"I'm not. And what's more I'm going to find out what business he's got prowling in this house like any common thief. That's where your teapot went, and my wrist watch—haven't told you that—and Parkins' crystal beads, and Durgan's gold belt buckle. The man's either crazy or a kleptomaniac, or both. I always thought there was a funny look to his eyes."

It was well after dark at the end of that long day when the huge iron knocker on the outside door boomed through the house, and Tomin, opening it, let in Ericson Framway. The scientist wore his short fur coat and Gerry, glimpsing him from the room beyond the entrance, shivered perceptibly. Young Dan Harcourt's lips set in a thin line and his eyes narrowed. Only Natalie was natural, greeting him as usual, drawing a chair to the fire for him.

"Awful night," he said, warming his hands; "never remember such protracted bad weather!"

"Nor I," said Natalie.

"Fine weather for prowlers and thieves," said Dan thinly.

Framway stiffened and looked at him, in an odd sidewise manner.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Have you—have you been disturbed?"

"Oh, no," said the boy, "only lost our valuables—almost lost the staff—and Gerry here puts her hands on a man's back in the upper hall at night. *A man in a wet fur coat!*"

Ericson Framway leaped to his feet.

"Good God!" he shouted.

Dan was on his feet, too. "Yes, that's what I say. There's some explaining due from—"

But he did not finish the sentence, for at the moment a high, keening scream cut through the words and Tomin appeared in the doorway.

"Madam, will you come quick to the hall? It's McEagin."

They moved as one, to find the housekeeper chattering with hysteria beside the drawing-room door.

EASTER LILIES

By Grace Noll Crowell

What heart can carry doubt when these appear
Year after year,
Cleaving their sure way through reluctant sod
To point to God;
Climbing the ladders of the air to show
The way to go?

Rising in glory, slim and straight and white
Out of the night,
Writing the letters of a holy name
In living flame,
Here at an altar, there at a chancel's rim—
Speaking of Him.

Speaking of One who cleft the earth as they
Cleave it today,
Rising as they have risen, pure and white,
Out of the night.
These for remembrance—lilies blooming yet
Lest we forget.

Natalie seized her roughly by the shoulder and straightened her around.

"What is it?" she demanded. "Gather yourself, McEagin, and tell me."

"'Tis th' blood in th' wall, Ma'am, tricklin' again," she hiccupped; "an' this time ye may see for yourself. Saints preserve us! 'Tis runnin' on the flure it be this minute!"

They stood in a close huddle just inside the wide drawing-room door, straining their eyes into its soft interior, their ears to its silence which was not just silence. Over and under the muffled noises from the outside there was another—an insidious, chilling sound which raised the very hair on their heads. This was unmistakably a sound of something dripping, a gurgling, running sound that seemed to come from the very walls themselves—and on the farther side, beneath the tall mahogany paneling, there was something which stopped the breath in their throats.

A long, winding stain came horribly along the polished floor, widening as it advanced, *and it was darkly crimson.*

Without sound or motion the beholders watched it, as if stricken.

Gerry wavered a bit on her young feet and Dan did not even see her.

Natalie's face was ashen. No one thought to look at Ericson Framway. But presently it was old Tomin who met the crisis. As one in a dream he stepped softly forward and scanned the high, dark wall. He lifted a thin old hand, blue-veined, and ran it along the grooved and ornamented wood. Up and down he felt, crosswise, and back again to the top, and down.

"There was," he said guardedly, "in the days of Sir Ethelbert, a secret panel somewhere in this room, though I never knew its whereabouts."

"It was this room, Mr. Dan," continued Tomin, "which was wrecked in nineteen-eleven. We thought then—"

With a leap the butler sprang backward—he had found the secret spring. At his touch upon some portion of the ornate wood a sliding panel, man high, slid smoothly back and a gasp of horror swept the group.

For there, deep in a well-like space, crouched back upon its haunches, its awful face leering with sudden bewilderment, sat the terror of Huydway House.

Broad in the hairy breast as two ordinary men, its great arms reaching out beyond its doubled-up legs, it stared dully at them from its small red eyes, its unspeakable under lip pendulous and slobbering. For a long moment it remained so, staring—ten thousand years ago fixing its dim and groping gaze upon today. And then Ericson Framway spoke from beyond Natalie's shoulder.

"Oam-*ah-h-h,*" he said sternly.

WITH a strange whimpering cry the creature rose, tottering, a huge anthropoid ape, grizzled and gray with age. Around its neck glittered a string of bright crystal beads, over its left ear hung Harcourt's lost watch, while on one arm hung Durgan's belt and several other bits of jewelry. Around its feet lay a jumble of articles, among them the missing silver teapot. In its left hand was an ancient wine bottle, empty now, with a priceless label, and cobwebs thick upon it.

The creature fixed its dull glance upon the scientist and held out the bottle toward him in an ingratiating gesture.

"U-u-u-eeeeee?" It said plaintively, and the next second, essaying to come toward him, rolled out upon the polished floor, dead drunk.

Framway turned to Natalie, a great sigh heaving his breast.

"This," he said, "is why, my dear friend, I have so shamelessly camped upon your doorstep. This animal has been invaluable to me for many years, but it is dangerous. A month ago it got away from me. It has done so before—"

"Ah," said old Tomin; "in nineteen-eleven—and in thirteen—and in twenty-one!"

"Yes," said Framway, and added honestly and gravely, "and once—before the war."

"God!" said young Dan, and drew Gerry into the circle of his arm, thinking of that poor young son of Sir Ethelbert Shaftstone—and of her hands on a rain-wet back of fur.

"The basement window," he said shivering.

"And the old rose vine at the corner," said Durgan. "No wonder I saw things in the trees at night!"

"An' if ye all plaze," said Mrs. McEagin firmly from the doorway behind, "oi hope ye will give some credit to th' Oirish fer knowin' a thing or two."

"We'll ask your forgiveness, humbly," said Natalie; "and now if you men will lend Eric a hand with this bacchanalian monstrosity we'll all try to get normal again. Come back, dear friend, when you've got it put safely away—"

"In a new steel cage," said the scientist contritely.

"—and we'll settle down for a decent evening as sane humans once more. And McEagin, you tie that apron back and fix the snappiest tea-wagon full of food that you know how. It's your penalty for nearly wrecking my nervous system."

"Amen!" said young Dan fervently.

Mrs. Alister McCormick, English gentlewoman to the manner born . . . in her veins flows the blue blood of the Plantagenets. Now by marriage a member of the distinguished McCormick family, she is the charming young hostess of delightful homes in Chicago and in Santa Barbara.

Beautiful and blonde, Mrs. McCormick has hair like pale new gold, eyes of forget-me-not blue and skin like pink hawthorn blossom . . . so lovely that to see it is to wonder how its delicate transparency, its clear fresh English coloring can ever survive life on the windy shores of Lake Michigan.

To a friend in England Mrs. McCormick writes:

"My dear, American women are wonderful . . . smartly dressed, exquisitely groomed. They taught me how to keep my skin nice even in this extraordinary climate, with its sudden changes.

"Pond's is their secret . . . four simple preparations, quick and easy to use. The wonderful Cold Cream cleanses divinely . . . the Cleansing Tissues are better than anything to remove cream . . . the Skin Freshener tones and tightens the skin . . . the Vanishing Cream is the perfect powder base for face, neck, arms . . . and keeps hands smooth and white."

Follow these famous four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure . . . Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent, ample and so economical!

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

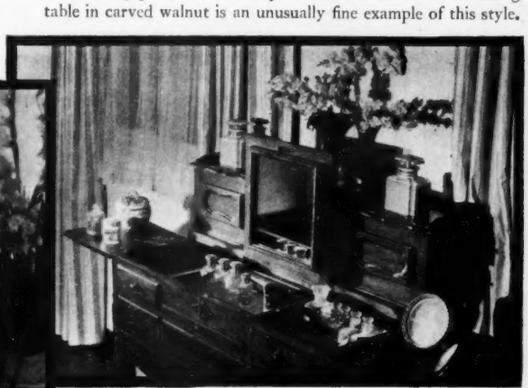
Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

MRS. ALISTER McCORMICK OF CHICAGO

Flowers are Mrs. McCormick's hobby. She specializes in aloes, and is making a wonderful collection of hundreds of varieties of tropical plants in her Santa Barbara garden. Her charming new winter home is high on a mountain, overlooking ocean and isles.

(*below*) Mrs. McCormick's California home is a treasure house of charming pieces of French provincial furniture. Her dressing table in carved walnut is an unusually fine example of this style.



(*right*) Pond's four famous preparations for exquisite care of the skin . . . Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

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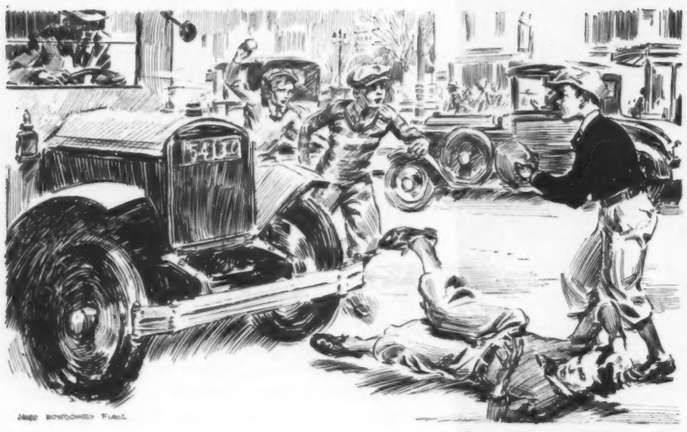

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Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles — combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents — nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-M. Mailed free upon request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK N.Y.

THE CURSE OF AMEN-RA

[*Continued from page 7*]

"I wish to God Carnarvon hadn't found this tomb. Something dreadful is going to happen to our family."

Before the year was out he was dead.

When the door was forced Carnarvon walked into the tomb with a smile and a jest. Arthur Weigall, the writer, wise in the mysteries of old Egypt, shook his head.

"I wish he hadn't laughed—he will be dead in six weeks," he said.

Something stung Lord Carnarvon on the cheek. "A mosquito bit," said one who examined the slight swelling. Carnarvon was a dead man before the wonders of the tomb were fully revealed.

He was a sick man, yes. But he had been a sick man for many years. He had survived all manner of injuries—he was adventurous—a mosquito, if mosquito it was, brought death to him.

Evelyn-White, Egyptologist and scholar, became a changed man after the tomb was opened. It was as though he were haunted by some unseen and dreadful presence. Friends who saw the change in him marveled. He brooded on something, spent hours in solitary communing. When people asked him to describe the tomb he made a little grimace and changed the subject. Within a year he had committed suicide.

"There was a curse upon me," he wrote in the letter he left behind him.

The Egyptian authorities brought Sir Archibald Douglas Reed, a great radiologist, to X-ray the mummy. Within a year of his undertaking the work he was a dead man.

Professor Laffleur, of McGill University, was the first American scientist to examine the chamber of death. He came out into the sunlight with the hand of death upon him—he did not leave Luxor alive.

Young men, old men, men in the prime of life, men for whose lives any insurance office would have exacted the minimum premium, died, mysteriously, tragically. Only Howard Carter remains of the principals. Almost every workman who entered the tomb and gazed upon the sarcophagus where the dead Pharaoh lay, has passed into the shadows.

What killed them? Was it poisonous air? The air was caught and analyzed; it was germless, as far as microscopy and chemical examination could detect. Was there poison in the bronze and gold they handled? None of the party was ever treated for cuts or abrasions. Lord Carnarvon himself was known to touch nothing with his ungloved hand.

THERE was a curse upon them—the curse of the Pharaohs, the curse of the high priest who sealed the tomb and belatedly consigned the care of the dead to the company of gods—to Amen-Ra, to Mut, to great Osiris and Isis and Horus, to Set and Sebak, and to Apap the snake. They were in a hurry to propitiate the gods they had insulted; but Amen-Ra is a jealous god.

Tutankhamen was himself accursed. He had introduced a new worship, scorned the old gods, and when he died the priest Ay, standing at the mouth of the tomb in the prescribed fashion, gave half-hearted praise to the old gods. He succeeded the youth whose death he had probably encompassed, and died, and his tomb has not yet been found.

It was against Amen-Ra especially that the scorn of Tutankhamen's dynastic predecessors had been directed. This old god—"the Power of the Sun"—most powerful of the Egyptian deities, was put to scorn. To all the misfortunes which followed the Akhunaten dynasty the vengeance of the slighted Amen-Ra was ascribed by the slaves and peasants of old Egypt; and is ascribed today by men who are respected in the world of science.

"Misfortune," said one, "is not a consequence of chance. If you touch a can of paint your fingers are stained. That the paint was in such a place that it could be touched, was chance—your soiled hand is a logical and inevitable sequence to your carelessness."

The famous Dr. Mardus was so convinced that the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb would bring death that he made a prophecy that Benedite would fall a victim.

"The Egyptians for seven thousand years possessed the secret of surrounding their mummies with some dynamic force of which we have only the faintest idea," he said.

Seven French authors, and journalists visited the tomb; six were dead within two years. When they unveiled Tutankhamen they found a mark on his face—the mark left on Lord Carnarvon's face was in exactly the same position.

On the day the tomb was opened a cobra, which was the sacred snake of Egypt, went into Howard Carter's house and destroyed his favorite pet, a canary that the explorer took with him wherever he went; the cobra is the rarest snake in Egypt.

[*Editor's Note: After this article was written, word was flashed around the world that Lord Westbury leapt to his death in London, grieving over the strange circumstances of the death of his son who was secretary to Howard Carter.*]

WOOLF JOEL, Mr. Solly Joel's son, visited the tomb, and was dead within a year. Jay Gould was taken ill in the tomb and died. To every man without exception who has visited the tomb, misfortune has come. The wrath of Amen-Ra is not yet appeased.

These events which have followed contact with Tutankhamen are not the imagings of a romantic mind. The most skeptical admit that there is something more than coincidence in the fatalities which have followed association even with minor articles that have been taken from the tomb. Pieces which have been placed in the Cairo Museum have been "working." Attendants whose duty it is to look after these exhibits have sickened and died for no known reason, though naturally medical science has some explanation.

"Everything in the tomb should have been sprayed with petrol and burnt."

This is not the verdict of a brainless fanatic: it is a view expressed by a man who is without superstition.

Nor am I superstitious. The tomb of Tutankhamen brings us face to face with phenomena which it would be stupid to dismiss as coincidence.

In the United States of America there are, in all probability, articles, scraps of cloth, valueless pieces of wood, perhaps, which have been removed from Tutankhamen's tomb and which have been preserved as souvenirs. Let the owners tell the story of all that has happened to them since these pieces came into their possession.

Quaker Oats

The breakfast America goes to work on

With 70% of the world's work scheduled for the morning, breakfast is your most important meal, say nutritionists. It should provide "energy that lasts."

"Put me down as an advocate of Quaker Oats breakfasts," says Grace Walton, advertising manager of Julius Kayser and Company. This busy young executive realizes the importance of the right kind of a breakfast as a preparation for strenuous mornings.

MORNING . . . when busy America does two-thirds of the entire day's work! Children in school bent over their hardest studies . . . men in business making their most important decisions . . . women in homes accomplishing more than 70% of the day's housework in the few crowded hours before noon!

No wonder nutritionists warn that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. No wonder America, the most energetic of nations, chooses above all others that greatest of energy breakfasts, Quaker Oats.

Finer flavored than ordinary oats

Quaker Oats are known to have a rich savoriness, a zestful lusciousness that sets them apart from all ordinary rolled oats. That's because Quaker not only "heat seasons" the oats in closed containers for 36 hours, but, in addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these selected whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It is this special process which gives Quaker that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Most important of all, Quaker retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores her rich minerals, her health protecting vitamins, her fine proteins. Thus Quaker provides 65% energy food to "go on." It offers twice as much protein as ordinary milled cereals. And protein is the great repair food that is continually being used up by every living cell in the body for the repair of worn-out nerves and muscles. It provides, too, the richest cereal source of minerals to build good blood, firm teeth.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Quaker packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Tomorrow morning, every morning, protect your 4 hardest hours with this energy breakfast. Your grocer has both the Regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer quality.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker is the supreme fast-cooking oat

1 ***Fastest*** of all quick-cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

2 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 ***Health qualities unsurpassd***— 16% protein for growth — richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Here's a delicious treat—*Aunt Jemima's Pancakes!* And *Quaker Egg Noodles* —made with real eggs. Just as Quaker Oats are richer, finer — so all Quaker products are superior. If you do not agree—we will gladly remit the cost of the package. This is your guarantee of superior quality whenever you buy a Quaker product.

QUAKER OATS . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

Roast Lamb Roll, Franconia is a fancy name for a humble cut. Pan roast potatoes and glazed carrots are served with it

SERVE LAMB AND SAVE MONEY

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

WHEN you read the title of this article what did you think of? Weren't legs of lamb and rib chops the first things that popped into your head? And didn't something like this run through your mind: "*Save* money . . . . lamb is one of the expensive meats . . . . of course lamb stew is cheap . . . . but you can't serve *that* often."

But a sheep is rather a large animal, after all, and we all *know* he has a lot more to him than two hind legs, a few ribs, and a little bit of stewing meat, even though most of us don't use that knowledge to save ourselves money. We have fallen into the habit of asking the butcher for the familiar and higher priced cuts, while he has learned to give us only what we ask for, instead of offering new suggestions.

Recently our cooking staff set out to discover the sheep's best secrets: we developed so many delicious ways of serving the cheaper cuts of lamb that I haven't half enough space to tell you about all of them here. I can only print a few of our best recipes, but I shall be happy to send you more if you wish them.

Your butcher will gladly give you the cuts you ask for as, all too often, he finds them difficult to dispose of on account of the heavy demand for chops and legs.

Roast Lamb Roll, Franconia

Lamb roll (5 lbs.)
Salt
Pepper
Flour
1 bay leaf
1 onion, sliced
Potatoes, pared

Have the butcher prepare the lamb roll from the forequarter (shoulder, breast, neck and shank). Wipe with a clean damp cloth and rub with salt, pepper and flour. Brown in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes. Add 2 cups boiling water, the onion and bay leaf, and cover. Reduce temperature to moderate (350° F.) and bake 1 hour. Add a little more water, if needed. Place the potatoes around the meat and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. Bake about 1 hour longer—until potatoes are browned. Serve with brown gravy.

Pot Roast of Lamb

1 lamb neck
2 tablespoons fat
1 onion, sliced
6 small carrots
1 small yellow turnip, cut in pieces
6 small potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt fat in an iron pot, add onion and brown slightly. Add meat and brown on all sides. Add vegetables, salt, pepper, and 2 cups boiling water. Cover and cook until tender. Allow 15 minutes to a pound. Remove meat and vegetables to a hot platter and thicken stock with flour. Pour over meat. Serve with horseradish.

Roast Lamb Aux Champignons

Trim excess fat from a shoulder of lamb. Wipe with a clean damp cloth and rub with salt, pepper, and flour. Put in roasting pan and brown under broiler. Add 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 stalk celery, cut in pieces, 1 clove garlic, a few peppercorns, and 2 cups boiling water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350° F.) until tender. Allow 15 minutes to a pound. Add boiling water as needed. Remove meat from pan and keep hot.

To 4 tablespoons fat in the roasting pan, add 6 tablespoons flour and stir until well blended. Add 3 cups boiling water or stock and stir until thickened. Sauté ½ pound sliced mushrooms fresh or canned in butter and add to the sauce with ¾ cup sliced stuffed olives. Season more, if necessary. Serve with the meat.

Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb

1 shoulder of lamb
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 small onion, chopped
4 tablespoons butter
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon chopped celery
Salt
Pepper

Have shoulder blade removed from lamb. Wipe meat with a clean damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fry onion in butter, add bread crumbs, celery and season with salt and pepper. Mix well. Fill pocket with stuffing. Put meat in a roasting pan in a very hot oven (500° F.) and brown for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.). Add 1 cup water, cover and bake until tender, allowing 15 minutes to a pound. Baste every half hour, adding more water when necessary.

Lamb Patties—chopped shoulder is wrapped in bacon and broiled

Spiced Roast Lamb, Jardinière

4 lbs. breast of lamb
6 whole cloves
12 allspice
3 tablespoons brown sugar
2/3 cup vinegar
1/3 cup water
2/3 cup peas
2/3 cup carrots, cut in cubes
1 cup celery, cut in pieces
½ onion, sliced
3 cups potatoes, cut in cubes
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ cup shortening

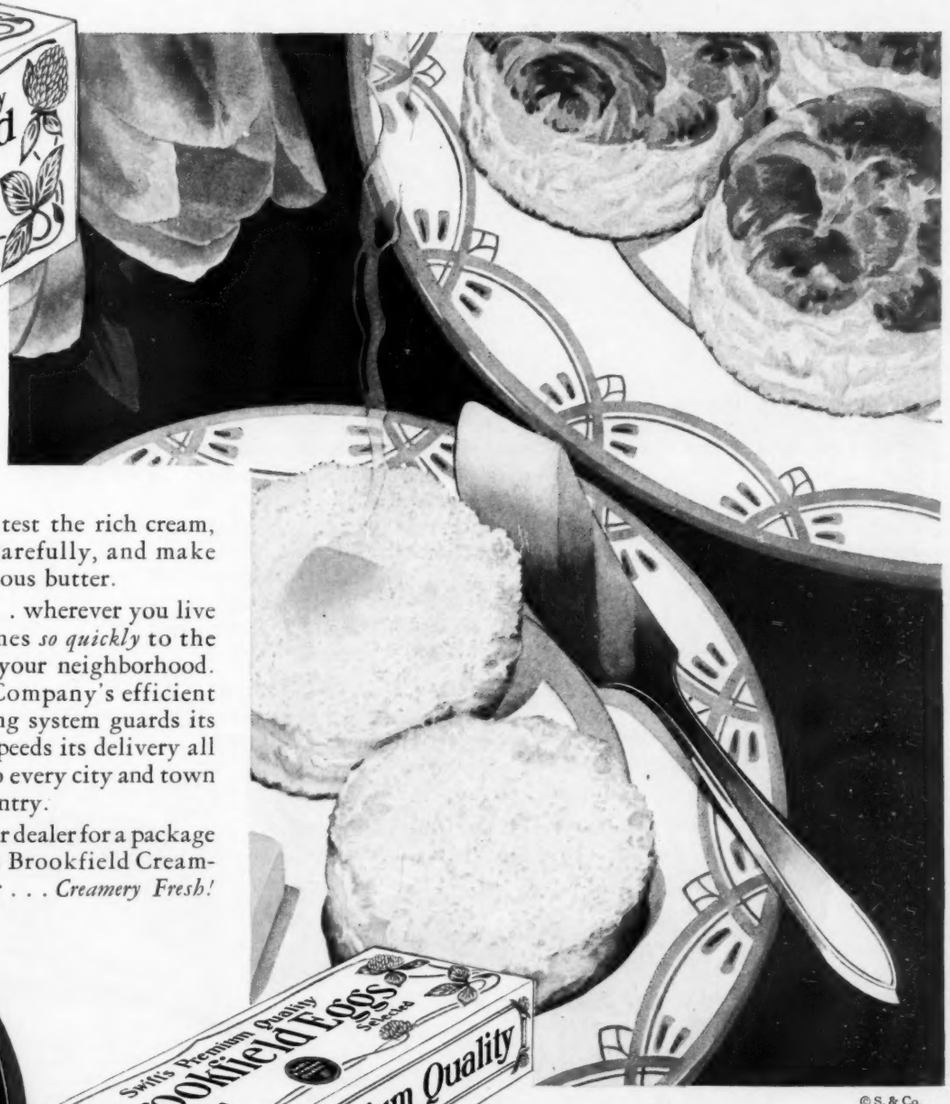
Wipe meat with a clean damp cloth. Rub with salt, pepper and flour. Place in roasting pan with spices, sugar, vinegar and water. Brown in a very hot oven (500° F.) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.), cover pan and cook until tender, adding more water as needed. Cook carrots, celery, peas, onion, and potatoes in boiling salted water until tender, but not soft. Drain carefully. Melt shortening, add vegetables and cook 10 minutes. Turn out on serving platter and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley. Place the roast meat on the vegetables and serve with brown gravy.

Lamb With Okra, Andalouse

3 lbs. lean raw lamb
3 tablespoons shortening
1 small onion, chopped
1 quart okra, cut in slices
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

The breast, shoulder, neck or shank may be used in this recipe. Wipe meat with a clean damp cloth, cut in small pieces and roll in flour. Melt shortening in frying pan, add the onion and cook until yellow. Add the meat and cook until delicately browned. Add the okra, tomatoes, water, parsley, salt and pepper and mix well. Turn into an earthen or glass baking dish. Cover tightly and cook in a moderate [*Turn to page 47*]

Nation-wide . . . the same sweet Freshness



"UM-M—biscuits and butter!" Eyes brighten when you serve them, hot from the oven.

And with *this* butter—*Creamery Fresh*—they're specially good, as millions of women know. All over the country they're depending on its unvarying sweetness of flavor for the table and for cooking.

Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned at spotless creameries, located in the best dairy regions. There trained workmen test the rich cream, grade it carefully, and make this delicious butter.

Then . . . wherever you live . . . it comes *so quickly* to the dealer in your neighborhood. Swift & Company's efficient distributing system guards its quality, speeds its delivery all the way to every city and town in the country.

Ask your dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter . . . *Creamery Fresh!*

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Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to unvarying excellence.

Swift's Brookfield Eggs, carefully selected for uniformity and freshness, are brought to your dealer by Swift & Company's nation-wide distributing system. Rigid care assures you of their excellence everywhere, always. You will find the same superior quality in Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

What an expert chef taught his daughter

A letter of great interest to progressive women

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

During the first few months of my marriage, I used any number of different kinds of shortenings for my cakes and pies. As my cooking was always very successful, I did a lot of it and having finally decided that there was nothing like butter for shortening and frying, I soon found my budget soaring beyond our means. "Hubby" still demanded desserts and I insisted that we could not afford them.

Strangely enough, though, my Dad was an expert Chef and I had never thought to ask his advice. Then, one day he watched me making a cake.

"Why don't you use Mazola, daughter?" he questioned.

"For cake?" I asked.

"I use it for salad dressing but never dreamed of putting it in a cake."

"Try it sometime," he insisted.

I did—and I really think it is a great deal better than butter for cake-making. I was amazed the first time I used it for pie crust, for I had always believed one had to have a solid shortening, but Mazola is much easier to mix evenly and I use it all the time now.

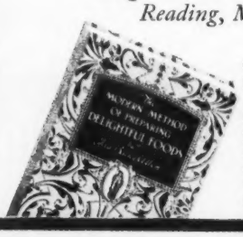
In frying doughnuts, it heats up so quickly and doesn't burn so easily either. I never had such light, greaseless doughnuts before. I'm sure glad I followed Dad's advice about Mazola.

Mrs. Francis Rahberg
Longwood Road
Reading, Mass.

Pressed from the hearts of fully ripened golden corn kernels, Mazola is a delightful, pure vegetable oil—itself *as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.*

For Salad Dressings, for all Frying and Shortening, the world affords nothing finer—regardless of price.

All grocers sell Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon tins.



Over a million women have purchased Ida Bailey Allen's "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods," a valuable book containing nearly 300 recipes. Send coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. M-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
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Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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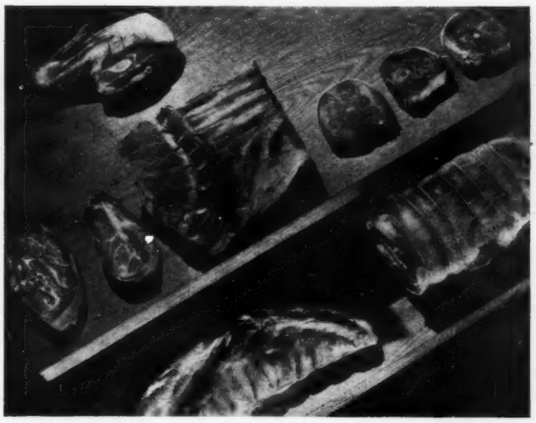
SERVE LAMB AND SAVE MONEY

[*Continued from page 44*]



Cheaper cuts of lamb are (top) shank; (middle) shoulder chops, shoulder, neck slices; (bottom) breast, rolled shoulder

oven (350° F.) about 1 hour. Put into a hot serving dish and garnish with buttered toast points. (If fresh okra is not in the market, use evaporated okra. Soak the contents of 1 package—equal to 1 quart fresh—in a pint of cold water over night.)

Casserole of Lamb with Vegetables

1 lamb breast (2½ to 3 lbs.)
2 cups string beans cut in pieces
2 cups water
1 clove garlic
1 onion, sliced
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups canned corn

Wipe meat with a clean damp cloth. Put meat in a casserole and sear in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add string beans, water, garlic, and onion. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350° F.) until meat is tender—about 1½ hours. Fifteen minutes before serving add the corn and heat thoroughly.

Devilled Lamb Chops

Select 6 loin, or shoulder, chops. Wipe with a clean damp cloth. Gash the meat lightly on both sides. Mix 4 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ⅛ teaspoon mustard and few grains cayenne. Spread on the chops on both sides and let stand ½ hour. Panbroil quickly and season with salt and pepper. Serve with Spiced Prunes.

Spiced Prunes

½ lb. prunes
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup cider vinegar
3 tablespoons brown sugar
3 whole cloves

Soak prunes over night and let them cook slowly until tender. Add vinegar, cinnamon, cloves, and sugar and let simmer until most of the liquid is absorbed. Serve hot.

Lamb Patties

2 lbs. chopped lamb (shoulder)
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains paprika
2 tablespoons grated onion
Bacon

Add salt, pepper, paprika, and onion to the chopped meat. Mix well and form into small cakes. Place a piece of bacon around each one and fasten with a small skewer or toothpick. (Cut points in top edge of bacon strips, if desired.) Place on rack in baking pan and cook in quick oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. Serve with baked stuffed tomatoes.

Lamb Broth

2½ lbs. lamb shank
1½ quarts water
2 teaspoons salt
2 carrots, sliced
2 onions, sliced
2 celery stalks, cut in pieces
1 bay leaf
2 cloves
3 peppercorns

Trim off excess fat and wipe meat with a clean damp cloth. Put in kettle and add water, vegetables and seasonings. Bring to boiling point and simmer 1 hour, or until tender. Skim off excess fat.

To make a jellied broth cook 1 pound veal bones with the other ingredients. When done, strain through a coarse sieve and then strain broth through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Pour into a shallow pan to stiffen. Cut in cubes or break up lightly with a fork. Serve in bouillon cups.

If the meat is left in a whole piece it can be used sliced hot with baked stuffed onions and tomato or caper sauce. Or it may be used in any left-over dish.

Scrambled Lamb Sandwich

2 cups chopped cold lamb (left-over)
4 eggs
4 tablespoons milk or stock
4 tablespoons shortening

Melt shortening in frying pan. Add meat, unbeaten eggs, and milk and stir lightly with a fork until the egg is set. Sprinkle with salt and serve on slices of toast. Top with slices of fried tomato, if desired. Garnish with parsley.

Lamb Hash in Baked Potato Shells

6 potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons hot milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Chopped cold lamb

Wash potatoes thoroughly and soak in cold water 1 hour. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 40 to 50 minutes or until done. Cut a slice from the side of each and carefully scoop out the potato. Mash and add butter, milk, salt, pepper, and paprika. Beat until light. Mix with an equal quantity of chopped meat. Pack filling into the potato skins, mounding it on top. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with grated cheese, if desired. Return to oven and brown.

Lamb Brochettes

Have lamb cut from the forequarter into inch cubes. Run them onto metal skewers, alternating with pieces of salt pork one-half as thick. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, brush with melted fat, dip in bread crumbs and broil. Serve with chili sauce and baked green peppers, stuffed with rice.

THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM

THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help—which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help—the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap. And blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the bright sparkle of Spring.

So be sure to use Fels-Naptha for house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water so long.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you'll have *extra* help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

FREE—Whether you have used Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Just mail the coupon. © 1930, Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. McC. 5-30
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

Like a breath from the deep woods!

O-Cedar Spray

Deals swift, sure Death to Insect Pests

O-CEDAR, famed for Mops and Polishes, has created another aid to household cleanliness and sanitation—O-Cedar Spray, a powerful insecticide—*fragrant, stainless, harmless* to humans, *easy* and *pleasant* to use.

Being rich in oil of cedar, it leaves the atmosphere of your home clean, aromatic, wholesome. No unpleasantness, no discomfort *to you.*

Because it is 20% stronger than recognized standards, O-Cedar Spray gives you the quickest, surest, most economical means of killing moths, flies, roaches, ants, mosquitoes and a host of other insect pests.

Begin using O-Cedar Spray now. Two applications a week directly upon your rugs, carpets, drapes, upholstery and into your clothes closets is positive protection against moths. Be prepared. Get a quart of O-Cedar Spray today. Sold under the O-Cedar Absolute Guaranty—sure death to household insects or money back.

KILLS

Moths, flies, ants, roaches, bedbugs, and all other insect pests

O-Cedar Corp'n

CHICAGO

MAKERS OF O-CEDAR MOPS & POLISHES

A DAY WITH A DÉBUTANTE

[*Continued from page 8*]

"Aw say," he went on, "I told you I was leaving too."

"I remember the inducement, you great big bundle of sex," she twitted, "but the rotten party I can't possibly walk out on happens to be mine."

It is a toss-up whether this young man's humiliating experience was more or less embarrassing than that of a Long Island host who gave his daughter a début last summer and in addition to the dinner list invited, supplemented it with twenty house guests as well. During the course of the evening he noticed that one of the boys had been drinking more than he could comfortably manage, so he took him discreetly by the arm, put him into a car and suggested that he go home and get some sleep. Half an hour later to his amazement he found the boy again standing disconsolately at the edge of the dance floor teetering uncertainly in time to the music. Again he ushered him into a car and sped him on his way. Considerably later he came upon him sitting dejectedly on a bench in the garden. By this time he was completely out of patience with the boy and bellowed, "I thought I told you to go home and get some sleep."

"I know you did, sir," the boy admitted unhappily, "but every time I come home you chase me out again."

"Do you know what you're talking about?" he was asked testily.

"Maybe not, sir," he added respectfully, "but I do know that I'm one of your guests."

GONE are the days when the older "marrieds" were able to sit in state on the side lines and say, "Oh, there goes Minnie's Robert, it seems only yesterday I saw him in a velvet Fauntleroy suit;" because with the advent of the new system you have no guarantee that Robert ever had a mother beyond the word of the bureau you engage to ferret out the city's eligibles for you.

One of the agencies that seems to have the run at the moment does everything for the débutante but provide her with a suitable husband and I haven't a doubt that if they have not already thought of the advisability of installing such a department they eventually will.

There is, first of all, the list of the people you should invite if you would be smart. The charge for a glimpse at this treasured document is five hundred dollars. Once having seen it and decided to make it your own there is the matter of mailing invitations to those whose names appear on the honor roll. For this service there is, of course, an additional charge depending upon the number of guests you plan to invite.

So "exclusive" is this collection of names that at one party this winter the check room girl discovered a loaded revolver in one young man's overcoat pocket, had two worn-out coats substituted for as many new ones, and three top hats unceremoniously lifted.

ONE prominent society matron whose daughter made a highly successful bow last winter insists that she knows for a fact that it is possible for people of more than dubious position to buy their way on this list and that in her case she was able to prove to her own satisfaction at least that guests had been rung in at the last moment whose names had not been contracted for.

COMING!

Four Fascinating Short Stories

Leavin's
By Evelyn Murray Campbell

Black magic reveals the magic of love in a strange romance of the Arkansas hills

Impromptu
By Rayner Seelig

Wherein a young man with a heart and a house finds what it takes to make a home

Beautiful But Young
By Duncan Norton-Taylor

An entrancing story of a little mother in whose eyes the eternal light shines laughingly

They Also Serve
By Octavus Roy Cohen

The further adventures of Mary Rutledge, Eddie Ware and Dave Glenn, in the second brilliant story of a series set in the glittering underworld

All in the JUNE McCALL'S

This agency is also by way of being a public benefaction, a custodian of private morals, for to those who have no brother or trusted friend to take them to these giddy events they recommend the engaging of one of their professional chaperones who are to be had by the evening and who will sit patiently if a little drowsily in the ladies' room until the small hours of the morning when their young charges express a desire to call it a night.

Breaking-up time is anywhere from three to seven in the morning, and eggs and bacon are still served long after the supper hour has passed by overly-generous hosts who choose to disregard the petition the debs signed last year advocating the abolition of breakfast and urging earlier closings.

As a result of the infraction of this new ruling the débutante does not know what it means to feel rested during the entire season. One of them, in a moment of nobility, insisted she would attend the early morning social service classes conducted by the Junior League. Her mother, who was concerned only with the safeguarding of her child's health was heard to say, "Whether you like it or not, my dear, you simply can't be charitable until next season."

In direct contradiction to the informality of the times is the rigid formality that is the order of the evening at the coming-out ball. At a desk at the foot of the stairs—that is, if your party is at a certain hotel which is the favorite of the débutante—a representative of the bureau employed or a personal social secretary is seated with her list and only those whose names appear on it are admitted. Exceptions are made in cases of guests who have telephoned ahead and obtained permission to bring friends with them. I suspect that another season will see less leniency shown in this regard for there were people who turned up with as many as twenty acquaintances using this as a means of discharging their own social obligations.

ONCE past the check-up, etiquette rules that one file past the receiving line mumbling the customary banalities. Here one usually finds father, mother, and daughter flanked by a couple of close friends.

The music, of course, should be good but it is far more important that it be continuous. Certain orchestras are in the greatest demand, not only because of the music, but also because of the personality of the leader. One orchestra leader, the girls tell me, gets very inty* with the guests. One of them told me that she was positively snootled* at her own dance the other evening; on the arm of a brand new beau she passed the friendly fiddler, and he greeted her with "How's tricks, Mary?"; and in that awful instant her new conquest waned.

And this was the least of the price she paid for her humiliation for the evening's fun came to approximately forty-eight thousand dollars. This figure included the cost of two orchestras, seven thousand dollars paid to two entertainers of stellar magnitude appearing in contemporary productions and reputed impossible to engage for supper performances, a four-course supper for everyone, wine for those who had supposedly reached the age of discretion and extravagant floral decorations in the numerous rooms used during the evening.

It sounded unbelievable to me, like something out of Arabian Nights. Mary must have experienced the most exquisite thrill at being the heroine of such a glamorous display. "How did it make you feel?" I asked, expecting the most ecstatic of replies.

"Just terribly tired," she confided.

And so, with just that much enthusiasm for the round of gayety that promised to be her nightly fare, at about five in the morning in the "Crystal Room" at a great hotel, a débutante was born.

* inty—intimate.
* snootled—embarrassed.

An announcement of great importance to modern house-wives everywhere

POSITIVE · GERM-KILLING · POWER

in this scientific product which *cleanses, bleaches, removes stains, disinfects* and *deodorizes* all in one easy operation

EVERY FEW YEARS a real forward step is made in the science of housekeeping. The gas range—the vacuum cleaner—the electric washing machine—the electric refrigerator. Now comes another—requiring practically no investment of money, but in some respects more important than any of the great achievements named!... *A way to rid your home of danger spots which menace health*... At the same time, an easy way to perform dozens of household tasks which you have dreaded or thought impossible... Clorox—created by *electrolytic action*—is a new application of a scientific principle used in other fields for a number of years. Clorox is non-poisonous, yet it *kills germs.* (Its power to purify is so great that a few drops will make contaminated water safe to drink.)... In every drop of Clorox there are billions of active units of oxygen—dirt-defying, stain-hating—that penetrate everywhere. Clorox *deodorizes.* It *removes stains.* It *bleaches* more effectively than the brightest sunlight!

In the Danger Spots—Use a Clorox solution regularly in bathroom and kitchen cleaning, and in the refrigerator, garbage containers, and drainpipes. Use it in washing sick-room equipment. It *kills germs*—doesn't merely wash some of them away, but *kills* them—and at the same time destroys odors.

In the Laundry—Use Clorox (directions on bottle) regularly in soaking suds or first rinse, to make your white cottons and linens *snowy* white. And even more important—particularly in keeping your children's clothing clean and safe—Clorox *disinfects without boiling.*

To Remove Stains and Mildew—Use a Clorox solution to remove even the most stubborn stains—ink, blood, fruit, coffee, grass, medicine, scorched spots and mildew—from white cottons and linens.

Discolored Wooden Drainboards—Clorox will bleach stained, ugly drainboards back to attractive cleanliness. Or any other discolored unfinished woodwork, or shelves. Remember, whenever you use Clorox, you are also *killing germs.*

CLOROX

General Cleaning—Use Clorox to remove stains and give an added sparkle to porcelain, tile, and enameled ware—to glassware, china, crockery, windows—to linoleum, oilcloth, and painted woodwork.

Your Hands—As you use a Clorox solution in housework, you are protecting your hands from infection. Use it also to remove vegetable, dye, nicotine and other stains.

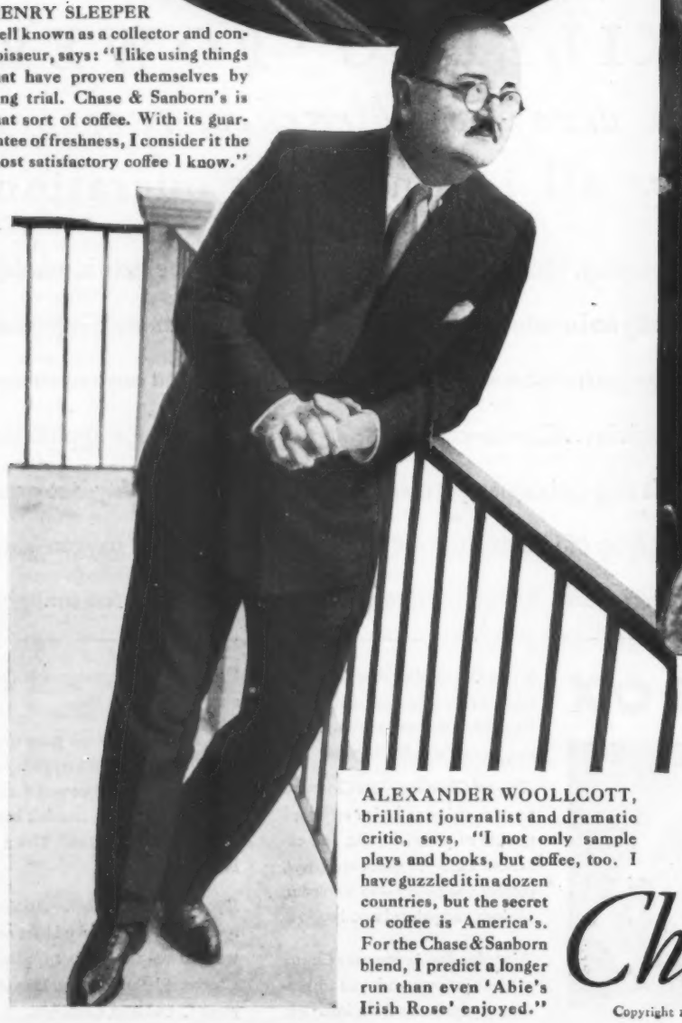
At Your Grocer's—A generous bottle of Clorox costs very little and goes a long way. Once you use it, you too, will say, "I couldn't keep house without Clorox." Order a bottle today!

If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department C, Oakland, California.

Chase and Sanborn's DATED of each of these

HENRY SLEEPER well known as a collector and connoisseur, says: "I like using things that have proven themselves by long trial. Chase & Sanborn's is that sort of coffee. With its guarantee of freshness, I consider it the most satisfactory coffee I know."

RICHARD HALLIBURTON, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he says, "in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios of Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in intervening points East and West. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."



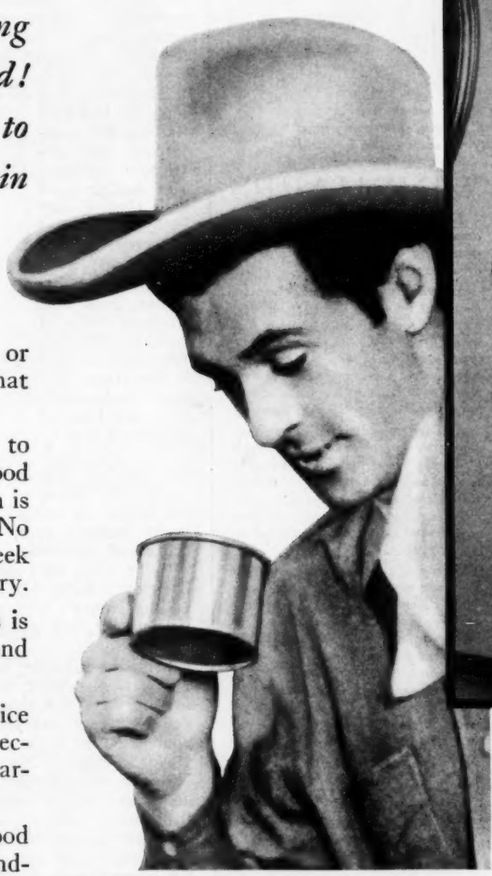
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, brilliant journalist and dramatic critic, says, "I not only sample plays and books, but coffee, too. I have guzzled it in a dozen countries, but the secret of coffee is America's. For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

Chase and Sanborn's

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

COFFEE served in the homes surprisingly domestic *well-known bachelors*

NEW - this method of handling coffee like a perishable fresh food! Delivered freshly roasted direct to grocers twice a week... can't remain in the store more than ten days!



The rollicking, roistering Billy Haines of the silver screen at home is WILLIAM HAINES, Virginia gentleman. His menus are selected with the concern of one who makes a hobby of good living. "The fresher the better is true of roasted coffee," says this popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why this dated coffee of Chase & Sanborn's is such a good idea."

GARY COOPER, Paramount star, explains his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee this way: "Having been raised on a ranch in Montana, I know that there is nothing more invigorating than a cup of freshly roasted coffee over an open fire. That's why, when I'm on outings, I take care to see that my supply of coffee is fresh. If a coffee is guaranteed fresh, that's the coffee for me."

NOW coffee as fresh as "fresh bread" or "this morning's milk"! This is what "*dated coffee*" means.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is delivered to your grocer exactly like a perishable fresh food straight from the roasting ovens. Every can is plainly marked with the delivery date. No storage. He gets a fresh supply twice a week . . . just enough to last until the next delivery.

And any left over at the end of ten days is regularly taken back by Chase & Sanborn and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years Chase & Sanborn's choice blend of coffee has been preferred in many sections of the country for its color . . . its clearness . . . its smooth, rich taste.

Now that it is handled like a fresh food through the "Daily Delivery" system of "Standard Brands Inc.," which delivers, also, fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, it has the distinction among coffees of "direct from the roaster" distribution everywhere. This gives it a final flavor advantage, which makes it the inevitable choice of men and women everywhere who care about good coffee.

Don't postpone a treat. Tell your grocer today to send you Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Coffee - DATED

The SKIN *should be* SOOTHED

LESSON NUMBER THREE — *In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first two steps in her famous treatment — Cleansing and Toning. The next step is SOOTHING. (Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

A SENSITIVE skin should have frequent applications of rich cream to keep it from early fading and wrinkling. *Any* skin must be regularly soothed and softened to offset the evils of steam heat, windy weather and uncertain spring temperatures.

The best time for applying cream is at night. First cleanse and tone according to my earlier instructions. Then, when your skin is thoroughly awakened and receptive, cream should be patted on. My Velva Cream is a preparation of great delicacy that is most gratifying to the sensitive tenderness of a fine dry skin. It should be, too, the choice of a young skin that is not yet in need of a heavy cream.

My Orange Skin Food is a heavier preparation whose rich ingredients make it suitable for the older skin or the unusually dry, flaky skin. And for scraggy necks and unlovely hollows, there is Adona Cream.

Using the cushion tips of the fingers pat on the cream with definite upward strokes, beginning at point of chin and working upward to the ear, the corner of the eye, the temple, with rhythmic, lifting pats. Pat around the neck with the four fingers slightly curved; smooth extra cream just under the chin where a "crêpey" look must be guarded against. Pat until the face and neck are warm and glowing. Look up as you "fingerprint" lightly under the eyes.

Then dip your fingers in Muscle Oil and pat this directly on lines on forehead, neck or cheeks to smooth and give flexibility to dry or furrowed skin.

If this treatment is taken the last thing at night, a little of the cream should be left on, especially around the eyes where first fine lines are sure to gather. If you have managed to squeeze in a half hour before dinner for your "patting" you will remove the cream at the end of ten minutes of brisk work with Cleansing Tissues; following that, pat with Skin Tonic to take away any possible greasy look, and then be ready for your make-up. Last month I explained the correct and convenient way of applying tonic or astringent with an Arden Patter, which should be part of your regular dressing table equipment.

Another treatment which you must not fail to try when you wish to look unusually lovely for an evening engagement, is the Anti-Wrinkle Treatment. This cream has been specially prepared to produce quick results and you will be thrilled with the real beauty of your skin, if you use it according to directions.

WINDHARPS

Do you know those little harps that draw music from the wind? They are so sensitive that the lightest breeze will draw from them a chord.

Suffering and ecstasy and despair belong most wholly to the sensitives. It is they who carry the treasure, it is they whom life should nourish and protect, for it is because of them that man rises from clay to potter. Strike out the great people of history and we would still be tattooing our skins and calling it painting.

And yet we starve the sensitive ones among us and develop a comfortable philosophy about them, that continued contact with this practical unsensitive world brings out the best in them, quite forgetting that without any help from us, the wind howls harshest around the highest peaks.

Among all the charming friends you have, who is the one that is most satisfying? The most sensitive — not that pathetic supersensitiveness that is so close to egotism it can scarcely be distinguished from it, but the kind of responsiveness that can slip most swiftly and deeply into your mind and see the thing as you see it, that can touch your wound so gently that there is healing in the touch, that sees without peering, that knows without being told, the kind of delightful person who draws music from the wind.

PREPARATIONS REQUIRED IN THIS LESSON

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening. . . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
A rich cream that is indispensable for a thin or middle-aged skin. It keeps the face smooth and round. . $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25, $8.

ADONA CREAM
To be used liberally on thin neck, shoulders and bust, and scraggy throat.
$1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $6.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which stimulate flabby muscles. . $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Specially adapted for a quick treatment before going out at night. . . . $2, $3.50.

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTER
Round and flat, with unique flexibility of handle for accurate patting strokes. . . $5.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

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CHICAGO-PHILADELPHIA-WASHINGTON-DETROIT-BOSTON-ATLANTIC CITY-SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES

In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price. Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

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LADY ALONE

[*Continued from page 13*]

insolently. Nancy climbed the third flight which ended squarely beneath the ghastly glare of a flat skylight. And there was the middle door. Blank, brown, battered. She knocked weakly.

There was silence for a long minute, followed by a slow, guarded turning of the knob. The door moved an inch and she heard a voice, rich, throaty, her mother's voice—"It's probably the laundry." And then she was looking into a thin, brown face under white hair—a handsome face with reckless brows and an adventuring nose and a mouth built for songs and laughter—her father's face.

STIFF and cold she stood still while he stared at her with those black, amused eyes she remembered—stared at her with puckered brow and a puzzled, incredulous look which melted suddenly into a sort of glory.

"Kittie—" cried Con Cooley; "Kittie—it's the kid!"

They cried then, all of them, on the limp flat bed with its limp flat counterpane and unfriendly pillows. Her mother cried and Con Cooley sniffed and dobbed his eyes and laughed; and Nancy cried because life had broken them in spite of their gallant courage, and tinged their defiant recklessness with the blur of bewildered fear.

Her mother's hair was pitifully, metallically black, but under the studied scallops was a lovely haunted face, with lips that broke and trembled.

"Why, Con, she's pretty—she looks like you!" Kittie Cooley was saying, patting Nancy's arm, patting her little felt hat, her good suède gloves, her hair.

"She ain't like me, Kit. Why, when I saw her standing there I thought first it was your sister Mary. She's got your eyes and your mouth, and your hair used to be that color—"

No reproaches. No recriminations. No demands. Only that simple, happy acceptance of her which hurt worse than any reproof.

Nancy stammered and wiped tears away and fought for control. An awful, overpowering shame scorched her. She had been ashamed of them; and they were hers and dear!

Obviously they wanted no explanations, no justification. They were satisfied that she had come.

"I changed my name," she reminded them.

"Did you remember that your grandmother's name was Nancy? Did you call yourself after her?"

"Yes, I remembered."

"Con, she remembered. And she was the littlest thing. That time we took her to Charleston—you got her that little red coat and I just opened Mother's door, and pushed her in—"

"Oh, I remember that," Nancy cried. "The house was so dark and quiet and I said, 'I'm Mrs. Cooley's little girl and I've come to see you.' And some tall, quiet woman said, 'If you're Mrs. Cooley's little girl you can go straight back to your mother!' And there were apples on the table and somebody gave me one—somebody who cried—"

"Your Aunt Mary, probably. She wasn't hard like the rest."

"Con, she remembers!"

In a saner moment Nancy saw how dreadful the place was. The awful carpet worn down to its cottony warp, the window shades of yellow paper, pinholed and stiff with dirt, the cheap bureau with the thin red-bordered towel on it and almost filling the remaining space the three vast, inevitable trunks. She remembered them of old. The theater trunk, the hotel trunk, the heavy old trunk that was so seldom unpacked, its freight of heavy-tinseled, timeworn wardrobe, bundles of press notices, faded "three sheets," photographs, old letters of late years so rarely explored.

There had been a day, she recalled, when her wildest ambition was to own her own trunk, her name stenciled on it in red and under it a big red "Theater." To have it proudly upended on railroad platforms, little boys staring at it—people talking.

They had to come to earth. She must say the things she had come to say.

"What are you doing now, Dad?"

A silence, heavy, strained, in which the two, time-battered, undismayed, ever young, looked at each other.

"We ought to get a break in a week or two," her father began, optimistically. "I wrote to Bernie yesterday — he wants people, and there was an ad in the 'Billboard' for side-show people—"

"Sideshows?" repeated Nancy, dismally. "But — you wouldn't — you couldn't—"

"We did," her mother's voice was faintly flat; "for two years!"

"But—you can't. I won't let you." Nancy squared her shoulders under her smart little coat. With an upflung head she challenged life. Goodbye, Doug, goodbye! Goodbye—for this is my burden, this is my job! To woo the haggard dread from my mother's face, the baffled fear from my father's eyes. "I'll take care of you," she said gravely; "and now let's go out and get some lunch."

INSTANTLY relaxed, they were happily garrulous again.

"There's some baked ham and cinnamon buns in that washstand—we were just going to stay here and eat that—"

"No, we'll have a nice hot lunch, at a nice place. You find a good place, Dad."

"Kittie, I better black my shoes, going out with Maxie all dressed up."

"You call her Nancy now, Con. We ought to have named her that anyway. If Mamma hadn't written that mean letter."

"Don't hold it against your poor old mother. She's dead and gone. And you can't blame her much. She wanted you to marry a rich man, not a bum trooper."

"Dad, I can clean that spot off that tie in just a minute."

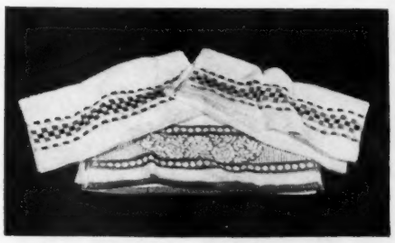
"Kit's got some cleaner some place."

"Water'll clean it, Max—Nancy. It's egg. I tell him he's getting old when he drops thing on his vest."

[*Continued on page 54*]

Buy a set of bath towels with what it saves

On the basis of a tube a month, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ costs you $3 a year as compared to $6 for dentifrices in the 50¢ class. That's a clear saving of $3 a year. Buy things you need with it.



Teach her the *secret* of *healthy* teeth and *economy*

This dentifrice saves $3 per year

HERE'S something for young heads and old to remember:

To have lustrous, white teeth and firm, healthy gums, it isn't necessary to pay an extravagant price for a dentifrice.

You can get the same result with Listerine Tooth Paste—and it costs but 25¢ the large tube.

Knowing that Listerine Tooth Paste is made by the makers of Listerine, you cannot question its quality. Its gentle action; its swift cleansing, its invigorating after effects have been acclaimed by nearly a million people. They choose it now instead of costly dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Such a tooth paste at such a price is made possible only by extraordinary power to buy raw material, and by mass production—the same system that makes the Ford automobile a shining example of merit at low price. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today and judge its quality for yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25c

Little eleven year old Bettina Belmont lives in Middleburg, Virginia. She is the granddaughter of August Belmont, banker, and founder of Belmont Park

She can do anything a boy can

. . . this little BETTINA BELMONT

To keep her strong and stalwart her mother stresses one simple care

The heart of Virginia's fox hunting country is a splendid place for a little girl to grow up. Especially if she has a piebald pony, Punchinello . . . and jumps him . . . and is one of a very few children permitted to ride with the Middleburg Hounds.

Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be played with when the mood seizes.

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal Bettina eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit that we have been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "I eat it every night for supper."

Mothers are used to this recommendation. Specialists give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we asked 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would ask!

That's because for years they've known—as mothers know too—how rich in energy Cream of Wheat is, how exceptionally easy to digest.

Make a habit of a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat for your children.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

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Child's name.....

Street.....

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LADY ALONE

[*Continued from page 52*]

"You keep telling me I'm old. It's brains that turned my hair white."

"It wasn't brains that put you in the hospital."

"How did that happen, Dad?" Nancy, sponging away with her head close to his shoulder—close enough to see that his collar was a cleanable imitation of linen, inquired.

"Oh, I was doing a joey act with the Robertson two ring show—"

"Not—a clown act?"

"It was a darn good act! Wasn't it, Kittie? I got me a trained goose, see—and some big web-footed shoes. It was the shoes tipped me over into that cat den. It wasn't old age."

A CLOWN! Nancy shut her eyes and saw Doug's face under the rakish hat, the new spring overcoat, the old red car, the Maryland pike—the Maryland pike with little homes where lamps burned and smoke plumes feathered the twilight air, where frogs thrilled and willows were greening.

"How would you like," she said to her mother, "to have a little house and maybe some hens and a rosebush—and a clothesline?"

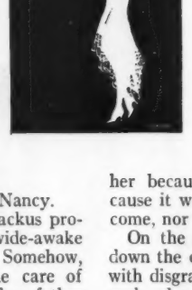
Kittie Cooley regarded the floor absently.

"I've never had a house," she said after a while. "Married twenty-eight years, and never had a house."

"Honest, Maxie, she never wanted a house! Lots of times I've said—we'd be in little towns—garden planting time, maybe—"

"Let's eat first. Then after a while we can talk everything over."

In spite of Nancy's arguments they insisted on paying for the lunch. "We're not broke yet. We've got a little put down in the old boodle bag," her father argued. But the little wince in her mother's eyes told her how brave that boast was. The show business was "shot" — the world knew that. Sideshows! Too dreadful to think of. Her mother—dyed hair, too-young hat, cheap high-heeled shoes, green silk dress—



"We could have a little car, maybe," she said, a pain in her throat, "and a garden. I get a pretty good salary, and a commission on all the business I sell."

"Any hold-back?" asked her father.

"No hold-back!" laughed Nancy.

In the little room Mrs. Backus provided for her Nancy lay wide-awake half the night, thinking. Somehow, some way, she had to take care of them. They were not old—her father was fifty, her mother younger than that. But their world was shattered and they had nothing with which to build another. It meant giving up—everything—but she faced that calmly. If only she kept her job, if she could find a little place—busily her brain spun like a tired spider, all night long.

In the morning she told them both goodbye.

"Only for a little while, though; I'm sending for you as soon as I can find that little house, Mother—with the right kind of rosebush and a fireplace and a clothesline."

They cried when she left. But her father's grin was still gallant.

"Now, don't you go back there and worry about us! We'll get a break—we always get a break, don't we, Kit? We've been kind of blue once or twice, but something always comes along. And the best thing that's happened to us in years is seeing you looking so fine. We wasn't quite sure, one time—we thought maybe you didn't care about us much, but now—"

"Oh, I do, Dad! It's only—I had to make my life, you see—I had to work things out."

"Oh, sure. We're proud of you. Now, if you can just find a good feller—"

"I don't need a man. I have you."

"Darned if she ain't like me, Kit, blarney and everything!"

"I'll bet a nickel," reproached the Western Union girl, "that you forgot my wooden beads."

"I did," Nancy admitted. "But then it was Saturday—and I went to see my father and mother. I hadn't seen them in ten years."

"Why, I didn't know you had any folks!"

"No?" Over and over she had rehearsed that protecting nonchalance. "Oh, I have. I'm bringing them down here after a while—going to get a little house."

"Yeah? And how'll your reporter boy like that?"

"I haven't told him. But it doesn't matter—"

Oh, but it did matter! It did! The ache in her heart, the icy lump in her throat, the snapping pain in her temple, all clamored that it mattered. But she had to fight through. She had conquered life, made it serve her, fought up. Now she had to tame her own spirit, prevail.

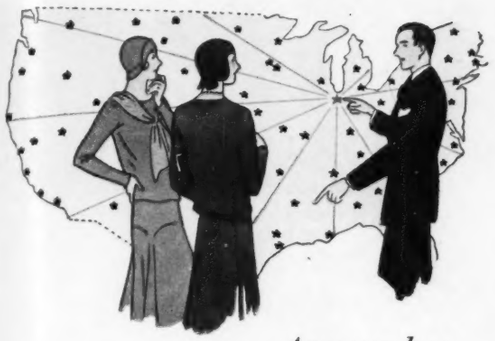
SHE wrote Doug a letter, then proudly tore it up. If he came, if he sought her out, then she would tell him face to face without flinching, what she planned to do. She would ask him to help her find the little house and then she would tell him goodbye. Some other girl would be mad about him, some girl who was free.

But Doug did not come. Three days went by, a week. Dowagers and debutantes posed on the lighted dais, wearing smiles of frozen sweetness. Mr. Pack unbuckled his tripod and twisted his lenses, crawled under his black apron, chaffed her because she was abstracted, because it was spring. But Doug did not come, nor telephone, nor write.

On the sixth night when she went down the drive and saw no old red car with disgraceful fenders waiting at the curb, she knew with a sick surge of agony how ghastly life was going to be without Doug. And you had to live it, on and on, drab year after drab year, days inching along like an iron chain slowly tearing through your heart!

She hired a car recklessly and drove out the Maryland pike, searching for the little house. But the houses that were tenantless were cold and bleak, smelling of soot and grease and other people's sordid living, the driver was red-necked and unsympathetic, the bill was terrible. So she came back again wearily, and telephoned a renting agent and told him to find a house, any house, that she could afford. There would have to be furniture. Never having had a home, she was a little uncertain about furniture; but you needed a range and an icebox, she knew, and beds and

[*Continued on page 57*]



Armour has given the American people

a new reason

for eating ham. Star Hams now benefit by the new *"double-f"* process which produces Fixed★ Flavor, *a new and finer taste*

In recognition of its obligation to the public, as a leading purveyor of smoked meats, Armour and Company set about deliberately to improve the flavor of Star Ham . . . if such a thing were possible. Friends said: "No. Don't touch it. It's wonderful as it is." That *was* a challenge and we decided to experiment.

We talked with chefs, with food-specialists, with housewives. We went thoroughly into the whole matter of stock-selection, curing, and smoking. Out of a ripe experience, we made some discoveries that grew into a new and marvelous process . . . "double-f," meaning Fixed★ Flavor, as changeless as the fixed stars.

The details must remain a cherished possession of Armour and Company. But we can tell you of the positive control of certain factors affecting the cure and the smoke. We changed the curing "pickle," as a good cook would change an old recipe. We placed the smoking under thermostatic guard, so that no human variation is possible. And it is this constant Armour vigilance which gives each plump ham the same woods-like fragrance of smouldering hickory.

You may or may not be interested in the method, but you cannot escape the results. The new Star Ham has a uniformity of flavor (Fixed★ Flavor), whether in one thin slice or a whole ham. It has a finer texture, a more ravishing urge to bite into it . . . to have a second helping and perhaps a third. It is food for the gods.

Buy a whole Armour Ham, for economy. The free book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham," will show you how to use it up, without once surfeiting the family appetite. But whether you buy a whole ham or a slice, be sure to say "Star" to your dealer as though you meant it. In no other way can you know the joys of Fixed★ Flavor. Look for the bright, new Star Ham wrapper . . . your assurance of the genuine Armour's Star. In the meantime, mail the coupon for the free book.

★ ★ ★

Tune-in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Armour and Company, Chicago; Armour and Company, Limited, London, England.

A brand-new ham flavor—delivered to you in a bright, new wrapper.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

with the Fixed★ Flavor

Dept. E-5, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

Name_____

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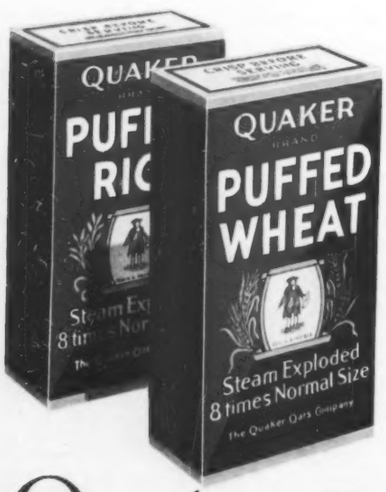
A Breakfast
that supplies the nourishment
you usually expect only from hot cereals

Delightfully appetizing . . . . . Puffed Grains are a welcome change for breakfast. Everyone enjoys them.



HERE are crisp, toasty grains that melt in your mouth. Here is fascinating crunchiness . . . a flaky, flavory deliciousness no other cereal possesses. Quaker Puffed Grains are the one cereal children always ask for. The cereal that tempts hard-to-please appetites when all others fail.

And yet there's another side to Puffed Grains. A side that will interest mothers. It is this. These airy, crisp grains contain amazingly rich nourishment. Nutritionists have shown that *every dish of Puffed Grains provides virtually the same nourishment as a dish of hot cooked cereal.*

This is because of "puffing," a unique process that makes every bit of rich grain nourishment entirely available for food. Puffing causes 125 million explosions in each grain. This opens every food cell. Insures quick, easy assimilation. Never before were whole grains made so completely digestible. Never before were wheat and rice so richly nutritious.

Puffed Wheat is the whole wheat grain, puffed and oven-toasted to the buttery crispness of fresh toast. Little nuggets of nourishment containing whole wheat protein—unsurpassed for body building—plus the corrective roughage every one needs. Puffed Rice provides all the vital food elements of nutritious rice grains. It digests quickly. Turns to energy in a hurry. A creamy, rich dainty that tastes as rice has never tasted before.

Always keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat on your pantry shelf. Serve with half-and-half. With your favorite fruit. Remember . . . when you serve Puffed Grains, you're serving the equivalent of hot cereal nourishment.

Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice

LADY ALONE

[*Continued from page 54*]

mattresses. It was going to be frightfully expensive—and she might be sick, or lose her job—she shut her mind grimly against the frightful possibilities. And then next morning she went into the studio; and Mr. Pack looked up from his plate holders to inquire cheerfully, "How's your young man's pneumonia?"

"Pneumonia?" Nancy clutched at a wisp of air while the world turned black and filled with moaning.

"Gee whiz—didn't you know it? It was in the paper—they took him to St. Anastasia's—"

But Nancy was gone.

A big black touring car with an arrogant chauffeur stood under the hotel marquee and she leaped into it, gasping, "Take me to St. Anastasia's hospital, quick!"

THE chauffeur, looking at her with scared eyes, started without a word, shot out into Connecticut Avenue and whisked her across town as fast as the traffic lights would let him. He unloaded her at the ambulance entrance, where two young internes insisted on carrying her inside. They were a little peevish when they found that she wasn't an emergency, but merely a distraught young woman intent on seeing a pneumonia case on the roof. The visiting hours, they told her stiffly, were from three till five. "I'll wait then," Nancy dismissed them.

The reception room was stark and unfriendly. The settee was slick and covered with cold green leather. A million aeons passed before a nurse let her go upstairs and then she followed woodenly, her heart sunken into a tortured abyss. Doug might be dying—jaunty, gallant Doug, with his new overcoat and the recklessly tilted hat, his boyish cowlick and wistful eyes. While she had been trying to freeze her heart to shut him out, he had been lying here, dying, perhaps—alone!

She stumbled past a long row of cots, rolled out under the awning; and there was Doug, dry-lipped, hollow-eyed, but with a glad light spreading over his face as he saw her.

"The lung's clearing a little, but there's still considerable temperature," the nurse said. "You can stay fifteen minutes."

But Nancy hardly heard her. She was holding Doug's hot hand, her throat so tight that no words could escape, tears slipping down her white face. And Doug was beaming all over, tucking her hand under his stubbly chin, croaking huskily, "I was afraid you weren't coming back, Nance! I thought you didn't care about me any more—"

"Oh, Doug—I do—I do!" she managed to whisper. Then, with the other pneumonia patients looking on, she bent and kissed the reckless cowlick. "I do care, Doug," she murmured.

Doug squeezed her fingers, but the pain was a glory. "I love you, Nance—Lord, but I love you!" he whispered.

The nurse came back in less than three minutes. Nancy was sure of it. Rain was falling as she waited for a street car—rain, cold and sane and dull. Rain like an admonishing voice, rain like a sensible argument, hateful, delighting in the tragic tinkle of crashing dreams. The wash of it set her feet on the ground with a sodden thud. She couldn't love anybody! She had a family to take care of!

When Doug was well she would tell him, she decided that night, after she had lain for hours of stretched misery, beating her pillow, fighting the youth in her that cried aloud for freedom. When he was strong again, she would send him to find that girl who would be mad about him. And they, Con and Kitty Cooley, should never know. That would be her atonement, her gift, her payment for those ten years. She went to sleep at last, beaten and spent. She woke, sick with weariness, every bone aching, the weeping of the rain on the window tuned to the dripping heaviness in her soul.

She would go and see Doug again, every day. She would be Con Cooley's daughter, facing fate with a gallant grin. She would act—act, recklessly, for Doug, until he was strong again—

The letter slid under her door. An envelope bearing the picture of some Norfolk hotel addressed in angular hand-writing, with a reckless dip to the final letters. Her father's writing.

On the two sheets inside, the words leaped across the page. Nancy read it through twice numbly, before the sense of the message penetrated her mind:

"Going to Charleston," little disjointed sentences sprang at her, *"still own your grandma's house there—Aunt Mary wrote a letter—we owned some stock in the show and Ringling bought it—we'll have enough—don't you worry—Mamma sends her love—come see us—"*

SHE sat down weakly on the bed. She had stiffened her soul so to bear this loved load and now that it was lifted she felt limp and shaken. And now she saw clearly—their pride, their childish independence. They would have hated a little house on the Maryland road—hated enslaving her. An irreparable wrong would have been done.

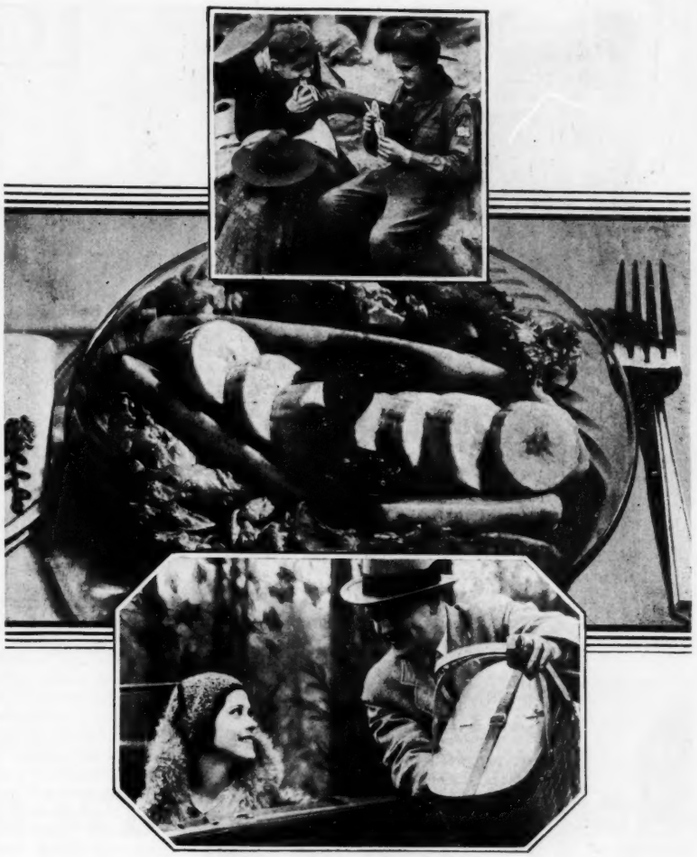
She pushed back her hair, laughing a little. Queer how life worked out! She had been a lady alone—and now she was rich—rich! She sprang to the telephone, called St. Anastasia's.

"Take a message please—for Douglas Mackail—he's on the roof. Yes, Douglas Mackail of the 'Post.' Tell him to get well right away—tell him we're going to Charleston—on our honeymoon!"

YOUR WEDDING DAY

YOU'D like to have it correct in every detail, wouldn't you? When planning your own wedding, there are many points on which you will want the advice of an authority. In our *Book of Etiquette*, we have tried to cover every question which the modern bride might ask: How to word the announcements, invitations, "thank you" notes . . . . what to wear . . . . how to decorate the church or home . . . . the order of the processional . . . . the receiving line at the reception . . . . the seating plan of the bridal table. Send twenty cents in stamps for the *Book of Etiquette* to

THE SERVICE EDITOR
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio



OUT IN THE OPEN—*How bananas satisfy hunger! Easy to handle, too, in their glove-like skins*

Tickle SPRINGTIME

Drowsy one moment . . . active the next . . . Tempt your appetite with mellow bananas—
nature's own vitality food

SPRINGTIME—with its call for foods that are light yet nutritious. Let bananas help build vitality for you. Everybody responds to their smooth, distinctive flavor. They're handy to eat right out of their golden skins—or sliced in milk, or in tart fruit juices. Try them in crisp, refreshing salads—or in your favorite cool dessert.

Bananas are rich in vitalizing properties—in the body-toning minerals and those precious vitamins, A, B and C. They're easily digested, too—by little children as well as grown-ups. Today, dietitians urge that bananas have a place in the regular family diet.

NEW BANANA BOOK *FREE*

BANANA GROWERS ASSN. M G. 5-30
17 Battery Place, New York City, or
1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada
Please send me "Bananas in the Modern Manner"—24 pages of unusual recipes—illustrated.
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BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

LOVELY GROUPINGS FROM AN OLD HOUSE

By MARGERY TAYLOR

The entrance with its informal planting scheme

Who'd believe this hall was once a kitchen?

THIS Colonial house deserves attention first, because it has been enchantingly remodeled from a gardener's cottage. Added gables, a whole new wing, and a front entrance contrived from the original kitchen door have made a magical transformation. Moreover, none of the charm has been lost by the modifications. An old-fashioned garden, aglow with the colors of the changing seasons, nestles close to one side. Vines have been trained on trellises over the new wing, over the latticed porch, and even along the facing of the stone steps which lead to the main entrance, so that the house has kept the air of composure and dignity that comes through years of seasoning. An old stone well curb in front which is covered by a bower of rambler roses adds further interest and explains the name of "The Wishing Well" which the place has acquired.

Within doors, the atmosphere is one of beauty and comfort which has been achieved through a thoughtful arrangement of the furnishings. Every corner and every wall elevation in the house offers delightful picture groupings of furniture. Most of them are simple Colonial pieces and illustrate what can be accomplished through careful consideration of small details.

On entering the vine-festooned doorway a colorful hallway (originally the kitchen) gives promise of other charming rooms beyond; and I can imagine the chance visitor covertly peeping through this door and that and at length making bold to ask to see the house.

A large red tea tray and book-filled shelves offer the dominant color notes in this hall and contrast pleasantly with the simple black and tan checkerboard woolen floor covering. At one side an old drop-leaf table serves as desk and telephone stand, and a needlework-covered stool effectively accompanies it. The table with the tray and flower-filled jardinières, the old maps framed in dull red, the lamp, the ship's model, and bits of Staffordshire china—in short, the entire ensemble forms a well thought out grouping.

On the opposite side of the room is a chest of drawers with interesting old brass candlesticks on it and an embroidered sampler above. In the corner stands a picturesque old Franklin stove and beside it is a great copper kettle filled with fire-wood and brass tools. By the door leading to the living room a pine-case grandfather's clock ticks resonantly.

The living room is a long, low room, beautifully balanced by a group of bay windows at one end and a staircase seen through an alcove at the other. This feeling of balance was strengthened by placing the comfortable chintz-covered sofa against the wall directly opposite the fireplace, which is in turn flanked by lounge chairs and tables. The arrangement is excellent and represents a successful assembly of quite heterogeneous types. The chairs by the fireplace and the sofa are well styled upholstered pieces. The end tables are early American types. Even an old sleigh bench has been pressed into service beside one of the chairs. The most striking piece of furniture in the room is the old maple tip-top table seen through the archway against the staircase in what was the former entrance hall. Four French Provençal side chairs offer a happy note of contrast with the other furniture. Many people would have feared to combine Colonial, French Provençal and Modern pieces but it is generally accepted that blending of periods and types of furniture if they have harmonious lines is always more interesting than rooms which are perfectly carried out in a single period and they are also apt to be much more comfortable. It is all very well to recreate the simplicity of spirit of the rooms decorated by our early forbears but there is no excuse for not introducing the modern comfort of well-upholstered armchairs.

The living room overlooks the garden

THE color scheme of rust, royal blue, yellow, and pale green is determined by the chintz draperies, the slipcovers, and the pad on the window seat and is picked up also by the old hooked rugs and the fine needlework upholstery on the French Provençal armchairs. The walls are a soft cream and make a pleasing background for the pictures, the gay floral chintz and the light maple furniture. As in the entrance hall the disposition of the pictures and other accessories make every angle of the room a pleasant revelation. Because of the variety of the furniture, a plain taupe rug was selected, supplemented with hooked scatter rugs.

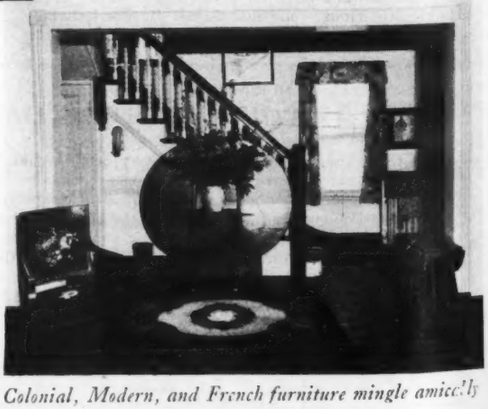
In the adjoining dining room, a group of broad sunny windows curtained in a colorful green, pomegranate, and gold chintz, and filled with pots of climbing ivy is the most interesting decorative feature. The plants stand on a simple radiator cover painted the same color as the walls. The glass curtains are a gold colored net and although the room has a northern exposure the light filtering through these yellow curtains gives the room a bright and sunny air. A pine dresser filled with old French pottery plates and pewter invites careful scrutiny. It is placed in a position of advantage so that it can be glimpsed from the adjoining hall. A quaint pine cupboard, a long drop-leaf table, rush-seated chairs and an Indian drugget in black and gray on the floor complete this simple but charming room.

The bedrooms are developed in flower-garden fashion—one blue, one pink, one yellow, and one blue-green.

In the owners' bedroom, above the living room, dormer windows break the wall surface, giving a pleasing irregularity to its proportions. The walls and woodwork are a warm ivory and a delightful shade of turquoise blue is the determining note in the decoration. It appears in the chintz curtains, the chair seats and dainty dressing table accessories. The pillows on the chintz-covered chaise longue drawn up before the fireplace are peach and gold—colors picked up from the flowers in the chintz. This is a particularly effective color scheme with the rich red of the mahogany four-poster bed and highboy.

THE sleeping porch, one of the new additions to the house, opens off the owners' room and also into the upper hall. It is furnished with all the conveniences of a bedroom—couches, comfortable chintz-covered lounging chairs and lamps. The same type of block floor covering as that used in the hall appears here and the windows are shaded with easily operated Venetian blinds painted turquoise blue. One of the children of the family uses this room. A chair has been placed by the bed and a tall shaded lamp on the table so that all arrangements are made in advance for the bed-time story.

In a large double room blue-green walls have been happily combined with yellow painted furniture. The rug is black and [*Turn to page 60*]



Colonial, Modern, and French furniture mingle amicably

The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman can now make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Since Cleopatra's time

The quest for beauty is not new. Neither is the science of beauty culture. Both began when history began. But in more recent years we have had greater leisure, more time for perfecting ourselves, less need for the crude, hearty makeshifts of pioneer days. And we have turned, naturally enough, to those whose experience qualifies them to help us—the beauty specialists.

Your beauty expert applies, to your individual case, the methods best suited to bring out your own natural loveliness. She realizes your beauty possibilities.

Modern beauty culture has been making tremendous strides—today, it has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty.

Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 18,000 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining palm and olive oils for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not—nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 18,900 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

A mother of 9 sons

and grandmother of three

tells her experience with sheets!

14 Rosedale Street,
Dorchester, Mass.
March 2, 1929.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

Gentlemen:

When I look back on my thirty-five years of married life I realize in all sincerity how much Pequot Sheets have meant to me. Being the mother of nine sons, I had to secure sheets that would withstand everything that active boys will do to household furnishings. Especially the acting age! Suddenly, I discovered that I had nine actors—all trying to decorate the barn into a miniature theatre. My fresh laundered Pequot Sheets would become screens, tormentors, and even be part of the wardrobe department. Yet, childish hands failed to destroy the wearing value of Pequot.

Now my boys are grown up and I have three grandchildren. They, too, sometimes test all the economical value in the stout well-woven fabric that covers Young America!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Bernard H. Wickes.

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Letters like this come into our office nearly every day—speaking of years and years of sturdy service from Pequot Sheets. These remarkable spontaneous tributes are like neighborly advice—from every corner of America! You yourself might have asked these fine housekeepers: "Which sheets *wear* best?" Their answer is the same their mothers and grandmothers would have made—"Pequot!"

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass., Parker, Wilder & Co., Sellings Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

THE MOST POPULAR BRAND OF SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES IN AMERICA..THEY WEAR LONGEST!

GROUPINGS FROM AN OLD HOUSE

[*Continued from page 58*]

With its many windows, the dining room is half sun room

makes a pleasing background for the furniture. The yellow chintz overdraperies have a black binding on the edge which successfully links them with the floor covering and the mauve-colored bedspread contrasts delightfully with the blue-green walls and yellow furniture. Lamps, dressing table accessories, small pillows, etc., are all yellow. It is an unusual room but its colors—the blue-green, the yellow and the mauve—are all agreeable.

Blue painted furniture is used in the guest room. Peach-pink appears as the predominating color in chintz draperies, dressing table appointments, the water-bottle set on the night stand, the cushions, bedspreads, and desk equipment. Even the hat stands, shoe trees and suit-case rack, so convenient for the week-end visitor, are a dainty peach-pink. So that even though the furniture is blue all chance of gloom is dispelled.

In a small room where maple furniture has been used the walls are painted yellow. A delightful yellow and blue chintz trimmed with crisp red ruffles is used for both draperies and bedspread. Flower prints are grouped on the wall by the bed and silhouettes flank the old hanging mirror. The floor is bare except for hooked rugs with floral patterns which again brings in the red note. Red pads are tied to two chairs and a plain blue chintz with a yellow cording covers a small armchair.

These brief outlines of each bedroom by no means do justice to the completeness in which the color scheme in each room is carried out. Even the adjoining bathrooms repeat the prevailing color of the communicating bedroom in towels, face cloths, toilet seats, rugs, and curtains, etc. Not only are the color schemes carefully worked out but, as on the lower floor, each group of furniture and each wall has a special treatment.

Not to mention the kitchen would overlook an important part of this well-planned house. The blue and white color scheme is carried out here with the same consistency as that seen in the main part of the house. The walls and woodwork are a warm ivory. The floor is covered with a blue and white tile linoleum and the furniture is painted blue. A stool, a hanging shelf in the breakfast alcove and the frame on the wall clock are red.

White ruffled curtains with blue spots are surmounted by an oilcloth valance with a red and blue floral motif. The oilcloth is also used for pads on the blue benches in the breakfast alcove. The pots and pans are blue and white enamel and red is introduced in the small utensils and mixing bowls. Interesting rough woven linen cloths with red borders are used on the table and the breakfast set is blue willow ware. Four blue plates make a very effective grouping hung on one wall. They are so attractive that it seems surprising that plates and platters with decorative value are not used more often.

Venetian blinds admit light and air to the sleeping porch but insure the privacy needed for a bed placed so close to the window. The gayly flowered quilted spread and full-gathered flounce are dainty touches

The peach-pink draperies with their wide blue ruffles determine the colors for the room which are repeated in the chair cushions and blue-covered arm chair

How CHOCOLATE changes three familiar dishes into three exciting NEW TEMPTATIONS

DO you know that a touch of chocolate can transform familiar bread pudding into a delectable new dessert? That added to waffle ingredients, chocolate creates a brand-new dainty worthy of the praise bestowed on the exquisite delicacies of continental chefs? That marble cake, under the spell of chocolate becomes a *dessert-cake,* so superb that your friends will beg for the priceless secret? If you *don't* know these exciting new facts . . . just try the following recipes!

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE

Follow this new chocolate recipe and you'll turn out a masterpiece with deep brown chocolate patches as rich and tender as devil's food . . . with white areas as feathery-light as sponge cake . . . Enrich it further by a generous layer of creamy chocolate frosting over all. And you've modernized old-time marble cake into a matchless dessert-cake. Decorate it with rosettes of whipped cream, and you've created a *solo* dessert fully qualified for your most elaborate dinner parties.

3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour . . . 2 teaspoons baking powder . . . ½ teaspoon salt . . . ¾ cup butter or other shortening . . . 2 cups sugar . . . ¾ cup milk . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten . . . 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted . . . 4 tablespoons sugar . . . ¼ cup boiling water . . . ½ teaspoon soda.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. To melted chocolate, add sugar and boiling water, stirring until blended. Then add soda and stir until thickened. Cool slightly Add to ½ of batter. Leave other half of batter plain In a greased tube pan put alternate spoonfuls of dark and light mixtures until all is used. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 55 minutes, or until done. Cover with chocolate frosting.

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

Chocolaty, tender, and crisp at one and the same time . . . the lusciousness of these waffles is a new experience in chocolate delicacies. You wouldn't have believed, would you, that your favorite Sunday breakfast waffle, made the chocolate way, becomes a luscious dainty for luncheons and impromptu supper parties . . . an intriguing discovery for hostesses ever on the search for the unusual? But here's the proof.

¾ cup sifted flour . . . 1 teaspoon baking powder . . . ½ teaspoon salt . . . ½ cup butter or other shortening . . . 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted . . . 1 cup sugar . . . 3 eggs, well beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add butter to chocolate and blend. Combine sugar and eggs; add chocolate mixture, beating thoroughly; then add flour and vanilla. Pour batter into well-greased waffle iron, cover, turn flame very low, bake 1½ minutes, turn iron, and bake 1½ minutes on other side. Serve with butter and maple syrup or with creamy sauce. Makes 4 four-section waffles.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

This recipe for bread pudding . . . with its rich chocolate flavor . . . is an invaluable gift to every housewife. Inexpensive, easy to make, delicately rich, it's a dessert your family can enjoy often. And simple, unpretentious bread pudding, treated with chocolate in this inimitable way can hold its own with a score of sophisticated desserts. Try it for tomorrow's dinner.

1½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces . . . 3 cups cold milk . . . 1 cup sugar . . . ½ teaspoon salt . . . 3 eggs, slightly beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 1½ cups ¼-inch cubes stale bread.

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended. Combine sugar, salt, and eggs. Add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla. Place bread in greased baking dish. Pour mixture over it. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Serve hot with hard sauce, or cold with cream. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

For perfect results there's no substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Such perfect desserts are deserving of the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection of flavor. Walter Baker's Chocolate, rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavor that has never been equalled, certainly meets this standard more than satisfactorily.

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GENERAL MOTORS

IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

no place to get a proper night's rest. Nor could Mrs. McNamee stand the strain of meeting her husband and his friends for numerous engagements downtown after studio broadcasting hours and have any reserve left.

I CAME to realize that it simply could not be done," she confessed. "There wasn't room in the same house for two careers. It was either Graham's or mine. If I persisted in giving my work the attention it deserved, my husband and I were going to drift apart. I made my decision and have never regretted it. But when people ask me if I don't regret the time I spent on my music, I answer that I never could have helped my husband in his program work without having had a sound musical education."

For each program that Mr. McNamee puts on the air is first discussed with his wife, and as he rehearses the performance, she works quietly about the apartment, dusting the desk with its red lacquer set, making the curtains with their gay tulip border for the kitchen window, putting the violet taffeta covers on the twin beds, but, as she expressed it, "listening like mad all the time."

Then there are certain Saturday afternoons when her family and intimate friends leave her strictly alone because she must concentrate on listening to three football games at once as they come over the air from the distant college stadiums. "I like to compare Graham's work with that of Bill Mundy and whoever is announcing the other game, to see where he is better or worse than they. I can, oddly enough, be just as detached as if he didn't belong to me."

Mrs. McNamee said that she is always torn two ways when she is invited to go to a big game. "I'm wild to go and have the fun, and it's pretty hard to refuse. But if I go, I miss hearing the broadcast and afterward when the crowd discusses it I miss points." Only once was this difficulty solved. That was on the occasion of the New Year's game in the Leland Stanford stadium two years ago. The broadcasting company arranged that Mrs. McNamee, who accompanied her husband to California, should have a portable radio in the stand.

"They called it portable, but it took two big detectives to carry it and made me feel very important. It was like television. There I sat and watched the game and looked at the gorgeous mountains and heard Graham give the broadcast that made people say he must be trying to sell California real estate! He really is mad over scenery. And I nearly cried because he forgot to put in the definition of Sierra Madre that we had looked up."

Mrs. McNamee's only experience before the microphone was on the occasion when she did some pinch hitting for her famous husband one night in Omaha. They had flown in a big passenger plane from Kansas City. She is enthusiastic over flying. "It is good for us to get way up in the air where we look down and see how small, after all, this world is, over which we break our hearts. On this trip, though, we had a lovely lunch and I ate my cream puff and Graham's too. Then I began to feel queer. I told my husband I thought I was going to be air sick. 'Nothing doing,' he replied unsympathetically. 'Look up. Fix your mind on something else. They are going to take a newsreel picture when we land.' I did look up and I managed to get out of the plane and to take the huge bouquet of roses which someone put in my arms and hold it up in front of my agonized face while they ground out the pictures."

The Omaha appearance was one of those times when the radio announcer has to be in three places at practically the same time. So he sent his wife directly to the broadcasting studio while he looked in on a banquet and an American Legion meeting.

AS MRS. McNAMEE describes it, "The rest of the program was over, the musicians had gone and it was time for Graham to speak and he hadn't come. The air was tense. Millions of people were tuned in waiting to hear his speech. The program director was stalling. Finally someone whispered to me and asked if I couldn't talk until he arrived. At first I thought I couldn't. Then I said I'd try. I would describe our flight. I stepped in front of the microphone and didn't feel nearly the stage fright that I do when I am waiting for Graham to begin a World's Series. I talked as long as I could and was just saying, 'I think that is all I have to say to you,' when I looked up and there stood Graham on the other side of the glass partition where the audience sits!"

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 25*]

preacher and leader, have given him an extraordinary influence far beyond the bounds of his own Church. He is a national figure in America, and a world-figure among the Jewish people. In the sermon here reviewed, Dr. Wise deals with a vital issue now before our age, speaking out of a vast experience as a social student and the clear ethical insight of a spiritual teacher.

"What is wrong with marriage?" Dr. Wise asks. "The answer is that there are many things that are wrong with marriage and no reasoning being should deny or attempt to conceal its failures. Very well, granted its failures! What are the remedies? Will the proposed remedies be corrective? The odd thing is that there is no relation between the difficulties or failures of marriage and the remedies or solutions now offered. It is quite thinkable that men should argue that marriage is a failure and therefore we should abolish it. But it is extraordinary that they should find defects in marriage and that the remedies suggested should have no relation whatever to them.

"What are the remedies proposed? Shall marriage be destroyed? 'No,

[*Continued on page 64*]

little ways to loveliness

Eyes, like mirrors, are strictly useful always, but only ornamental when beautifully framed. A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly applied to the eyelashes every night encourages growth. A little applied to eyebrows with a small brush will keep them shapely and smooth. Do try it. Use a tiny bit to remove any traces of powder when you make up, too.

Skin! What crimes we commit against it every day! Exposing it alternately to heat and cold, to dryness, and to water. Let "Vaseline" Jelly help keep it fine and smooth. Apply it liberally to soothe all irritations such as windburn, sunburn, minor cuts, scratches, and so forth. Helps prevent scars or scaliness. This is such a simple way to give your beauty first-aid, and so safe, too, that you should always have a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly handy.

Lips that are chapped or cracked or disfigured by cold sores need constant applications of "Vaseline" Camphor Ice till they are smooth and charming again. This is a safe, easy way for you to make and keep your lips lovely.

Hands that are busy all day with dishpans and typewriters and golf clubs can be kept lovely as any idler's by massaging with "Vaseline" Jelly and wearing old cotton or silk gloves overnight. Even one such treatment shows results.

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on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says:-

"GREAT thought has been given to making easy the road to Beauty for the busy, modern woman, and what surprises one about the fundamental requirements for lovely hands is their great simplicity. The manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us more improved products all the time. Among these is the new liquid polish that women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"*First*, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure.

"*Second*, the natural gleam lasts for days.

"*Third*, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail.

"*Fourth*, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care which every woman should give her nails is simple. Scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"Cutting the cuticle is a bad habit that tends to make it rough, uneven and brittle. A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands. A bit of cuticle cream or oil should be used on the cuticle every day.

"Exquisite nails show fastidious living. How do yours look?"

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*

Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

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Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from half-moon toward finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under nail tip to enhance the polish.

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THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[*Continued from page 63*]

no,' say our new teachers, 'not quite destroyed—keep the name in any event, and the abolition of the essence of the thing will not be noted nor understood.' That is, legalize hasty, impermanent, irresponsible matings and call them marriage. But such unions are not marriage at all, and to call them by that holy name would alter the fact. Nor would it achieve the end desired. Least of all would it satisfy the seekers after the New Freedom, who want neither law nor risk nor obligation. A companionate marriage is enjoyed, apparently, only because it is not marriage. To legalize such a union would be to introduce the abhorrent element of inhibition and repression, and that would rob it of its joy. Life thus becomes a sex-shopping expedition, an excursion along the primrose path of dalliance without risk or responsibility.

PUT plainly, the thing most objected to and which is really responsible for the entire propaganda today, is the permanence of marriage. Whatever implies permanence must go. Therefore, it is that children must go, or rather that children must not come. Instead of making the coming of a child the consummation and glory of marriage, it makes child-bearing a great terror to be avoided. It invites temporariness, and that is really what is wanted when all the loose thinking is stripped off. Yet, oddly enough, while satisfying the sex instinct, it is proposed to balk the maternal and paternal instinct which is no less serious. Nay, it may be far more serious, since child-bearing is left to the socially less fit and is largely avoided by the more fit.

"To take permanence out of marriage is to change its essence, leaving only its name and some of its outer incidents. Unless the psychology of permanence is retained, the soul of the marriage relation is destroyed. The psychology of permanence is not an incident of but central to the very idea, let alone the ideal, of marriage. It is this sense of permanence that makes men and women consciously face and accept the necessity of self-adjustment and mutual adjustment, and curb an otherwise selfish and exaggerated individualism, which will inevitably mar any human relation. The sense of impermanence makes such self-adjustment or mutual adjustment very much more unlikely."

In his golden little book, *Parent Versus Child*, Dr. Wise shows that tensions and difficulties exist between parents and children, no less than between husbands and wives. In the home, as elsewhere, the generations clash, but we do not remedy the trouble by repudiating our children. No human relation—least of all marriage, which is so intimate and vital, is easy, or free from difficulty. Nor was it meant to be so. Such things are needed for the development of personality and the making of character. Most of our difficulties in marriage, Dr. Wise insists, are due to our own selfishness and lack of inner harmony; and until we learn to live with ourselves and keep the peace, we may not hope to live with another without friction.

SHALL there be divorces?" Dr Wise asks. "Yes, but a divorce in relation to marriage is like a hospital for sick folk, and we do not build a hospital on every street corner. As a Jewish teacher, while I do not rest my case upon sacramental grounds, I yet hold that there are ethical considerations and social implications which are changelessly valid. Among us marriage is not one among many sacraments, but the one and only sacrament, and that may account for the miracle of the preservation of the home as the decisively sustaining factor in the life of the Jewish people. Even though divorce is obtainable, it is rarely resorted to and, singularly enough, is invoked chiefly because of childlessness.

Do You Know
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD THIS MONTH?

Every month in McCall's, five famous critics tell you what they see in the world each lives in

DEEMS TAYLOR
discusses music
HEYWOOD BROUN
writes on the theater
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
takes a look at the movies
VIOLA PARADISE
tells us what's good to read
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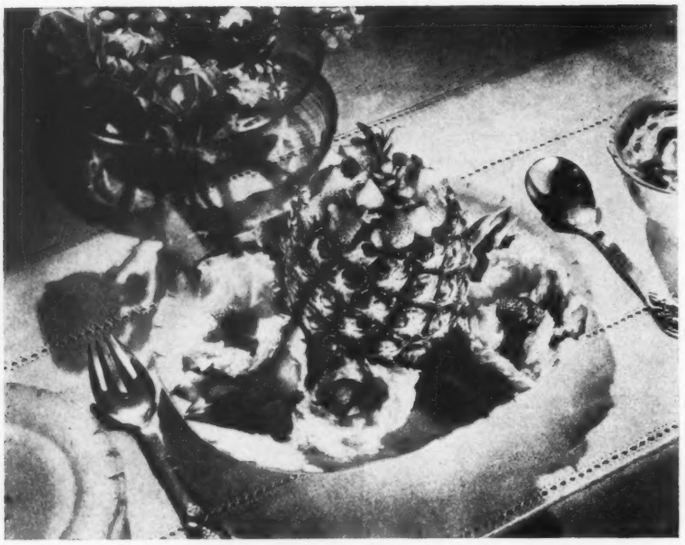

For a luncheon or bridge party this salad is especially attractive. It is made by cutting the top off a fresh pineapple, scooping out the fruit, and mixing it with fresh strawberries

HOSTESS SALADS

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT AND GERTRUDE LYNN

SALAD is another of the unsolved mysteries. You think you have dozens of ideas—until you start to plan a party menu, and then . . . . your mind has become a vacuum . . . . hearts of lettuce with Roquefort dressing . . . . lettuce and tomato . . . . fruit salad . . . . panic seizes you . . . . everybody except *you* can think up interesting food.

But *everyone* suffers as you do. If they didn't, these recipes wouldn't be here now. We gathered them together to save our own nerves in time of stress and now turn them over to you, hoping they will be useful.

Cucumber-Mint Salad

2 tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
4 cups sliced cucumbers
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
½ tablespoon chopped onion
3½ cups water
2 sprays mint, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Cook cucumbers, green pepper, onion, and water together until cucumbers are tender, about 20 minutes. Add mint the last 10 minutes of cooking. Add salt, pepper, and vinegar. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Press through a fine sieve. Pour into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. (A slice of cucumber may be molded in bottom of each mold.) Chill thoroughly. Turn out of molds and serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise and cold cuts of meat.

Filled Pineapple Salad

Select a large ripe pineapple. Remove the green leaves and cut a good sized slice from the top. Scoop out the fruit carefully (a grapefruit knife is good for this purpose), being careful not to break the shell. Mix the fruit with strawberries, cut in pieces, and chill thoroughly. When ready to serve moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Refill pineapple shell and decorate top with a few of the leaves. Place on a platter and garnish with crisp heart leaves of lettuce, whole strawberries, and the pineapple leaves. Serve with Fruit Salad Dressing (mayonnaise dressing mixed with whipped cream).

Orange Jelly Salad

2 pkgs. prepared lemon gelatine
2 cups boiling water
2 cups strained orange juice
1 pkg. cream cheese
½ cup chopped nuts

Dissolve lemon gelatine in boiling water. Add orange juice and stir well. Pour one half of the mixture into a ring mold which has been dipped in cold water, and set it in pan of ice water to stiffen slightly. Soften the cream cheese with a little top milk and form into small balls; roll in chopped nuts. Arrange cheese balls at regular intervals on the gelatine in mold. Add a little more of the gelatine mixture and let stiffen, in order to "anchor" the balls in place. Pour the remaining liquid over them and set aside until firm. Unmold on a bed of tiny crisp lettuce leaves. Fill the center with fresh strawberries or pineapple cut in pieces. Sprinkle with chopped mint. Serve with mayonnaise dressing mixed with whipped cream.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DINNER SALADS

Icy cold sliced tomatoes on crisp watercress, with French dressing to which chopped cucumber has been added.

Endive salad sprinkled with chopped stuffed olives, and served with French dressing made with tarragon vinegar.

Lettuce and asparagus salad with Roquefort dressing.

Small perfect tomatoes, peeled and chilled, filled with crisp shredded cabbage. Serve mayonnaise dressing.

Tender leaves of romaine with radishes and scallions, sliced very thin. French dressing.

Lettuce with sliced cucumbers and French dressing to which tomato catsup has been added.

Young string beans or asparagus tips on crisp lettuce, held together with ring of pimiento. Mayonnaise dressing with chopped mustard pickles added.

Slices of Iceberg lettuce (½-inch thick) with Russian, Roquefort, or highly seasoned French dressing.

Cold cuts with small molds of cucumber-mint jelly

Frozen Fruit Salad

2 teaspoons gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup boiled salad dressing
1 cup heavy cream
1½ cups diced canned pineapple
1½ cups halved ripe strawberries
½ cup maraschino cherries

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve over boiling water. Add to the salad dressing and mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Add the pineapple, strawberries, and minced cherries and mix lightly. Pour into a melon mold, which has been dipped in cold water, and cover tightly. Pack in equal parts of ice and salt for 4 hours. Or put in freezing compartments of refrigerator. Unmold on bed of lettuce hearts. Garnish with pieces of candied pineapple and candied cherries.

Boiled Salad Dressing

½ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 egg
⅔ cup milk
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons butter

Mix mustard, salt, sugar, flour, and paprika together. Add beaten egg and mix well. Add milk and vinegar and cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add butter and cool.

Macedoine Salad

1 cup cooked string beans
1 cup cooked carrots, cut in cubes
1 cup cooked cauliflower, in small pieces
1 cup cooked peas
1 hard cooked egg
1 small green pepper, chopped

Marinate each vegetable separately in French dressing and chill thoroughly. Arrange vegetables in separate nests on crisp lettuce leaves and sprinkle with green pepper. Chop egg, add to dressing with a few drops of onion juice and serve on salad.

Ham Mousse Salad

2 tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
4 cups ground ham
1 cup cream
1/3 cup celery, chopped fine
Few grains paprika
3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add ham, celery, paprika, and parsley. Fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Pack into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill thoroughly. Turn out on a bed of crisp watercress. Garnish with strips of green pepper and pimiento. Serve with highly seasoned French dressing.

For more recipes send postage, two cents, to the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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The recipe book mentioned above is entitled "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." A fine addition to any recipe file. Sent *free* on request, with six other DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. Write today to Dept. 638, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

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In all models, appearance is original and distinctive. And you have almost individual choice of colors at no extra cost.

The usable limit of speed, power and get-away is reached. Women want these qualities "civilized." They want the rawness polished smooth. They want speed with quiet. Power with ease. Get-away that is swift, smooth and noiseless.

The new Super-Six motor is more powerful and economical. Essex requires little gear shifting. Essex brakes answer to a touch. All controls are easy and handy. Gears shift as lightly as a hand gesture. Starter on dash saves scuffing of footwear.

In performance the New Essex Challenger is just as advanced. There is more power. It gives more in every performance range and gives it more smoothly and easily. These extra margins save any sense of effort, mean longer life.

It challenges the attention of all as a brilliantly different car. It challenges the smoothness and comfort of any car. And, in value, it challenges all that motordom offers. The price remains within reach of nearly everyone.

A MOTHER–DAUGHTER PARTY

By VERA HARRISON

THIS is the first of a series of articles on entertaining. A leaflet telling how to word the invitations, where to find the old songs, how to make suitable favors and decorations and also how to adapt this plan to fit any party will be sent on request. Simply send a two cent stamp for postage to the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

A GROUP of senior girls in a middle western high school gave their mothers a most original and charming party in honor of Mother's Day. They wanted to entertain their mothers, but they also wanted their mothers to have a place in the party scheme. So they finally worked out the plan of changing places—the mothers were to come dressed like the daughters and the daughters were to come in the costumes their mothers wore as girls. It was lots of fun and some of the mothers took advantage of the opportunity to give their daughters a sly little object lesson in modern dress. One mother who had frequently protested against the rather artificial cupid's bow her own daughter insisted on painting upon her lips, tripped into the banquet room in her daughter's favorite sports outfit and the identical cupid's bow painted roguishly on her own lips. Mothers laughed until they cried at the spectacles their daughters made in the fascinating costumes of the Gay Nineties. They saw again fitted collars and long, full, ruffled skirts and bustles, the funny over-trimmed hats, feather boas, long-handled parasols, old-fashioned jewelry, pocketbooks that were worn clasped to the belt, monogram-dime bangles worn on a velvet ribbon around the neck and wrist. Dressing the hair was a little difficult for the girls, but many of them found that they could wear the old-fashioned saucer-bang style with false curls pinned on. Others with longer hair managed a pompadour.

But if the mothers were amused at the sight of their own daughters in the costumes they wore long ago, the daughters were equally amused to see their mothers wearing *their* smartest frocks, with all the matching accessories. There was something screamingly funny about Mother wearing her hat off her face far back on her head with the entire forehead bare.

Without letting their mothers know what it was all about, the girls had dragged from attics and storerooms a most amazing collection of Victorian furnishings, and the room where the party was held was a fine reproduction of a parlor of the period. On the walls hung old portraits done in crayon, lithographs, heavily framed, and mottos of "God Bless Our Home" and "Welcome." Heavy Nottingham lace curtains tied back in an elaborate manner hung at the windows. There was even a horsehair sofa and several red plush rocking-chairs, each of which was adorned with crocheted and beribboned "tidies."

One of the girls had found an old oil lamp, tinkling with glass prisms, which was hung from the ceiling. On the piano was a lambrequin, heavy with ball fringe. In one corner of the room was a famous old "whatnot" crowded with ornaments of all kinds, and in the other corner a marble-topped table with heavy legs on which rested an old Bible and a Family Album.

THE banquet table was spread with a creamy linen damask cloth. In the center of the table stood a heavy, pressed-glass bowl filled with fresh flowers. At either side of the centerpiece was a tall green candle in an old, silver candlestick. Midway between the center and the ends of the long table were two bowls of fruit. One of the girls had found an old caster, cleaned it and filled its various bottles with pepper, salt, oil and vinegar. It was an object of great interest to the party. Old-fashioned tall compotes held candies and salted nuts; large, fat sugar bowls held squares of sugar and the celery stood upright in deep glass bowls filled with ice. As much old silver, china and glassware as was available was used, and there were so many interesting tales of, "This was given to me as a wedding present," and "I used this when..." that the table talk and reminiscences were very gay and amusing.

The menu consisted of food favorites of today and yesterday. First, tomato bisque, brought to the table in a large soup tureen with ladle to match, was served in large soup plates. The main dish was delicious roast chicken with bread dressing and roasted

[*Continued on page 102*]

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

For Holiday or Washday!

Whether you want an elaborate salad for entertaining, a wholesome dessert for the everyday meal, or a quick, easy-to-prepare dish for the busy work day, real gelatine—Knox Sparkling Gelatine—will solve your cookery problem.

Do you realize what a really remarkable food Knox Gelatine is? It doesn't have any coloring matter, sugar or flavoring mixed with it, and the beauty about it is that you combine with it your own *real* fruits, vegetables, fish and other daily favorites.

Another thing to consider is that Knox Sparkling Gelatine is most economical—each package will make a dessert for today—a salad for tomorrow—a meat or fish dish for the next day, and still another delicacy for one more meal—six generous servings of each.

Try the recipes given below, then write for the Knox Recipe Books—women prize them very highly for their helpfulness.

FRUIT SALAD SUPREME

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ½ cup cold water · 1 cup boiling water · ¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice · ½ cup sugar · 1½ cups fruit, fresh or canned, cut in small pieces · ½ teaspoonful salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and add boiling water, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and sugar. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit, using cherries, oranges, bananas, or cooked pineapple, alone or in combination. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

LEMON SPONGE OR SNOW PUDDING

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · 1 cup boiling water · ¾ cup sugar · ¼ cup lemon juice · Whites of two eggs · Salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Turn into wet mold. Chill and serve with boiled custard made of yolks of eggs. A very attractive dish may be prepared by coloring half the mixture red.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.
Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is_____

My address is_____

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HAIR LOVELINESS
-begins with the Comb

No matter what else you do to improve the looks of your hair it must be carefully combed.

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Choose your comb critically. An unfinished comb with rough edges will frequently cut or break the hair and injure the scalp.

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Ace Combs are skillfully designed to bring out the loveliness of your hair and to achieve the smartest, most difficult arrangements.

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Moulded from vulcanized hard rubber, with all teeth rounded, regular and parallel, they are unusually durable—and so perfectly polished that not even the slightest roughness remains to catch and cut the hair.

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You will see Ace Combs displayed in cabinets, as illustrated, at your drug store or department store where you may purchase any style or size you fancy.

ACE COMBS

Send for free booklet, "Lovely Hair". It gives valuable information about flaxen hair, chestnut, red, dark and light brown, white and black hair. You will be fascinated with it. Write your name and address plainly in margin below, and mail to M-5

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 20*]

They came into the hunting country, took the first right-hand turn, sailed up a mile-long hill; and the perfectly appointed mansion of Delancy Brook burst upon their view.

The gravel crunched under the tires as they drove up to the portico and stopped; and a Japanese came out and opened the car doors.

Inside the house another Japanese came with cocktails. Seafield ignored his and stood gazing out of the diamond paned windows at a bed of outrageous geraniums.

"THEY hit you in the eye," he remarked. But Speedwith approved.

Brook lugged out a bag of golf clubs and began to swing drivers and brassies over an imaginary tee, testing each club while maintaining a perpetual stream of talk.

"Coming, Stede?" he inquired, pausing on his way out.

"No, thanks."

"See you at lunch, then. Lie down if you feel like it. Any room except mine."

He went away with Tony. Seafield lay back in a leather armchair and picked up one of the Sunday papers. But he dropped it on the rug, turned and rested his cheek against the back of the armchair, and crossed his extended legs. Out of one eye he saw through a window green leaves and grass and sunshine. They blurred. Slowly his eyelids closed.

The noisy return of the golfers aroused him—a service bell ringing; demands for Tamoiya and some "long ones"; a lively chorus of girls' voices from the entrance hall.

As he stood up, a trifle stiff with sleep, a tall, slight girl in vivid white and green sport clothes came in, and beside her trotted Tony Speedwith, all gayety, assiduity, loquacity.

"You don't know Stede Seafield, do you, Clarel?" he buzzed on — "Oh, the deuce you do? Well, where? Certainly I want to know where you met this dramatic crook! When I'm jealous, I'm violent—"

Clarel laughingly shook hands with Seafield, while Tony did a nervous tango around them.

"So nice to see you again," she said; "—stop pulling my jacket, Tony! Have you been golfing, Mr. Seafield?"

"No, I was just sitting here—"

Brook sauntered in between two girls. One was Josephine Moreland and she came quickly toward him before he had quite realized who she was.

"Oh, I didn't know you were to be here," she said. "Mr. Brook just told me. I'm so glad! You remember Miss Eden?"

He shook hands with Florrie.

"Did you settle it with Glitterwitz?" he asked.

"Oh, better than that. Mr. Lester asked Mr. Spandau to find a place for me in No. 1 company and he did!"

"That's jolly," he said; "they'll play out this season and all next."

Josephine lifted an iced glass from a tray near at hand.

"Did you motor out?" he asked her.

She nodded, stepped aside toward the window recess—a frank invitation to privacy—and he moved around the table to rejoin her. "Tony sent his car for us," she explained; and she pushed aside the sprig of mint in her frosty glass and drank.

"You've been out here before?" he inquired, watching her.

"Oh, yes, with Clarel and Tony. But Florrie hasn't. Tony met her at a party last night and so he asked her."

While chatting with her he had opportunity to observe her covertly—her healthy yet slender molding, the thick, glossy brown hair, her dainty sport clothes of cream color and amber-yellow, her slender feet in slim slippers. Her whole person radiated a scented freshness, so that the very vicinity of her seemed cool and crisp.

He hadn't yet placed her, or her beauty, or her unfeigned friendliness—too unstudied, too genuine for him—perhaps for any man.

"What usually do you do out here?" he asked.

"Usually Mr. Brook has a crowd on Sunday—people come and go between the club and the city, and stop here for lunch or tea or dinner. Sometimes they dance or just stroll about; or we bring our bathing suits and have swimming parties in the pool." She indicated the swimming pool outside, and where a cascade of sparkling water splashed into a basin bordered by cedars.

"Of course you swim?" he said.

"Yes. After lunch will you go in?"

He smiled and said he would. She finished the contents of her glass, nibbled the mint, took a bit of ice between her lips and slowly absorbed it, looking happily at him.

Tatsu announced luncheon.

"Will you sit beside me?" she asked in a low voice. "Or, if you want to talk to the others—"

"We'll lunch together," he said, and she turned radiantly beside him to join the others trooping out on the wide veranda, where a round table had been prepared.

Brook and Florrie rose; all strolled out to the lawn. Seafield caught Josephine's hands and drew her to him. The sun fell warm on their faces.

"How is general education coming along?" he inquired lazily, turning to Josephine.

"Mine? Slowly, I'm afraid."

He said: "I think it's progressing swiftly—considering your handicap."

"It isn't quite true, is it," she asked, "that all people are created free and equal?"

"No, it isn't true. It's one of our pet falsehoods." Seafield's expression was whimsical, even mischievous, as he gazed at the girl beside him.

"What's your remedy for the world's unhappiness?" he asked.

AS HE looked at her he thought that something glimmered for an instant in her eyes—a momentary and almost hidden light that kindled and went out in their brown depths, but she did not reply to his question.

He brooded for a while, then, looking down, found those brown eyes fixed on him.

She asked in a low voice, "Is your mind ever haunted, Mr. Seafield?"

He forced a laugh: "No, of course not," he said. "Is yours?"

[*Continued on page 72*]

42,819† Dentists have written for THE BITE TEST

†audited figures as of Feb. 2, 1930

FREE Bite Test prescribes the type of brush which fits your dental curve

UNLESS you know whether your dental curve is **U**, **U**, or **V**, you can expect trouble with your molars (back teeth).

Fifty per cent of all dental distress starts there. Because the very brush, which cleans straight front-teeth perfectly, may only half-reach and half-clean the curved back-teeth. To insure healthy molars, you must have the correct-type brush, scientifically designed for your individual dental curve.

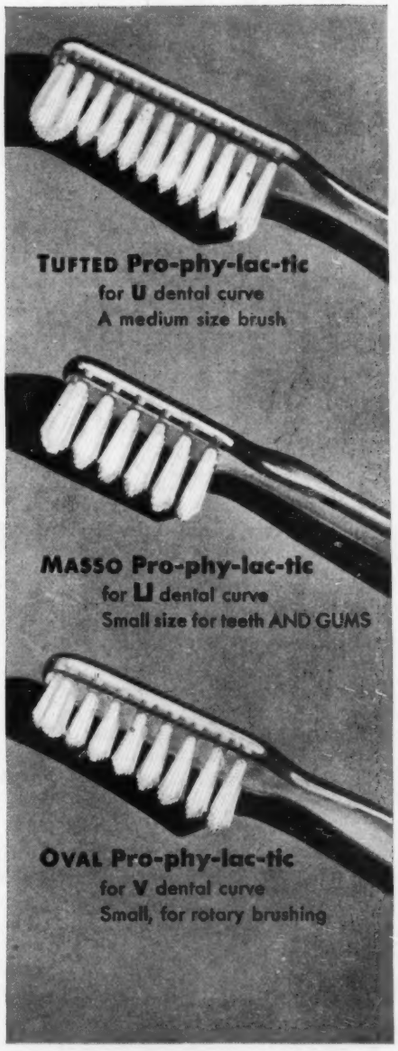
Now, without the bother and cost of molds and plaster casts, there is a 30-second way to find out which curve is yours. A scientific way developed by Pro-phy-lac-tic, tooth brush authorities for forty-two years. It is the new way approved by dentists; 42,819 of them have written us for it.

Step into the store of any modern-minded druggist, who realizes that *one* shape of brush cannot possibly fit *three* different dental curves, and you will see the green Pro-phy-lac-tic display cabinet. Take from it one of the free folders. Bite into the sanitary dental wax. Or send the coupon below for enough Bite Tests for your family, and take the test at home.

Scientifically, you determine your dental curve. Automatically, it selects for you the correct shape of tooth brush to reach and clean thoroughly every surface of every tooth.

All three types of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are today's finest productions of the brush maker's art. The fruit of forty-two years' experience is apparent in the shape, spacing, and unusual resilience of the quality bristle; in the gleaming handles, in the ever-anchored tufts.

Each brush is sterilized, and reaches you untouched by hands, in the clean yellow carton. In all colors and hardnesses, 50c. Youth's brush, 35c. Baby size, 25c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



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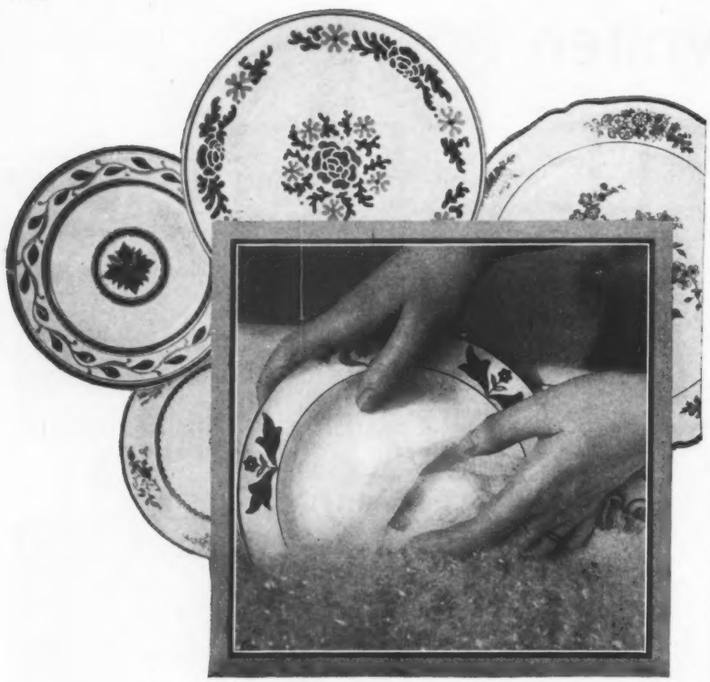

Vogue for Color in Dishes demands Modern Dishwashing

By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

IT'S color everywhere—from fragile imported china in Fifth Avenue shops to the gay cups and saucers at the "five and ten!"

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for.

As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous New York china house of Wm. H. Plummer Co., said:

"We have always warned against harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!"

And in New York's largest museum they are just as careful in washing their priceless old china!

For all china—museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike

Saves colors—saves hands

The gentle Lux suds that modern homemakers everywhere have adopted to save the beauty of fine things save, too, the delicate colors of these new dishes—work the same magic with dishes as with fine fabrics.

If ordinary, coarse soaps dull the beauty of your dishes, think what they do to your hands! And red, rough dishpan hands are so unnecessary.

Washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux gives the hands real beauty care—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

The bland, gentle Lux suds guard the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary, coarse soaps dry up these oils and leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Start today to give your hands *and* your dishes this modern care. It's so wonderfully inexpensive. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX in the Dishpan keeps your hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 70*]

She stooped and broke off the head of a dandelion, and dissected its yellow top.

"The Bible says—'Honor thy father and thy mother'," she murmured. "I was sorry for my father; but—that was all I could feel."

He nodded: "*Absolve te*—And that," he added smilingly, "ends our confessions, little girl."

"It's all I want to tell you now," she murmured.

Clarel Cary, a rose-colored cloak over her bathing suit, came across the lawn followed by Tony, who capered and shouted in anticipation of the coming plunge.

"Aren't you coming, Josie?" he called out.

Florrie, issuing from the house with Brook, both in similar attire, urged the cool delight of the pool, the splashing inflow of which was audible.

Seafield rose and Josephine sprang to her feet. "Shall we go in?" she asked. The shadow had fled from her face; she looked happily at Seafield. "It's a wonderful pool," she added.

"All right; in we go."

Clarel, already poised on the pool's edge for a dive, looked back. "Your bathing suit is in my room, Josie!" she called.

Seafield watched her, balanced, arms high, palms outward; and splash! went Tony; and splash! went Clarel after him.

Florrie cast her cloak upon the grass and stood in the sunshine, her boyish figure revealed.

"I'll race you to the pool," she said to Brook, and was off like an arrow.

Brook calmly sauntered after her.

When later, Seafield came down from the room allotted him; he discovered Josephine awaiting him. A bath wrap of yellow and white enveloped her; her brown locks had disappeared under a tight skull cap of orange color.

And now the excessive purity of every feature in her face was at the mercy of the eye, unsoftened by shadow, unrelieved by the glossy hair.

Every detail of nature's chiseling became pitilessly apparent in the sunshine—outline, curve, skull construction—every contour, every symmetry, every fault.

On the edge of the pool she dropped her wrap, kicked off her crash slippers. "Are you ready?" she asked, ignoring a shower of water directed at her by Tony.

"All ready, Josephine. Say when."

"Now!"

And in they went together.

SEAFIELD was in one of his periodic somber moods and couldn't work; and he told Lester so.

Lester, thoroughly worried, with the end of the season in sight and nothing definite beyond for him, had another interview with Seafield early in June.

"Why in heaven's can't you let me have a synopsis?" he urged. "You could do it in a day, Stede. What's bothering you?" he demanded with privileged intimacy.

"Probably you can guess, Ed."

"Domestic?"

Seafield nodded.

Lester said: "Stede, your business is your own, I know. You've never offered to tell me what the trouble is between you and your wife. Do you think it would help if you did?"

"I've never told anybody," Seafield replied, without turning around. He stood with his hands in his coat pockets, looking out at the sunshine. Then slowly he faced Lester: "—And I never shall."

"There's no reply to that," muttered Lester.

"There could be none, Ed. I'm not ungrateful." Into his Scottish blue eyes came that old, wistful expression, preoccupied, remote.

He walked to the door with his friend, laid one hand on his arm, stood so, silent.

Suddenly Lester took him by the arm and squeezed it.

"What gets me is that I can't do anything," he said savagely. "I'm absolutely helpless. If you'd let me help you fight as one friend for another!"

"There's nothing to fight. There never was. That's the ghastly part!"

FOR nearly twenty years," interrupted Lester, "I've had to stand aside and see something slowly killing you."

"No, I died nineteen years ago—this month. You've been watching my remains, Ed."

After a silence: "I'll ring you up in a day or so," said Seafield. He watched Lester descend; saw Annie Cassidy hand him hat and stick; heard the front door close.

"Annie!" he called over the banisters.

"Yes, Mr. Seafield, sir?"

"Mrs. Seafield will be here at eleven. You need not announce her. Bring her to my study when she arrives."

"Yes, sir," said Annie Cassidy in a hushed voice.

At twenty minutes after eleven, while Seafield was blotting several checks, there came a knock on his study door.

He stood up; turned a haggard face toward the door.

"Come in," he said.

The woman he had married came in. Behind her Annie Cassidy closed the door. She must have been a mere child when he married her. She was still young in appearance, small, very graceful, exquisitely gowned.

A mass of very fine, light blonde hair framed an oval face unmarred by time—a fair, almost girlish face delicately modeled, save for the lips, which were too thick. And in the light blue eyes which seemed bashful, or, perhaps, sensitive to strong light—deep in them under the long lashes, if one could hold them long enough to search—there was something wrong.

When the maid closed the door, Marie Seafield stood, gracefully looking at her husband, one white-gloved hand plucking at the other, her little bag dangling from one wrist, an indefinable expression on her features.

As always, at the first moment of their meetings, a dull flush mounted to Seafield's lean cheeks, and the same swift glint of murder flickered in his eyes, quenched instantly as always, by a sorrow more dreadful still as he looked at her.

He placed an armchair for her; and when she was seated he seated himself again at his desk, turning his chair away to face her. In silence he picked

[*Continued on page 79*]

Oranges

. . . . give Baby daily-needed vitamin "C"

CALIFORNIA Sunkist Orange Juice contains many elements which make it necessary in a baby's balanced diet. One of the most important is scurvy-preventing vitamin "C" for which Sunkist Oranges are among the few important sources. This vitamin cannot be stored in the body over 24 hours, so it is essential that it be replenished *daily*.

Sunkist Oranges are extra-rich, not only in the vitamins but mineral salts as well, all aiding materially in the proper development and growth of baby's body, bones and teeth.

Keep in mind, also, that only *fresh* Orange Juice is so wonderful in its potency. It must be *freshly* extracted; then you know baby is getting everything needed.

In practically no other form can baby secure so appetizingly and completely these important elements. In fact, it is pointed out by science that *fresh Orange Juice and milk* form an almost perfect combination for a baby's balanced diet. Oranges cause a greater retention of milk's minerals, as well as assuring adequate vitamin "C."

When a baby gives indication of malnutrition (listless, fretful, lacking in vitality and under normal weight) *fresh* California Orange Juice will prove very helpful.

Oranges, or *fresh* Orange Juice, are beneficial in preventing many minor ailments of growing childhood. *Fresh* Orange Juice or *fresh* Lemonade are effective correctives of child-types of Acidosis.

The new edition of "Feeding the Child for Health" is mailed free. Send the coupon. It contains important child feeding facts, together with tables for height, weight and growth measurement; also simple recipes for inviting health-building foods.

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Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Guaranteed, neat, strong; only two instantly removable parts to clean under faucet. At your dealer's. Or, for further information, send coupon for *free* copy of the new catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

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Send me FREE, the new booklet, "Feeding the Child for Health." You may also send your new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

Name _____ *Street* _____

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Feathery-light, tender and puffy . . . *this Cheese Omelet which won't collapse!*

Again, Minute Tapioca, the "precision ingredient" assures the just-right appearance ...the just-right texture in a difficult dish.

TENDER yellow fluff, covered with a delicate tissue of crisp brown . . . garnished with bright green parsley. What a color scheme!

"If it tastes and behaves as good as it looks", you'll say, "it's the best cheese omelet I've ever made!"

And it will be!

With this recipe, Minute Tapioca has worked the usual "precision ingredient" wonders. By holding the air bubbles within the omelet mixture, there's not a chance in the world that this melting delicacy will fall while being served. Not a chance in the world for the sad little table joke that "nothing falls so flat as a flat omelet"!

In our recently published Cook Book, you'll learn also how the "precision ingredient" keeps meat loaves from crumbling, moist sandwich fillings from soaking through bread, berry pie juices from bubbling over and ruining crusts. For Minute Tapioca has the sure power to hold the other recipe ingredients together. It insures *accurate, uniform* results, without, in any way, affecting the true flavor of the dish.

"A Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca" . . . full of wonderful modern surprises . . . and FREE!

This new Minute Tapioca Cook Book publishes fifty or more remarkable "precision ingredient" recipes that take the doubt out of all sorts of difficult dishes, and at least fifty sparkling desserts—so irresistibly appealing to grown-ups—so good for children!

Since Minute Tapioca needs no soaking and only a few moments of cooking, you'll find them all quite simple to make. *Fill in this precious coupon today.*

MINUTE TAPIOCA CHEESE OMELET

2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup milk, scalded
4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
1 tablespoon butter, melted
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
4 tablespoons grated cheese

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and pepper to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Remove from fire; add egg yolks and butter. Fold in egg whites and cheese. Pour into hot, buttered 9-inch frying pan and cook over low flame 17 minutes, or until delicate brown. Dry top of omelet in slow oven (275°F.) 5 minutes. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side and serve on hot platter. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6, rather than 4, as usual.

RHUBARB PIE

3½ cups rhubarb, cut in ½-inch pieces
1¼ cups sugar
1 tablespoon water
1½ tablespoons Minute Tapioca

Combine rhubarb, sugar, water, and Minute Tapioca, and let stand 15 minutes, or while pastry is being made. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry rolled to ⅛-inch thickness. Moisten edges of pastry with cold water. Fill pie shell with rhubarb. Adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer, or until rhubarb is tender.

All measurements are level.

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Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook Book.

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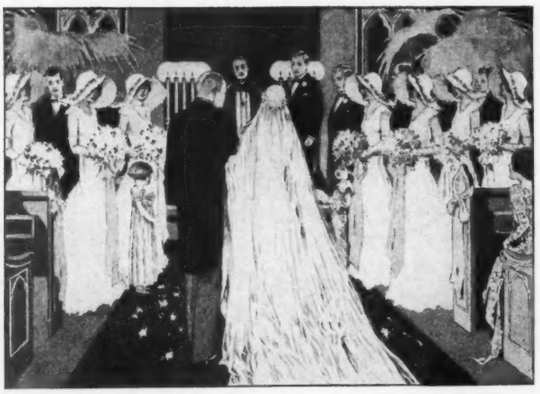


On the right arm of her father, enters the bride

WEDDINGS

Correctly planned, in church or at home

By EMILY POST

BRIDES-TO-BE are studying lists these days, making plans, comparing the charms of a home wedding with the dignity of a church wedding. By this time many of them have chosen their attendants and have even planned the style and color of the bridesmaids' frocks. Mrs. Post's article will help girls who are preparing for the great day to check up on their arrangements. For those who have not made final plans it will serve as a guide in matters of wedding etiquette.—The Editor.

THE correct clothes for the bridegroom, best man and ushers at a big and fashionable church wedding are as follows: cutaway coat, gray striped trousers, stiff white shirt, wing collar, black and white tie, black socks and shoes, white boutonnière, gray suède or white buckskin gloves. Gloves are necessary only with a cutaway or full evening dress. Full evening dress, of course, is never worn except at an evening wedding.

If the wedding is in a church a few green branches arranged as a hedge on the chancel with white flowers for the altar are the only decoration necessary. If possible the wedding march should be played by the organist.

In seating the guests in a church the front pew on the left is occupied by the bride's mother and her immediate family. The aisle seat next to her is left vacant for her husband who will take it as soon as he has given their daughter away. Across the aisle, the bridegroom's parents sit in the front pew with the nearest members of their family.

At a big wedding, guests begin to arrive anywhere from an hour to just before the actual time of the ceremony. Those who wish aisle seats should go early to secure them. Immediate family and most intimate friends do not arrive until almost the time set for the ceremony, but the front pews are always reserved for them, fenced off, usually, by a white satin ribbon.

In the order of procession in a church wedding the clergyman enters from the vestry and takes his place facing the assembled guests. The bridegroom follows the clergyman and stands in front and to the right. The best man follows and stands close behind the groom. The bridal procession starts from the vestibule of the church. The ushers go first, two by two, followed by the bridesmaids, two by two. Then comes the matron or maid of honor, alone, then the flower girl or ring bearer, alone, and finally the bride on the right arm of her father or nearest male relative. If she has no relative, she may choose an elderly friend of her family.

When she reaches the waiting bridegroom, she transfers her bouquet to her left arm and gives him her right. He puts her hand through his left arm and together they stand facing the clergyman. After a church ceremony the bride and bridegroom leave first, then the maid of honor, the bridesmaids, and the ushers.

If there is to be no reception and the wedding is small, the bride and groom and their attendants wait in the vestibule of the church to receive the good wishes of the congregation. When there is a recessional, the groom does not kiss the bride at the altar.

At a home wedding green branches fastened against the mantel or the wall make a charming setting for the ceremony. The bride and groom always receive their friends standing in front of an arranged background. If there is no mantel, a wide strip of wire netting tacked for a screen against a plain wall and completely covered with green branches is suitable and effective. At a house wedding the guests will stand wherever they happen to be on either side of stretched ribbons. These ribbons are tied to standards or held by children at a point near the place where the bride and groom will stand during the ceremony and extending back to a point near the entrance. This makes an aisle for the bridal procession.

IF THE wedding is to be a simple one in a small town or in the country, it is entirely proper for the men to wear dark business suits. Navy blue is preferred, with black shoes and socks, stiff white shirts and navy-blue-and-white ties.

The order of procession in a home wedding is practically the same as in a church wedding. When the bride is ready, the clergyman enters the room where the ceremony is to take place and stands facing the assembled guests. The bridegroom follows the clergyman and the other members of the bridal party proceed as directed in a church wedding.

At a home wedding there is no recessional and the groom kisses the

[*Continued on page 76*]

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WILL you please sign your name on the coupon below? We want to send you a free supply of a remarkable tooth paste whose powers have been proved by dentists times without number.

If your *teeth decay*, if they are *stained and discolored*, if they are threatened with *pyorrhea starting*—you have no time to waste. Your first step in combating these conditions is to remove destructive film from teeth—and you must begin at once. Please write.

This way fights germs that start trouble

What causes decay? *Germs.* Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even "over-brushing," which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

How Pepsodent destroys germs

First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it with complete safety to enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children's teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address, and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

AMOS 'n' ANDY

You will enjoy these inimitable blackface artists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 125, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . **London**, E. C. 3, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3389

Found!

A SIMPLE WAY TO CLEARER, HEALTHIER SKIN

LEARN FROM MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

by Frances Ingram

NO longer do beautiful women doubt that one face cream can be very, very different from all the rest. They have discovered my Milkweed Cream! They know the benefits it brings that other creams cannot!

For Milkweed Cream is much more than a marvelous cleansing cream. It is devoted to keeping the skin healthy. While it is coaxing impurities from the pores, its special toning properties guard the complexion against blemishes, dullness and lines. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, distractingly lovely.

My Milkweed Method is the simplest thing imaginable—just as brief as ordinary cleansing. First examine your skin critically at the six places starred on my famous mannequin; then begin this way.

How to Have Healthier, Lovelier Skin

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream, and following the six starred instructions at the right, pat the cream gently into the skin. Swiftly will your skin improve in health, in freshness, in youth!

- THE FOREHEAD—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- THE EYES—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- THE MOUTH—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- THE THROAT—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- THE NECK—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- THE SHOULDERS—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. C50, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

WEDDINGS

[*Continued from page 74*]

Every guest congratulates the groom and wishes the bride happiness

bride as soon as the clergyman has congratulated them. They then turn where they are standing to receive the wedding guests. The bride is next kissed by her mother and father, then by the groom's mother and father, and then by the other members of the two families, and friends. The bride stands on the groom's right with her attendants in a line on *her* right.

THE bride's mother receives at the entrance to the room, and the groom's mother and father stand near by. The arriving guests shake hands with the receiving parents and then file in line to the bride and groom, congratulating the latter, and wishing the former happiness. They never stay talking long unless no other guests are waiting behind them. Having congratulated the bridal pair, the guests converse with each other, wander over to the table spread with good things to eat, and drink the health of the bride and groom.

The wedding cake is never touched until the bride cuts it. She cuts the first piece and shares it with her husband. After that the guests may cut pieces for themselves.

If there is music for dancing, the bride always dances first with the bridegroom, and then with the groom's attendants, and sometimes with other guests. After dancing for a while she goes to change into her traveling clothes. It is only when she leaves the room to dress that she throws her bouquet to her bridesmaids. Or, if she has none, she throws it to the unmarried girls who stand in a group ready to catch it.

No matter how small your house may be it is always in the very best taste to have whatever reception there may be at home, even though it means that most of the furniture must be cleared from the main rooms of the house. The word "reception" sounds formidable, but it does not need to consist of anything but a gathering of the best friends of the bride and groom in addition to their families.

At an informal afternoon reception a surprising number of people may be accommodated in a fairly small space. They enter, wish the bride and groom happiness, talk to friends for a few minutes and make way for newer arrivals.

Of course, if the wedding is at home, the correct arrangement is to receive in the living room and set an attractive collation in the dining room. The dining table, covered with a white cloth, is decked with white flowers, candles and the wedding cake. There are usually sandwiches—very thin ones filled with delicate meat pastes and the like. There is also tea or coffee and a fruit cup. The simplest possible wedding collation, set on the dining table, would be coffee, sandwiches, orangeade and wedding cake.

If your wedding is at a meal hour, you should, of course, give your guests substantial food. But instead of having a sit-down lunch or dinner for twelve or eighteen or more, you can far more easily provide a buffet breakfast or supper for twice or three times that number. Here are two attractive menus:

(1)

Hot Bouillon, saltines
Chicken or Ham Mousse
Asparagus Salad, French Dressing
Heart-shaped Sandwiches
(Olive, almond and cheese filling)
Frozen Pudding Heart-shaped Cakes
Salted Nuts Bonbons
Coffee

(2)

Chicken Patties
Green Peas Celery Hearts
Hot Parker House Rolls
Biscuit Tortoni Macaroons
Coffee

The bride's family, of course, provide the entire wedding. They pay for invitations and announcements, the organ fee and the fee for heating the church, when the wedding is in church, the collation, the decorations, the flowers for the bridesmaids and usually the bride's bouquet. They arrange conveyance to the church for the bride and themselves and for the return of the bride and bridegroom to the house after the ceremony, and afterwards to their boat or train depot.

THE bridegroom's expenses always include the wedding ring, fee to the clergyman, boutonnières and ties and gloves for the best man and ushers at a fashionable wedding, and the expense of the wedding journey.

When the groom is also to have a wedding ring it is bought by the bride herself and is put on his finger immediately after her own is put on, without any change in ceremony.

Sometimes for personal and family reasons it is easier for the bride to decide that she will "just go and get married" and not have either a church or home wedding. Remember, however, that you can be a real bride only once, so it is often worth the trouble and preparation necessary to preserve the picture of yourself as a bride. In later years the fatigue of preparation will be forgotten, but the actual charm of the ceremony itself will be remembered and cherished.

Keep hair lovely and free of Dandruff

Do you know that women everywhere are including Listerine as part of the once a week shampoo? They have found that it keeps the scalp tingling with health and invigoration. They have found by actual experience how wonderfully effective it is in preventing loose dandruff—and overcoming it once it has started.

Why not try it yourself once a week for a month? The treatment is simple. You merely douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously. Keep the massage up for five or ten minutes at least, moving the scalp forward and backward. Use a little olive oil if the scalp and hair are excessively dry.

Of course, if you have any evidence of dandruff now, it is wise to increase the frequency of the Listerine shampoo. If the case is mild, Listerine usually conquers it within a week. If the case is stubborn, it is sometimes necessary to use Listerine two or three times a week for several weeks.

Listerine first removes and dissolves dandruff, then soothes, cools and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present—and most dermatologists agree that dandruff is caused by germs—Listerine immediately attacks it, because as you know, Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Use LISTERINE
as a Shampoo once a week

It's a new Hurry-up Dessert For Busy Women

A Quick-Setting Gelatin ... 1 HOUR *from package to Table*

Five o'clock Follow directions on package. Pour in metal mould. Set mould on bottom of electric refrigerator. Or set mould in pan and surround with cracked ice.

Prepare it with the rest of the meal
At dessert time it's ready to serve

Six o'clock An hour later it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery. (If chilled in the freezing tray of electric refrigerator, it will set in 20 minutes or less.)

THOUSANDS of women are welcoming this new quick setting gelatin dessert. It's so much faster . . . so much more convenient.

Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert is an entirely new formula recently developed in the laboratories of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

It actually is ready to unmould in half the usual time . . . in some cases taking but 45 minutes—depending, of course, upon the chilling method used. With modern electric refrigeration, the time can be shortened to an hour, or much less.

You prepare it in three minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. It's ready when you want it—at dessert time . . . firmly set, yet tender and quivery.

This new Royal Gelatin Dessert is more than quick setting. It's smoother . . . and far more delicious.

You taste the piquant flavor of strawberries . . . the sharp tang of lemon . . . the succulent orange.

There it is . . . fresh, sun-ripened . . . the natural taste of real fruit to add zest and health to your menu.

The flavors are always full strength . . . true-to-the-fruit. For Royal Gelatin Dessert is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Incorporated.

Doctors say gelatin is one of the most easily digested proteins. For children, it is especially healthful . . . for it contains an element essential to normal growth.

Serve Royal Gelatin Dessert frequently . . . at least once a week. As a salad . . . as a dessert.

There are dozens of ways to vary it. A fluff of whipped cream. A maraschino cherry. Perhaps a garnish of sliced fruit, or nuts.

Try it tonight. Get a package or two at your grocer's. But be sure to ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. In the red box. Otherwise you may not get the quick setting kind.

Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange.

Royal Fruit Dessert

1 package Royal Strawberry Dessert	2 cups boiling water
	2 cups finely crushed ice
1 package Royal Lemon Dessert	Canned strawberries and peaches

Put Royal Gelatin Desserts in a bowl. Add boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add crushed ice. Stir thoroughly until ice melts. Pour into mould and chill. Serve garnished with whole strawberries and peaches.

Other combinations of two or more flavors of Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin make delicious and attractive desserts.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 72*]

up the checks, leaned forward and handed them to her.

"Thank you," she said in a weakly soft voice.

"Marie," he said, "you've lied to me again."

She gazed at him in graceful distress.

"You have not kept your word," he said.

"How—do you know?"

"Because I saw you—both."

She hung her head, twisted the checks between her gloved fingers: "I've tried."

Again, for a second, the deadly glimmer in his eyes; then deathless pity.

"We're both damned," he said. "The difference is that you don't suffer."

She sat very still, caressing the sheaf of checks, occasionally lifting her light blue eyes to look at him.

"Is there anything more you wished to see me about?" he asked.

She spoke, with lowered head, gently ruffling the edges of the checks: "I heard that you were —attentive—to a girl—"

"What girl?"

"I don't know. I heard that you are in love."

"That's a lie, but go on. I suppose you fear I might divorce you. Is that it? Or stop your allowance? Both, probably—you can hear anything here."

"Yes; that's what I heard."

"Well, I shall do neither!" The angry red flushed his lean cheeks again; his hand, idling among pens and pencils on the desk, stiffened; clenched.

"Every year for the last nineteen years you have promised to divorce me," he said. "And every time you've lied. You're safe. So is your allowance. Is that all you had to say to me?"

She nodded, not looking at him. Then, very gracefully, she rose. He opened the door, avoiding contact with her, and rang the service bell. And stood wide of her, somber, preoccupied, as the woman he had married passed out.

ONE evening Clarel returning from business, discovered Josephine writing a French exercise. She was writing fast as though in a hurry and making a great scratching with her pen.

Somebody had been there to tea; that was evident from the littered tea table. Clarel inspected the tray. Not a crumb remained.

"Who?" she inquired.

Josephine scratched away furiously, finished, pushed aside the ink-wet pad, and said: "Who what?"

"Gobbled all the tea and cake?"

"Mr. Seafield and I."

"Oh," said Clarel, impressed.

"I'm going out to dinner with him and I've got to dress," added Josephine, jumping up. "And, Clarel, will you lend me a pair of your chiffon stockings? Mine are full of runs."

"All right."

"Lend me your pearls, dear? Do you mind?"

They were not pearls and Clarel didn't mind. They looked like pearls, however, around Josephine's snowy throat.

Clarel began to laugh: "Does going out with Mr. Seafield really give you such a thrill?"

"Yes; I'm wildly excited."

"Really?"

"Not wildly, perhaps. But I know I'm excited."

"How funny. He's rather old."

"I don't think so."

"He's forty," insisted Clarel.

"I haven't noticed his age," returned Josephine, leaning close to the looking-glass to examine her eyebrows. Then she took a tiny brush and passed it carefully over each delicate, straight brow.

Clarel laughed: "Oh, well—if you don't mind his age! You've been in love twice since we came to New York—you sweet thing!"

JOSEPHINE flushed brightly. "I know it. I enjoyed it. I'm not sorry."

She was rummaging in a drawer for clean white gloves, flinging the soiled and semi-soiled about. She discovered a pair fresh from the cleaner's.

Clarel said: "You got tired of your love attacks mighty quick. One flush—a lot of excitement, and all is over."

"It wasn't love," said Josephine calmly.

"You thought so."

"I didn't think. I didn't know what it was. A girl sometimes feels like being kissed, or is lonely, or doesn't know what she wants. That isn't love but I'm not sorry."

"That's what you always say."

It was one o'clock in the morning when Seafield brought Josephine to the entrance of Grape Vine Lane. No car could enter. He walked with her to the door, fitted her key, told her he'd had a good time, listened similingly to the same assurance from her. That was all—her cool, slender hand offered, retained a moment, firmly responsive to friendly emphasis. That was all—except her unspoiled eyes and mouth uniting in "Good-night!"

He drove over to the garage; took a taxi home. It was nearly two o'clock. But he slept immediately.

Mary Finn brought breakfast. He ate it all. And even while eating, he got hold of a pencil and pad and began to scribble out a synopsis.

When Mary Finn came to remove the tray: "I'm not at home to anyone," he said. "Don't bring me any telephone messages, either. If I want any lunch I'll ring." Thus Seafield, as the tide turned from ebb to flood.

All that gray day of rain his typing filled the room with its rattle. He continued to whistle at intervals. Lunch gave him leisure to proofread and blue-pencil. About nine o'clock that night the clicking of his machine ceased. He gathered the pages together. The job was done.

"Lord," he sighed, stretching his back and both arms. "I'm dead!"

The following morning was one of dissolving golden fog; of a hazy glory slowly burning, slowly turning all to a topaz haze.

When Lester arrived, Seafield was whistling "Dinah" under his breath and binding the carbon of his synopsis.

"All done but the pink ribbon, Ed," he said gayly. "How are you, old fellow?"

"It's beginning to break my way, Stede. Now, what do you think of this bit of blind luck! That little pest, Tony Speedwith—buzzing little pest! well, he's been bothering me about a girl—you know—perhaps you remember that he brought her up to Brook's place Sunday—that's so—you weren't there—however, Tony and friend girl turned up for lunch—"

[*Continued on page 80*]

The Saline Springs of Youth Eternal

How the saline method brings youth and health to modern women

Neglect not your creams and your cosmetics—your powders and your lotions. Avail yourself of every artifice to enhance your beauty and to increase your charm. But never, *never* forget that true beauty—radiant, glowing loveliness—comes only from within.

For, without internal cleanliness, beauty is marred—the eye is clouded and the cheek is dulled. But, with the famous saline laxative, Sal Hepatica, you have the safe, sure way to sparkling radiance and a blemish-free complexion.

Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally. It banishes the poisons that dim your lustre. It brings freshness and clarity of skin to all who drink it.

Physicians here and abroad have long advocated the saline method. Regularly do they send their patients to the famous spas of Europe to partake daily of the health-giving waters. Thus, by ridding themselves of constipation, the fashionable women of Europe regain health, beauty and youth.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the European spas and, like them, cleanses the system thoroughly of the poisons of congestion. With Sal Hepatica's gentle aid, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication are relieved. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely indeed does it fail to work within 30 minutes. Get a bottle today. See how this treatment can improve your complexion.

Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin, how it helps relieve many ills.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ *and* $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

©1930

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-50
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

As long as you guard the true beauty of color in dainty frocks, they add allure.

A simple sports costume, like this rose-striped sweater, makes a girl charming when its color is fresh, alive!

ELINOR GLYN

ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT in Dress?"

ELINOR GLYN

"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret... men overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular."

GLADYS M———

WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls—wives, too—have asked me this, and the answer is very simple.

Men are drab looking creatures themselves, Gladys, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes women wear. Ask any man to describe a girl's dress—he speaks of the color!

Shouldn't we play up to this, girls? There are two simple rules to follow:

FIRST, select the colors most becoming to you . . .

THEN, keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm.

Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill — means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always. There is a very simple, sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure. Anything safe in water alone is just as safe in Lux.

And in Your Home

Make your home a charming, attractive setting for YOU.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as when they are new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for remember, men love color.

ELINOR GLYN

Washed 10 times in ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded...the allure of color lost.

Luxed 10 times, color unfaded, "live," vibrant, all the magnetism of color retained.

If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX**

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN

[*Continued from page 79*]

He lit a cigarette, blew a cloud into the sunshine, leaned toward Seafield, and shot his bomb:

"Well, I broke it to her. She took it submissively. But there was something about her stillness—and something in her eyes. And after I'd pulled the same old stuff and it was all off, Stede, I had a hunch.

"A hunch," repeated Lester. "Why? Heavens knows. She's a dumb-bell to look at. She doesn't know anything. Why the hunch? I took a couple of hours off at golf. Then I took a swim. She went in, too. Featureless as a china plate. But would you believe it—the hunch again!—strong, warning, hitting me like a hammer. And, oh, Lordy, but she's thin!

"I said to her before I left: 'Come to my office after eleven tomorrow.'

"'I was coming anyway,' she said. Just like that! What do you know about it, Stede?"

Seafield, interested, smiling, awaited the dénouement. Lester threw away his cigarette, got up and walked about the room.

"The girl is a perfect dumb-bell," he said, "but not a born one. I'm going to make something of her. I dared not ignore a hunch. I'm a frightful ass or I'm a genius. Why, the girl doesn't even know how to sit down! That omnipresent grasshopper, Tony, came leaping over to thank me—as though I run a free school to please him!"

"He's interested in Clarel Cary," remarked Seafield.

"So I hear. I don't care—as long as she works, and works *hard.*"

WONDERFUL!" For nearly a year now, that had been Josephine Moreland's persistent comment upon life.

Everything was wonderful, marvelous—the lights, the noise, the laughter, the city's midday glitter, the nightly flare, crowds, crush of traffic, clatter and bustle in cafe and restaurant, the lilt and rhythm of the dance, the show's illusion—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!

On a night in June she was seated among comrades at a restaurant table in the Village; and, having danced, was watching the dancing and getting cool with fan and orangeade. Florrie was there—her show having closed for the season—and under the protection of Lester, she snapped her manicured fingers at Spandau and Glitterwitz and was having a splendid time.

Clarel was there, too, rising occasionally from the table to dance with Tony Speedwith. But she seemed languid and tired from the new course of discipline, pitilessly administered by Lester. His severity alternately bored and thrilled her and always left her limp.

It was to Randolph Gray, a youthful Wall Street crony of Tony's, that Josephine listened and replied over her shoulder and plied her plumy fan and drank the frosty, orange-tinted beverage which was crammed full of fruit and ice.

At times she danced with him, then, impartially, with Tony and the others.

"What changed you so suddenly, Josephine?" Ranny was asking.

"I don't know. Familiarity, perhaps." She waved her fan serenely, watching Clarel and Tony on the floor.

The Gray boy leaned nearer: "You did love me, for a moment, Josephine—once upon a time."

"No."

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know. The confusion—brightness of everything, I guess—the excitement of it all—novelty of happiness, I think—and friends, everywhere, where I had had none—" She looked at him over her shoulder, shyly: "It happened to be you, Ranny. That's all."

The boy was hurt. He began with dignity: "Josephine, I had every right to suppose—"

"You have no rights in regard to me, Ranny. You never had. Please don't be cross."

"After what has happened—"

"I'm not to be interfered with, please," she concluded gayly.

"Do you mean that love—"

LOVE? Love!" she repeated with pretty impatience. "Is it more than a moment's confused and unconsidered kindness—an impulse of friendship at loss for expression—a caress given—forgiven?" Her words were light

He demanded hotly: "Is that all love means to you?"

"Once," she said, "it meant horror."

"What!"

"Have you ever lived on a farm—ever lived in a village—ever worked in a mill?"

"I don't know what you mean," he said sullenly.

"I do. But you were so sweet, so kind, so gentle with me—It was all so unreal. I am not sorry, Ranny."

His intense face was close to her glossy hair, now. The boy's entire frame trembled: "Would—would you marry me?"

She turned and looked at him in blank surprise: "What for?" she asked.

The color subsided in her cheeks; she smiled at him. "When I tell you I don't want to love you," she explained, tenderly amused. But his face darkened.

"You refuse to marry me?" he demanded gloomily.

"Certainly."

He drew a long breath, his eyes narrowing.

"There is another man," he said, as if that were the only reason.

"Well, there are other men in the world, Ranny."

"One, I mean."

"Which?" she asked, still frankly amused.

"Will you swear to me that there is no other man in your life, Josephine?" pleaded the boy. "Give me that much consolation."

"I'm sorry; I can't—"

He colored violently. "Who is he?"

"Let me see. There's a Mr. Stanhope, a Mr. Seafield, you, Tony, Mr. Lester, Mr. Brook—and every man I've ever met. They're all in my life, you know."

"Are you in love with any man?" he insisted passionately.

"No. I don't want to love anybody," she tried to explain. "I only wish for friends. Don't be angry. You are like other men. I understand—you want love. I'm sorry. Please be pleasant. I would like to dance this dance with you if you'll let me."

"You refuse me!" he demanded, incredulously.

"Yes, but very kindly, Ranny."

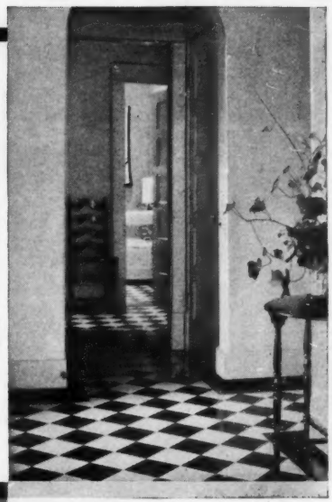
Her persistently friendly voice ceased abruptly; her eyes had discovered Seafield . . . .

[*Concluded in* JUNE McCALL'S]

reducing the care of your floors

an entirely new method that keeps floors clean, polished, protected — without scrubbing and without slipperiness

■ a free 25c sample to begin



A woman wrote a letter to an editor saying that the varnish on her floors was showing wear in certain places. Could it be prevented? The editor printed an article on the subject.

Other women wrote and said that scrubbing linoleum was taking the life out of it. Yet they couldn't keep it clean otherwise. What did the Institute think about that?

Other women observed that oil on floors made them sticky. After a few oilings, dirt and dust settled into the film and could only be removed by scrubbing. Could the Institute suggest a remedy?

the remedy—

"Don't scrub your floors," the Household Institutes say (—and who wants to?). "It damages them. Wherever they are soiled, use Liquid Wax as a cleaner. Wipe over it with a few clean rags and you'll pick up the dirt without leaving a sticky film for dust to cling to."

If you want to prevent wear on varnish and linoleum, see that your cleaning cabinet contains an Electric Polisher. If you don't want to buy one right away, at least rent one at slight cost from one of the stores in your neighborhood and give your floors a protective wax polishing. It's no effort to run—the machine runs itself—and once a month is plenty.

Remember—you are doing this as a remedy for certain "troubles." BUT—after your first waxing, you will also notice an amazing transformation. The floor apparently comes to life. Almost better than new—because the effect of wax is to mellow and enrich anything it touches.

You will discover a new depth to your floors, as though you were seeing deep into the grain of the wood and the pattern of your fine linoleum. Not just one dimension, but two.

here's the way to try it—

If it sounds new to *you*, don't give it up for that reason! Try it. Millions of women are using this method and they know—as you will—that their floors were never so beautiful or so simple to take care of.

Beautiful floors. Yes, really. Just send the coupon at the opposite side for a free 25c can of Johnson's Wax, and have them—in your home—now.

The complete household floor equipment—Johnson's Wax, Lamb's Wool Mop for applying, Electric Polisher.

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This treatment applies to all floors—wood, linoleum, composition, tile, etc., varnished, painted, lacquered or shellaced.

1 Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. No scrubbing.

2 Wipe up liquid solution with clean rags. All dirt and dust come with it.

3 Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month or two will keep floors in perfect condition.

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Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

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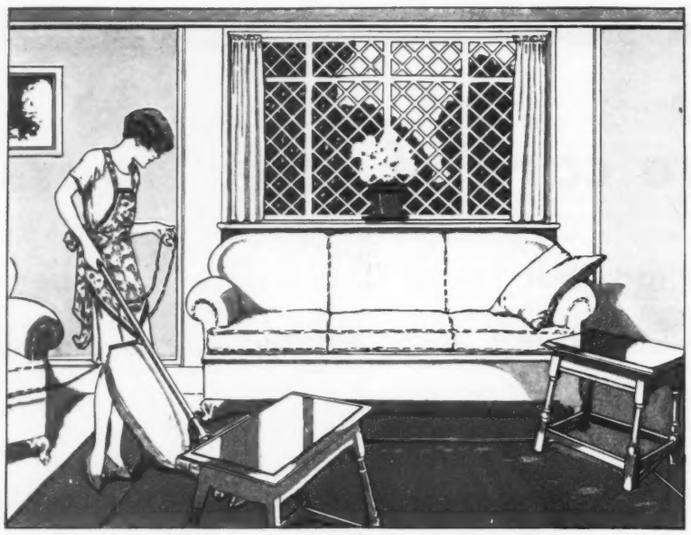

If you want to clean your rug thoroughly, getting out all the deep-down dirt, move the vacuum cleaner around slowly. A rapid pace gathers up surface dust only

HELPERS FOR EVERYDAY CLEANING

By GRACE STOCKWELL

FORTUNATE the woman whose house is supplied with plenty of electric outlets: she has servants galore ready to enter her employ. Silent servants, tireless servants, servants whose faithfulness never fails. Of course, they're electric.

This, the first of a series on electrical devices, outlines the latest developments in vacuum cleaners. Later stories will discuss table equipment, bathroom conveniences, irons and ironing, lamps, refrigerators and other modern household devices.—*The Editors.*

YOUNG Nancy has a gift. She can take the dullest routine job and put color and interest into it—partly because her common-sense has taught her to let modern devices work for her, and partly because her imagination runs ahead, showing her how the finished job will look.

I've always liked to watch her work. Her movements have that beauty and grace which come naturally to skilled workers. And now that she's so soon to be married, she has an added radiance as she dashes around getting everything ready for her new home.

Last week she came in to ask me to go shopping with her. She had a check which an uncle had sent her, and she wanted my advice about spending it. She had decided to use it for the things that would keep her house clean.

"I want to start *right*," Nancy said. "I want to be a *good* housekeeper for Jim. He'd hate a slovenly house, and so would I. In our house every nook and corner and top closet shelf are going to be *clean*."

I looked at the size of the check—and I looked ahead with Nancy, and saw her small house furnished with its pretty new things. And then I said: "First of all we'll buy a vacuum cleaner. And after that, we'll see."

We'd shop around, I decided, and look at half a dozen different makes before Nancy made up her mind. It's a shrewd mind, and I knew she could be trusted to pick out the one cleaner that was best suited to her particular needs.

We looked first at some straight-air and suction cleaners. Nancy snapped on a switch and ran the cleaner back and forth along the rug as swiftly as she could.

"That isn't the way to clean a rug," I told her. "Look . . . . do it slowly. Give the cleaner a chance to get up all the deep-down dirt and to swallow it before you move it along. Of course, you can use a cleaner for a hurry-up surface sweeping; but if you want to get out *all* the dirt, it's much wiser to move it slowly."

"I see," Nancy said. "*I* was doing the work—instead of letting the machine do it." She picked up the handle again and guided the cleaner slowly across the rug. "It knows its job," she agreed, after a few moments, "I feel quite unnecessary."

AFTER we'd carefully inspected both the large and medium-sized models, we looked at the small hand models which are becoming so popular with all the women who won't—for one reason or another—use attachments. (Attachments *are* useful things, but it is a fact that some large manufacturers of vacuum cleaners are making their newest models without attachments.) These small cleaners are light and well-balanced so that they're wonderfully easy to handle. They come equipped with long cords which reach from one room to the next. Although they are primarily built for cleaning, some models have hair-drying attachments, and some have attachments for spraying disinfectants and deodorants.

"I want one," Nancy said, "to use on our big upholstered chair, and on our new mattresses. I don't see why I couldn't dust practically everything with it, even Jim's overcoat."

"It's too bad you haven't a stairway," I said. "These small cleaners are particularly handy for stairways. And for automobile upholstery, too."

She looked at the price tag. "Mother has a stairway . . . a long winding stairway with a carpet that shows every footprint. And Dad has a new car that's the pride and joy of his heart . . . . They're having an anniversary next week! Why don't I send them one?"

Nancy would have spent all of her check that minute if I had let her. But I dragged her away and took her to see a cleaner with a motor-driven brush. After she had tried it on a rug, I asked the demonstrator to attach the floor polisher accessory. This floor polisher replaces the revolving brush used for sweeping. It can be attached easily and will polish waxed floors—wood, tile, or linoleum—very efficiently. While the cleaner is being used for polishing, the dust bag can be removed and a metal cap placed over the opening in the machine. This does away with the possibility of any stray scraps of wax finding their way into the dust bag.

These small cleaners are handy for stairways

NANCY held the handle while the polisher polished—and then she wanted to know if she could clean bare floors with a vacuum cleaner before she polished them. I told her she could. I told her that all electric cleaners pick up dirt and lint from a hard surface even faster than they do from a rug. In small city apartments, a vacuum cleaner can solve the problem of where to shake a very dusty mop. And in country and beach homes, where children and all the rest of us track in so much dirt and sand, vacuum-cleaning the floors is a sure and simple way to pick up every particle of grit. Most of the new cleaners have adjustable nozzles which can be lowered for floor cleaning, and then raised again to the proper height for the thickness of the rug you want to clean.

Nancy was particularly interested in the electric polisher because her house has several hardwood floors and two of her rooms are covered with new linoleum.

"Wait until you see how pretty our linoleum is," she told me. "Jim and I shopped for it together, and there were so many fascinating designs and colorings that we looked for a whole afternoon before we decided on the two patterns that seemed to belong absolutely to us. The pattern we chose for the kitchen has a soft green background that will make the room *look* cool even on the hottest day in August. And the sun room floor is exactly like tile with a lot of gorgeous colors in it. I can't describe it. You'll have to see it to appreciate its charms.

"We bought really good linoleum," she went on. "It is given a special new lacquer finish at the factory to protect it from wear and to make it easy to clean. We had it cemented over a layer of felt which adds to its life, as well as making it easy to walk on. With felt underneath, and lacquer on top, my linoleum ought to keep in perfect condition."

"Did they tell you at the store to wax your linoleum?" I asked.

"They said it wouldn't need waxing, unless heavy traffic wore off the finish in places. Then I could re-lacquer it or commence to wax it."

"Before you start waxing either your linoleum or your wood floors let me give you a word of warning," I said. "Apply the wax sparingly, and then let it dry thoroughly before you polish it. Too much wax makes a floor gummy. A little wax and plenty of polishing gives a beautiful finish."

Nancy promised to remember my hints . . . . And then we went to look at a [*Turn to page 136*]

Look through glass dishpans

These actual color photographs* prove Super Suds gives *instant lasting* suds

See how this new bead soap floods the water with suds clear down to the bottom of the pan—cuts dishwashing time in half

←*At Left* ***Bead soap in action***

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips ***At Right→***

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

DON'T wash dishes again until you've studied these photographs. The first photographs ever made of dishwashing soaps at work!

They show you how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. Down where the dishes are really washed. Notice (on the right) the gummy bunches of flakes that can't keep dishwater from getting greasy, can't give you their full cleansing power, because they're only half dissolved. While every bead of Super Suds has dissolved instantly . . . flooding every drop of water with rich, creamy, lasting suds.

Far faster than chip soap

Now see (at the left) how Super Suds' instant and complete dissolving saves your time. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Totally new form of soap

Super Suds washes dishes faster, easier—because it's an utterly different *form* of soap. It's tiny, hollow "beads," made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Hence they dissolve instantly—completely. They flood the water in your dishpan with quick, rich, lasting suds, exactly as in the dishpan photographed at your left.

Don't let slow-dissolving chip soap slow up your dishwashing any longer. Get Super Suds from your grocer today.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds were placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5302

All wrapped up and ready to send.. *a gift that will save* half *your washday work!*

HERE'S a package for you. We're only waiting for your name and address, so mail us the coupon—quick! You'll welcome this gift, for La France cuts washday work in half. Dissolves grease and dirt—*no hard rubbing! And blues as it cleans!*

Amazing, you'll say, when you try it. Simply use La France with your regular soap. It will quickly and thoroughly soak away the grease and dirt—*and blue your clothes perfectly, at the same time!* No spots, no streaks.

If you use a washing machine, you needn't run it so long! You'll have your clothes on the line with half the work and they'll look cleaner, whiter, fresher than they've ever looked before!

La France not only brings help to the family wash, but to the washing of all your fine linens and lingerie. You can trust the most delicate colors to La France—it won't harm them. It merely freshens their tints! Use La France for white silks—it prevents yellowing. Use La France for anything that water won't harm. Because of its mildness it won't—can't—harm the daintiest fabrics—can't harm your hands.

Send for your free sample of La France, today. You'll find it is enough for your family wash—enough to prove to you that La France really does just what we say!

Try* Satina *for easier ironing

With this sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to boiling starch, and starch clothes as usual. Satina prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer.

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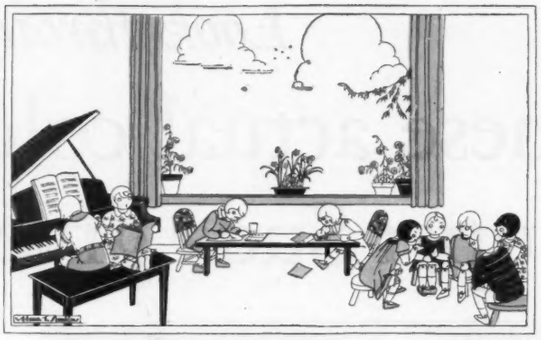
(Print name and address—fill in completely)
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario



He has a chance to express himself at handwork of all sorts: painting, drawing, music, and story telling

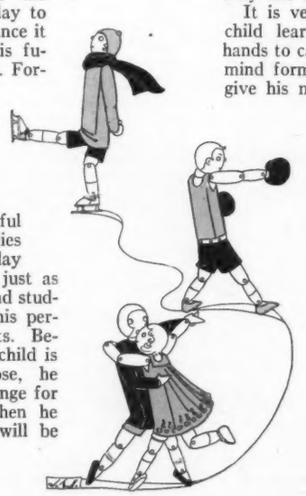
THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

By Lila Kline and Elizabeth Dexter

JUST before schooldays comes a period when the child is no longer a baby, yet is not old enough to be responsible for his own activity for long at a time. This is the period when the child's personality is shaped and developed more than during all the rest of his life. When he is denied what he wants, he shrieks with rage; when the attention he craves is turned on his brother or sister, his jealousy flares; when punished, he reacts momentarily with hate, and when his mother caresses him, there is no mistaking the love he gives in exchange.

Mothers often fail to realize to what an extent they direct their children's interests during the pre-school period. Even if no conscious effort is made, the child's reactions continue. He is influenced by the activity of those about him, and through the resources of his play and associates his own interests and tendencies are formed.

Few people realize the full significance of play to a child or the importance it has in determining his future life and interests. Formerly play and recreation were considered chiefly as methods of keeping a child out of mischief until old enough to engage in some useful activity. Recent studies have shown that play for a young child is just as important as school and studies later in molding his personality and interests. Because no action of a child is without some purpose, he should have a wide range for expressing himself when he is at play. Then it will be possible for his parents to observe and note what his capacities and potentialities are. The child should have freedom to explore and be noisy and express himself to his heart's content within his own province. Every child should have a room of his own, or a corner he can call his own. Here are his own toys, some rough furniture he cannot injure, and, above all, freedom to do as he pleases. Such a domain helps the child to become independent and resourceful. He takes pride in his work and wants to grow up so that he can accomplish even more important things.



Children should learn to skate and swim, to box and dance

Games and play activity for children are too often given casual consideration or left to the circumstances of gifts by fond relatives and friends. Just as movies tend to take away from children the necessity for thinking up amusements for themselves, so modern games and toys too often have the same rather stultifying results. Parents wonder why their children tire so quickly of their toys and look about for other amusement. They do not realize that the child is much happier when his own resources are called into play. Small children should be furnished with such materials as paper, pencils, crayons, pictures, blunt scissors, blocks of all sizes and shape, sandpiles, shovels, and paste. Later they should have tool kits, construction sets, small cooking utensils, cookbooks, cloth, sewing kit, paints, clay for modeling, and any other material which will help them find out what they like and can do best.

It is very important that a child learn early to use his hands to carry out the ideas his mind formulates, and, also, to give his mind an incentive to develop ideas. The hands act as balance wheels. They keep the individual poised, with his feet on the ground. The greater the correlation between the activity of the mind and the dexterity of the hands, the greater a person's balance and poise.

Playmates are the most important factors in helping a child to learn the primary laws of group life. An only child is much more likely to live a poorly adjusted and unhappy life than the child from a large family.

Group games are important. They teach a child to lose with good spirit as well as to win, and they teach him the satisfactions to be gained from being a well-fitting part instead of the whole picture. Children should learn to skate and swim, to play most of the seasonal games, to box and dance, to play out of doors in all kinds of

[*Continued on page 86*]

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous even under the closest fitting gowns?

The lasting softness of Kotex; the fact that it deodorizes; the way it absorbs so quickly and so thoroughly are other reasons you will prefer this sanitary protection.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. That is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft--a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge, or twist about because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so exceptionally comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material used today by 85% of the leading hospitals of America. Cellucotton is a cellulose substance that performs the same functions as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

Cellucotton is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers, each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers take the moisture quickly away from the surface. That's why Kotex stays comfortable for so long a time in contrast to ordinary pads.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex, too: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you the security and safety so very important to perfect ease of mind.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

4 ***In hospitals...*** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Leading Doctors Recommend Karo for Growing Children

LEADING doctors, interested in the welfare of children, recommend delicious Karo as the *ideal* energy food for growing children—because it is so easily digested, and supplies *quickly* the energy growing children need daily. Karo, these doctors have found, does not cause a child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets.

There are 120 calories per ounce in Karo—almost twice the energy value of eggs and lean beef, weight for weight.

The mother of the large family finds Karo very economical, too—costing much less than many other staple foods. Serve plenty of Karo; keep the children strong, healthy and happy.

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

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Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

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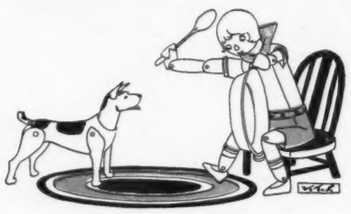
THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

[*Continued from page 84*]



The child should have freedom to be noisy and express himself to his heart's content

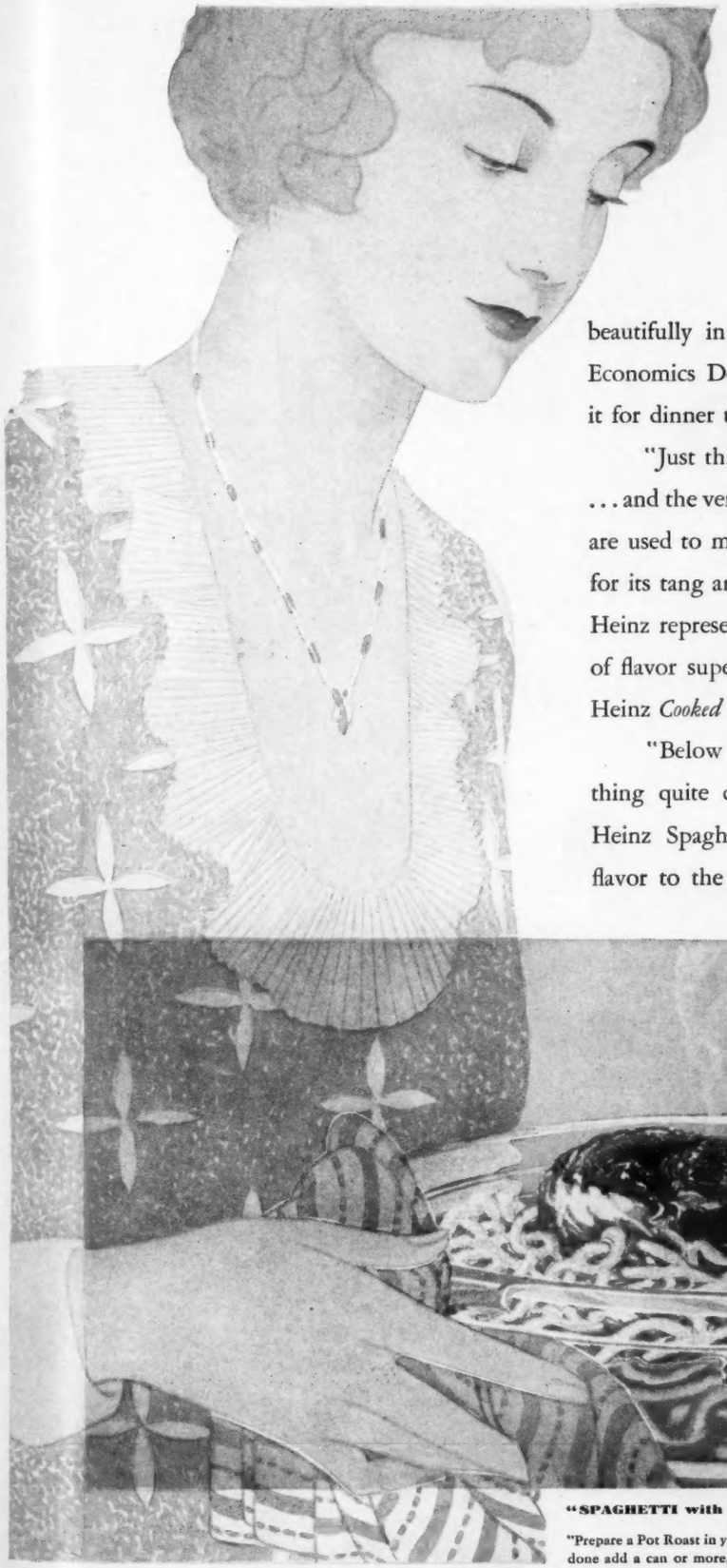
weather. The joy of achievement and what they learn about living will be greater than they can secure from any text books. The child who early learns to live in the open, to stand rough weather, to sleep on the ground, cook over a camp fire, to fish and swim and row a boat, to know birds and trees and wild flowers, will continue to be the one who is alive and full of hope, who achieves his measure of happiness all through life.

SINCE very young children need a lot of supervision, it is difficult for most parents to find a way of leaving them alone for long periods. And playmates for the pre-school child, as a rule, are not plentiful. For this reason the nursery school has recently been developed to help mothers understand their children better, and to help the child develop self-reliance. There are several nursery schools in large cities and more are being established each year. The children are in school from nine until three; they have their lunches and rest hours there. The schools are fitted out with everything a child needs from small lavatories, low mirrors, and small basins to small beds, low chairs, and well-fitted play rooms. The interests the child displays are carefully observed. He has a chance to express himself at handwork of all sorts, painting, drawing, music, story telling, etc. His capacities are discovered and he is given just enough supervision.

The following case is an example of an only child who was desperately in need of help by the time he reached kindergarten, whereas an earlier group adjustment might have helped him. A certain child guidance clinic was consulted about Jack, aged six years, because his mother insisted that he be permitted to return to kindergarten from the first grade. His mother said he was crying himself to sleep every night, was making himself ill because he disliked his first grade teacher. The clinic had some difficulty in examining Jack because he wanted his mother with him and wailed whenever she attempted to leave him. The test showed that he had superior ability and that he should be doing first grade work. The conversation later with his mother revealed the fact that Jack was running the household and both of his parents to a remarkable degree. His mother had given up going out at night as Jack would awaken and cry so hard that she was afraid to leave him. She was afraid to trust him to a maid during the day lest he get into mischief or play with matches. She had tried sending him to kindergarten early but he cried so much that she took him out until the following year. They had moved recently into a new neighborhood and Jack had been too timid to venture out since they moved. Yet, despite all the danger signals he was displaying, his mother was going ahead blindly, even willing that he should lose a year in school if it would keep him from crying. This child was using the most infantile methods to gain his own ends. His parents were ready to do his slightest bidding, in fact, were afraid not to; yet his emotional life was so blocked that he had no interest in achievement, no desire for playmates. He desired only to remain a baby and to receive the attention of his parents, especially his mother.

IT IS well known that the most important element in any child's life is his relationship to his parents, but the dangers lying in too constant a relationship between mother and child are not so well recognized. No force of circumstance should be permitted to keep a child in the company of his mother during all his waking hours. When nursery schools and maids are out of the question, a mother should find some means of helping a child to build up a life apart from her own. She should recognize the necessity of developing interests outside of the home for herself. The child should become accustomed to having her absent from him for several hours every day. Such a habit should be well established before the child starts to school. If it is established life will be a much simpler problem for the small mind to cope with. During this pre-school period when his emotional life can most easily be molded a child has real need of his parents' understanding.

When he is denied what he wants, he shrieks with rage

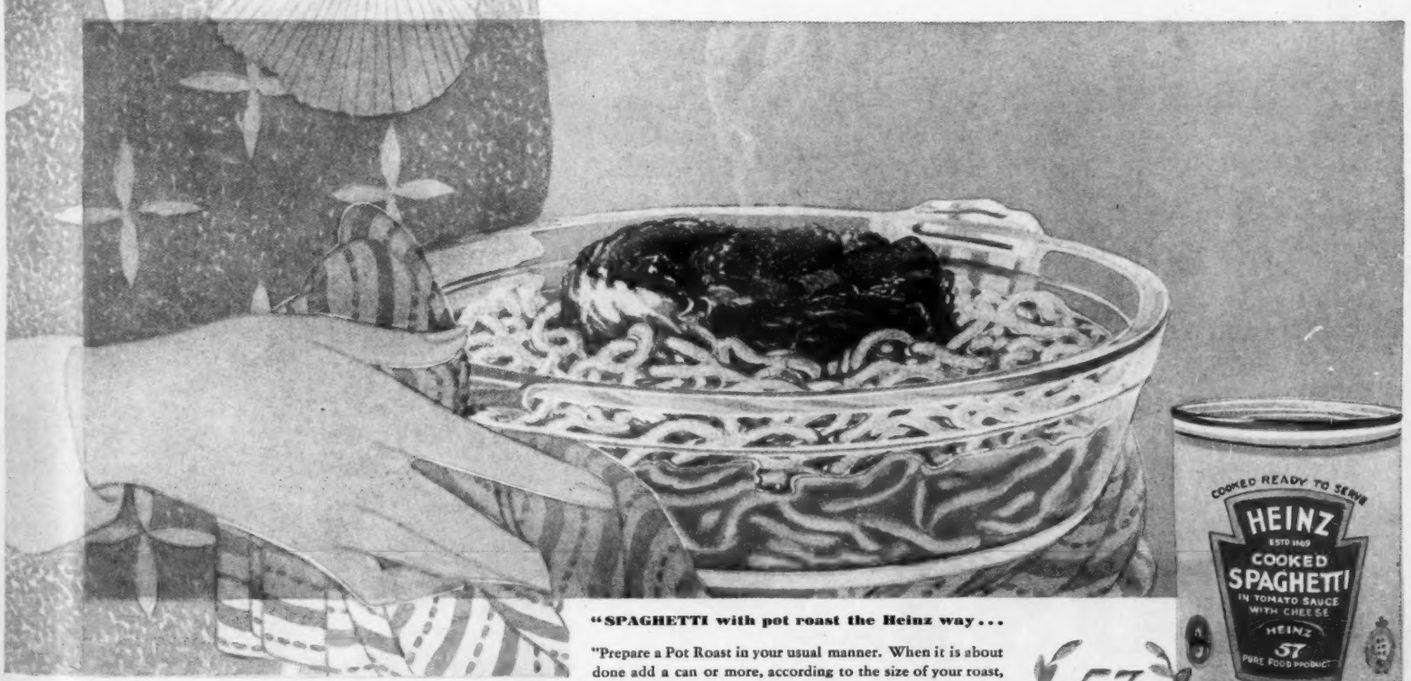


"To turn an ordinary dinner into something quite appetizing and delicious

"Don't think of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti as merely a luncheon or supper dish, even though it does fit in so beautifully in both these capacities," says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company. "We've a way to serve it for dinner that capitalizes to the full its wonderful flavor and goodness.

"Just think! Heinz makes the dry spaghetti . . . of the finest wheat . . . and the very air in the drying room is washed. Heinz selected tomatoes are used to make the rich, red, piquant sauce. A special cheese is added for its tang and zest. Spices straight from the Orient—selected there by Heinz representatives—give their delicate flavors. Chefs who are masters of flavor superintend the cooking in Heinz spotless kitchens . . . Why, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti couldn't be other than delightful!

"Below is the recipe that will turn an ordinary dinner into something quite delicious for you. And you'll find in this way that the Heinz Spaghetti has the happy faculty of passing on its unmatched flavor to the roast. • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*



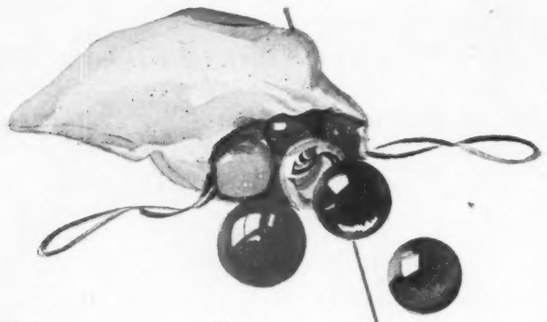
Enjoy these radio talks! • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

"SPAGHETTI with pot roast the Heinz way . . .

"Prepare a Pot Roast in your usual manner. When it is about done add a can or more, according to the size of your roast, of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, which you have already heated. Let the whole simmer for a few minutes, adding water to replace the gravy absorbed by the Spaghetti. In serving, place the meat in the center of the platter, and heap the spaghetti around it. This makes a dish that is not only delicious but highly nutritious as well. And, I might mention, you'll find Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle a very tasty and fitting accompaniment."

©H. J. H. CO. '30

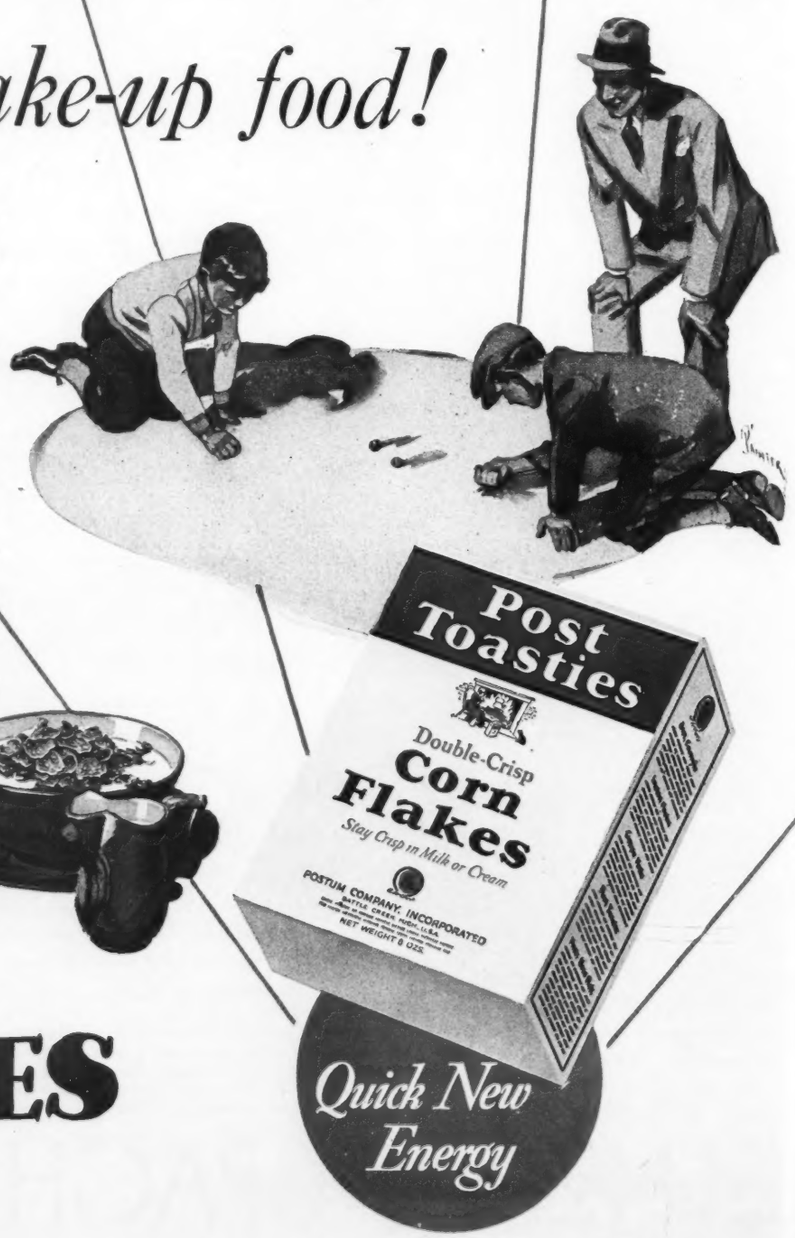
HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE



Spring Fever? Not on your life!

Here's the wake-up food!

It's spring. Wake-up, wake-up, wake-up! Don't let spring fever slow you up...let Post Toasties "wake you up" with its quick new energy. Everybody needs an easily digested energy food these days for breakfast—and here it is in this bright new package. Just tumble those golden-brown energy flakes into every bowl. For Post Toasties is the wake-up food. Delicious with the flavor of sun-ripe corn. Crisp with the crispness of oven toasting! Crackling with energy that's eager to be released! It's the wake-up food!



POST TOASTIES

The Wake-up Food

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

The World of Beauty

By Hildegarde Fillmore

A whole world of oils, lotions, and perfumes

FAMOUS people who concern themselves with the business of making women lovelier have their own special way of attacking the problem. I like the way one international beauty authority puts it. She says, in effect, "The thing women must realize before they can make the most of themselves is that there are worlds of knowledge they can all reach for—worlds that hundreds of thousands of women never even know about!" As she directs her own huge organization, sending her representatives all over this country as well as to the ends of the globe, she is constantly impressed with the fact that there are thousands and thousands of women everywhere who never even touch the rim of their own possibilities. It isn't entirely that these women look indifferently at rows and rows of jars and bottles; it is rather that they are of that large group who have occasional spurts of interest in themselves but most of the time are content to stay in the same rut.

For example, we all know that small feeling of panic when we see the first signs of age lines creeping over our skins. We may notice tiny lines at twenty-five. To stave off these first warnings of age, this expert has devised a rejuvenating mask, a cream that is spread evenly over the face, gently tightening the tissues as long as it covers the skin. It may be removed with water or her own cleansing cream. She tells me that such a preparation is specially effective after a long tiring day when most of us are too weary to give ourselves anything more than a simple, easy treatment.

Yes—there are new worlds of beauty care just around the corner; worlds waiting to open up with all the enchantment of Aladdin's lamp. Sometimes they are old friends in disguise, as in the case of a famous line of cosmetics which now appears in new jars and bottles of chaste coloring and simple modern design. They come in this new dress to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their manufacture. The men and women who combined their efforts to present them in this new form tell us that they did not change the formula because they felt that no change could make these preparations purer and more satisfactory for the great majority of skins than they already were.

Whenever women show no interest in new worlds of their own development I think of that saying of Montaigne's, "Old age wrinkles the mind more than the face!" Most of us can think of girls of twenty who have somehow acquired the mental pattern of old age. On the other hand, we can look around us and find serene, "unwrinkled" minds in women with pure white hair and skins etched with the weathering and wear of sixty years!

It would take an encyclopedia to list the world of the ingenious and delightful home treatments that have been carefully worked out for women who are determined to have neither wrinkled faces or wrinkled minds. A clever man once said to me, as we talked of this amazing world of cosmetics, "After all, the only thing women are afraid of is Time, isn't it?" I agreed, with reservations. Because I knew, you see, that it was not age so much as an attitude of mind that defeated Time-marks on women's faces and figures. But, if we take his premise as true, then it's just as true that a little time spent each day on the small things of beauty care will defeat Time-with-a-capital-T. A home treatment for lines around the eyes, for sagging contours, skin texture, occasional blemishes, care of eyebrows and lashes, or for whitening the skin seldom requires more than half an hour, and ten minutes spent on such a treatment every day will probably give more lasting results than an hour a week at a professional's hands. Salon treatments are wonderful, but every wise beauty authority nowadays urges home treatments every day, even though the time you have to give to them is limited.

I know one clever woman who is young enough not to have to worry about deep wrinkles, but because she uses her eyes constantly she decided long ago that her eyes wouldn't betray fatigue any more than she could help. Every day of her life she smooths a good softening cream on and around the lids, just before she goes to bed and again in the morning.

Another woman I know found that Time was making its marks right along her jawline, thickening the tissues to make her look older than she actually was. She found out all she could about treatments for the contour; she discovered that sleeping without a pillow helped her to keep her throat firm and her chin in; she paid particular attention to her posture because she knew that by holding her head beautifully she could defeat the effect of a heavy under-chin. Then, every day, she lines up her special preparations and works over that pad of flesh rhythmically to keep it from getting heavier.

The truly smart woman doesn't merely dream of worlds that move mysteriously behind the silken draperies of exclusive beauty salons; she demands to know what she herself can do, and, knowing, she goes ahead and does it.

And a world of creams and make-up aids

"This can't be little Edna....

she's grown so big and strong!"

SPARKLING eyes—sturdy legs—bubbling over with health and happiness! What a change from the delicate child of two months before!

"What a shock it was," writes her mother, "to learn that my daughter was undernourished! Of course, I knew she was a little too thin, but we certainly fed her well—so I assumed she would develop in time.

"I was advised to give her Cocomalt—and what a change it made! Edna began looking better right away. In just a few weeks she has improved tremendously and is building up stronger every day."

What Child Experts Say

Many people think that "undernourished" means "underfed". Nothing could be farther from the truth.

A child may be stuffed with food every day—and still be undernourished, if this food is not properly digested or if certain vital elements, such as Vitamin D, are lacking.

What Vitamin D Does

Cocomalt is much more than a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink—for it contains the precious Vitamin D, the same potent body-building element produced by summer sunshine. It helps ward off rickets and fosters the growth of strong bones and sturdy bodies in a truly surprising way.

Equally important, Cocomalt contains vital elements, such as malt enzymes, which digest other foods in the stomach—and is so rich in food value that it will add 70% more nourishment to a glass of milk!

Free Trial—Send Coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes; ½ lb., 30c.—1 lb., 50c.—and the economical 5 lb. family size. Mail coupon today for a generous trial tin, *free*. See for yourself how delightful Cocomalt is.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 15, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me, free of charge, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

HARRISON, FRESHMAN

[*Continued from page 23*]

"Come, come, Julia," George said soothingly. "We're not trying to murder the boy. Eloise is only generously offering him opportunities that you and James will probably never be able to give him. I should think you would be thankful, for his own sake, to have us take him."

John wriggled a cold hand into Julia's tensely closed fist. "But of course I won't go," he said. "I won't, Moms. Don't you worry."

"You'll do as your mother and I think best, young man," George said sharply. "After all, I've *some* rights in my own family. You're my son, please just remember that!"

"But—" Julia began piteously; and could say no more. After all, there *were* no legal papers to prove her and her husband's claims. Her anger faded into a bleak and desolate realization that she was helpless to prevent the carrying out of Mrs. Southern's plans.

It was Paul who brought the group back to a consciousness of their present surroundings.

"Great suffering snakes, Ma,"—he wriggled away from his mother's grasp—"there goes the bell, and the kid and I'll have to get out of our trunks and into our uniforms." He turned to run toward the dormitory; then, as John still clung to Julia's hand, stopped and commanded loftily, "Here, frosh. In with you!"

And obediently, submitting dazedly to upper-class authority, little John turned and stumbled after the older boy, leaving the three grown-ups alone.

Julia turned to Mrs. Southern, her pride lost in her great need. "As a mother," she pleaded, "you can't want to do this. You must realize what it would mean—Oh, not so much to *us*, my husband and me, as to the boy. He has always thought of us as his parents. He loves us dearly. He's a sensitive, loving, shy child; I believe to take him from us would leave a scar on his soul he would never get over as long as he lives."

"My *dear!*" Mrs. Southern's accents were honeyed. "I am sure you exaggerate! After all, as George says, we are not proposing anything so terrible. We would be perfectly willing to have him visit you for a few months each year."

George said, "We *are* thinking of the boy, Julia. It seems to me you and James have made a mollycoddle of him. The headmaster told me today that he's a bookish little chap, always mooning around by himself. Association with Paul will be the best thing in the world for him. And all this talk about leaving a scar—nonsense! Don't you suppose Eloise knows something about children? After all, you have never had any of your own, and she has had two."

AND John," Mrs. Southern contributed, "will take the place of Paul's little brother, who died ten years ago."

Julia swallowed a bitter tear. Oh, hopeless, to plead against these two, so sure of their rightness, so suave in their logic. If only her husband were here—but her husband, she realized, would be as powerless as herself.

Mrs. Southern spoke soothingly. "Come, Mrs. Dallis, don't take it so hard. Of course it's a blow, but after all, you must have known that it might happen at any time. I think—well, frankly, I think that you ought to be thankful that your brother is marrying a big-hearted, motherly woman who *wants* the boy."

"That's just it!" George, obviously, was filled with admiration at the picture of herself his lady had painted. "Eloise is a true mother, absolutely devoted to her child. She'll mother John the same way."

"Exactly!" Julia thought. "Mother him—to death, as she has Paul. Plan his life . . . crush his originality . . ." But she did not voice her thought. She must win her way, if it were possible to win it at all, by wile. She could not afford to antagonize them now.

"Really, we must go in," said Mrs. Southern.

They crossed the campus in silence. Heavy twilight lay over the drill field and the long, sloping lawn that surrounded the buildings. "I must do *something*," Julia thought; but she knew that she had already done all that she could do, and that she had failed hopelessly.

Contrary to rules, John was waiting for her in his room. Also contrary to rules, he was lying, face down on his bed. He got to his feet as she came in, and the sight of his anguished face convulsed her own soul with a spasm of sympathy.

"Moms!" he cried hoarsely. "They can't make me go away from you, can they? I don't have to, *do* I?"

She hesitated; but she had never deceived him, even for his own happiness. She took him in her arms and smoothed the rumpled hair back from his forehead. "Dear, you heard what they said. I'm afraid, unless we can persuade your father not to insist upon it, that you will have to."

BUT I won't!" He flared into passionate rebellion. "I won't go with them. That woman is not my mother—she's got eyes like a fish. And Paul's a *pig*. I hate him. I hate all of them—"

"*Sh-sh!* We mustn't hate—anyone."

"Well, I don't like them, then. And I won't go around their old world with 'em. I—I'll run away. I'll—"

"Dear, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I can't—I *almost* can't bear it. But we've got to bear it, you and I. Whatever others do, *we* must be right and true and brave—"

She could not say more; but she did not need to. He turned from her to the window, and she knew that he was fighting for self-control, realized that he was endeavoring to face bravely a childish tragedy too great for even her sympathetic adult comprehension.

"I suppose we've got to go down to dinner. I've got to be in shape for the game tomorrow. The school's depending on me. Will you fix my collar, Moms? And pull my coat down in the back? I'll get the dickens if I go down like this . . ."

Throughout the hours of the night, Julia tossed sleeplessly. The thing was all so simple, and so hopeless.

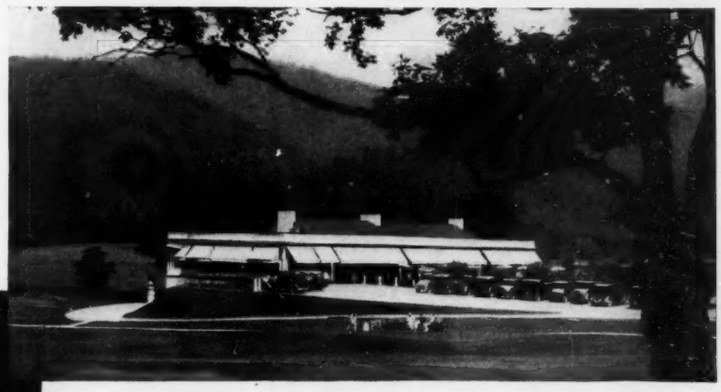
"If we had only insisted upon a legal adoption," she thought. But what had been further from their minds when they had taken George's motherless baby to their hearts than such an eventuality as this? So there was no possibility of appealing to the Law. A vague memory came to her of another such case, in which a wise judge

[*Continued on page 92*]

Celebrating
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
FORTIETH d&r ANNIVERSARY
At WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, *West Virginia*

These famous creams and lotion are provided for the smart guests in the dressing rooms of

THE CASINO · THE SWIMMING POOL
THE GREENBRIER HOUSE
THE LODGE AT KATE'S MOUNTAIN



THE most magnificent society playground in all America is the seven thousand acre estate of the White Sulphur Springs, Inc., where a sports-loving world gathers for the riding and the golf and the tennis . . . or to take the famous baths . . . or just to relax and enjoy the cosmopolitan social atmosphere of its splendid country house, the GREENBRIER. The season is in full swing at White Sulphur Springs and the Casino, shown above, is daily thronged with celebrities from all over the world.

Here in the ladies' locker room—and indeed in all the dressing rooms of the establishment—the thoughtful management provides ample supplies of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream for assuaging sunburn; Perfect Vanishing Cream to make the elusive powder stick through a whole round of golf or a brisk canter up into the mountains; Perfect Cleansing Cream and Vivatone to give yourself a quick facial after your exercise so that you won't have to waste more than a minute before rushing up stairs to luncheon! The favorite beautifiers of the cosmopolitan guests ready at hand just when you need them most!

The **DEBUTANTE** *Kit*

Send 50 cents direct to Daggett & Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York, for a charming new set of these products. Regular sizes, not samples. Write today. The Debutante Kit is a bargain.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. E-5
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find 50 cents for The Debutante Kit.

Name _____ (Print)
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Do you wonder that these old favorites in their smart new 1930 dress are taking the country by storm? You can buy them anywhere. The identical creams and lotion, the same prices, but an added value in the enchanting new containers.

INA CLAIRE, *brilliant Pathé comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen.*

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores — are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.

1—*Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."*

2—*Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.*

3—*Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.*

The Secret of SHAPELY LEGS is no longer a secret

AT last, a new type of hosiery has been perfected that makes a marked difference in the appearance of the leg. . . The ankle seems slimmer. The leg becomes more beautifully rounded. Even the usual harsh lines of the knee are softened noticeably. (Please note the 3 illustrations above showing the improvements made.) . . . Adopted immediately by foremost Stars of the Screen, this hosiery is rapidly becoming the most popular in America. . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.*

Allen A

Allen-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HARRISON, FRESHMAN

[*Continued from page 90*]

had decided a mother's claim in a spectacular but effective manner. But the Law had become a less personal thing since the days of Solomon.

She arose, heavy-eyed and weary, with the first stirring of life upon the campus, and paced the room, fully-dressed, waiting for John's knock. When he came, she saw that he, too, had slept badly. "Can't you and Dad do *something*, Moms?" he asked, as they went down to breakfast.

She said, "We'll do all we can, dear. You know that."

But she knew that for all his childish confidence in their power, he saw the situation too clearly to be greatly encouraged by the promise.

Someone's mistaken thoughtfulness gave her a place with Mrs. Southern and George again that afternoon, when the crowds streamed into the bleachers for the big game, and she made another appeal while they sat in the November sunshine, waiting for the rival teams to march into the field.

"John is getting on so well at school; it seems to me it would be much wiser to let him stay here and finish."

"He'll get on twice as fast with a tutor," George said, and then, with an air of finality: "Now, see here, Julia, let's let this matter drop until you've got control of yourself. As Eloise said this morning, I should have written to prepare you for it, but—well, I've been busy"—he had the grace to stammer over his excuses—"and you'll have more than a month to get used to the idea before he comes."

AS IF she could ever get used to the idea as long as she lived.

A whistle sounded, and she bit her lips and sat forward, staring with unheeding eyes at the field.

Julia had never mastered the details of football. The game would never be more to her than a rough-and-tumble scramble through which she struggled against a desire to close her eyes in momentary expectation of witnessing the death of half a dozen of the players. Today she was even less conscious of what was taking place on the field than usual. Her eyes and heart followed one small figure to the exclusion of all others. She could have screamed when she saw him go down, at the bottom of a heap of struggling players, and when he emerged again, unscathed, she was too greatly relieved to realize, until she heard the St. Peter's rooters calling his name, that he had somehow done something worthy of applause.

The game, for her, went on like the senseless antics witnessed in a dream. Once she heard Mrs. Southern draw a quick breath and whisper, "Oh, Paul, *do* be careful!" and she realized that Paul, too, was playing.

Then suddenly a whistle cut through the air, and from the group of St. Peter's students and alumni there came uproarious cheering. Apparently, her boy's team had won! She applauded absent-mindedly, while her eyes sought for him among the boys and men who were swarming down from their seats and surrounding the victors. She caught one glimpse of him, very pale and with his dark hair tossing in damp curls above his forehead; then he was lost to her view among taller forms.

"Good for old St. Peter's," said George. He rose, assisting Mrs. Southern to her feet. "Paul's got the makings of a mighty fine player, Eloise; Harvard will be lucky to get him."

Paul again! Julia clenched her teeth. It would be this way always, throughout the years that John must be with them. All their praise for Paul, all their thoughts of him. The younger boy nothing but a foil for the elder's glory!

Suddenly she saw that a slight, scholarly young man whom she recognized as one of the instructors was standing before them on one of the next-lower tiers of seats.

"Which one of you ladies has a son on the team?" he asked.

MRS. SOUTHERN and Julia answered simultaneously, and anxiously. There was something in the young man's sympathy-filled face that proclaimed him a bearer of bad tidings.

He hesitated in obvious embarrassment. "I'm sorry," he said. "It is unpardonable stupidity on my part; but Mr. Mulvane pointed to you both, and I didn't stop to inquire the name. Your boy—one of your boys—has been slightly injured. The doctor is with him in the gymnasium, and I was sent to call his mother—"

Before the sentence was finished, Julia was running, stumbling, almost falling, down the steps of the aisle. She was but dimly conscious of the young instructor's awkward attempts to assist her, of the other people leaving the bleachers past whom she crowded without pause for apology. Finally her feet encountered the trampled grass at the edge of the field, and she ran, awkwardly, in her high-heeled pumps, across it toward the gymnasium. Mrs. Southern's voice beside her panted, "—Paul's heart—I've always worried—"

She lost the rest of the sentence.

They entered the side door through which the players had passed together—two frightened women, breathless and dishevelled, each incapable of any thought but her boy.

At the door of a small dressing room just off the basement corridor, the gray-haired coach, Mulvane, stood waiting. "You're Mrs. Southern?" Julia heard him say. Her heart gave a great bound of thankfulness, then she felt a start of unselfish pity. So it was Paul—not John.

Then—"It isn't you we want; it's Harrison's mother," he said to Mrs. Southern.

Julia stood, clinging to the doorpost for support. "I'm Harrison's mother."

Mulvane patted her shoulder. "There, don't be upset. The doctor doesn't think it's anything very serious. He'll be through in a minute; then you can go in and see him."

He blocked the door with his body; but over his shoulder Julia could see another man, the doctor, bending over a still form on a couch. Faint and dizzy, she watched the man's movements and a voice inside her soul prayed piteously, "Dear God, let him live! I'll give him up to them. I'll do anything . . ."

An arm crept around her shoulders; Mrs. Southern's scented furs brushed her cheek. "Rest against me, my dear.

[*Continued on page 98*]

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

The best food news in years
—*and the most helpful*

From the tropical isles of Hawaii comes a new, modern way of grade-marking canned fruit

A color photograph

IT sounds almost too good to be true, but when next you go to your grocer's you go armed with a brand-new power—the power to buy just the grade of

pineapple you want, and *know* you are getting it.

Yes, it has really happened! No more guesswork—no more confusion about the meaning of grades, or which grade is in the can. A clear, frank, understandable method of grade-marking Canned Hawaiian Pineapple is yours to use at last.

The key to the whole idea is —*the top of the can!*

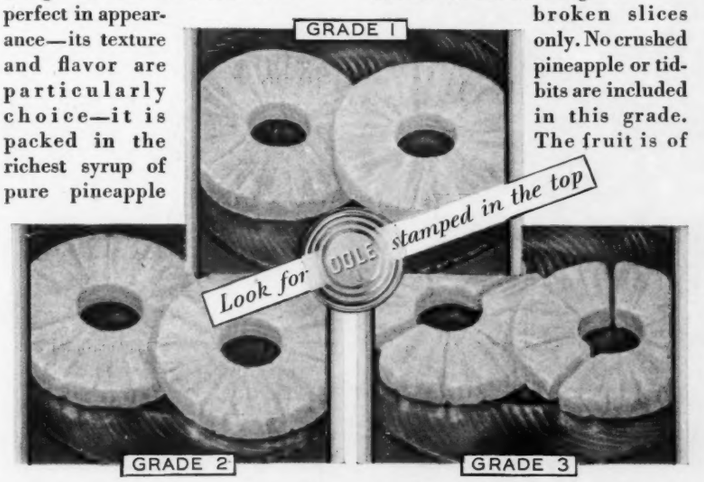
Stamped there in the metal, just as you see it below, are the marks that tell you exactly the grade of pineapple inside.

First, the one word DOLE. When you see that name you will know that *this* pineapple is the *right* pineapple. It is fresh and ripe and bursting with flavor—grown and packed by James D. Dole.

Now, a way to be sure to get DOLE pineapple would be news enough in itself . . . but it is only half the fascinating story. The grade-mark, too, is stamped in the top of the can! You will see it just under the name DOLE—the figure 1 or 2, or 3.

What do these numbers mean?

DOLE 1, of course, is the very pick of the pack—whether it be Sliced pineapple, Crushed pineapple or Tidbits. The finest fruit that man and Nature grow is chosen for this grade. It is uniform in color, perfect in appearance—its texture and flavor are particularly choice—it is packed in the richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. DOLE 1 pineapple in its three forms is, in short, the finest skill can produce or money can buy.



DOLE 2 pineapple comes in the same three useful forms. As you will see from the illustrations, the slices are slightly less perfect—a trifle less evenly cut, less uniform in color. And the syrup, too, is a little less sweet than in the DOLE 1 grade. Naturally DOLE 2 pineapple is less expensive, and for many uses is thus an economical choice. The DOLE 3 grade is for broken slices only. No crushed pineapple or tidbits are included in this grade. The fruit is of wholesome quality, and packed in the same syrup used in the DOLE 2 grade—but because it is broken in form, this grade costs the least of all.

Nowadays, Hawaiian Pineapple is used in so many dishes—and in so many different ways — that choosing the *right grade* is more important than ever before. By remembering these easy definitions, and looking for the right number *stamped in the top of the can*, you can be sure to get the grade you want, for the recipe you wish to prepare. Don't wait another day to find out what a blessing these new grade numbers are.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure unsweetened Hawaiian Pineapple juice —packed by DOLE?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

©1930 H. P. Co.

A booklet every woman will want . . . and it's ***free!***

What modern woman will not want a copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"—a booklet that contains a complete guide to the new DOLE grade numbers? Especially when it also brings 39 exclusive new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes? A copy waits for you. Mail the coupon to Dept. M-30.

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Sales Office: **215 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.**

A charming companion for a busy day

THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE NEW FORD offers many advantages to the woman who uses an automobile constantly for quick trips to the Country Club, for shopping, the theater, for the many social and business activities of a busy day. Rarely is there to be found such an ideal combination of charm and utility.

In addition to its beauty of line and color, the new Ford brings you an unusual degree of mechanical excellence and good performance. You will drive with a new feeling of confidence because of its safety and ease of operation and control.

DANGER POINTS IN MARRIAGE

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

IN THIS article Mrs. Richardson concludes her discussion begun in the April issue of McCall's on the "danger points" and their causes.
—The Editors.

AFTER I had talked to divorce lawyers and judges about why women of forty are feeling so much dissatisfaction with their marriages, I carried my investigation to a famous nerve specialist.

He talked in a restful office, lined with books, equipped with softly shaded lights. His attitude was relaxed, his voice well modulated. A young woman clad in a simple grey frock slipped in and out of the room, placing slips of paper on his desk, telephone messages, and cards announcing patients. He gave me his entire attention as I sketched my three cases for him:

The Logans—cultured, prosperous, generously interested in the welfare of their community, leading an apparently tranquil life until their children were grown; and then—a sudden divorce and, after four years, remarriage.

The Bolands—popular Jack Boland and Helen—a pampered only daughter. When Jack met with financial reverses and decided to go to South America, Helen preferred alimony and a return to her parents. At the end of five years, Helen has her own tiny apartment and a part-time job. Jack has returned from South America and they are seen everywhere together.

Jane S—— married to a man who is outwardly very desirable but who annoys her so acutely with his habits and his mannerisms that she says frankly she would divorce him tomorrow if it were not for their three children.

The specialist, after asking me a few pertinent questions, folded his hands and sat quietly—concentrating. After a few moments he was ready to tell me his findings. Here are some of the facts he unearthed:

"Case I. The Logans were so busy walking the family chalk-line that they had no time to express their play spirit. According to their standards, they were model citizens—model parents—model friends. They never discussed nor yielded to an impulse to do the unexpected or the unusual. They were guided always by conventions.

"In time, the self-imposed fetters of their little social world became in their eyes the fetters of marriage. It was marriage, they felt, that had kept them from living a varied, colorful life; marriage that chained them together and kept them from being free.

"After their separation, they learned to place the blame where it belonged—on themselves and not on marriage. They found that it took something more than freedom to make life full of interest and adventure. They found that it took a conscious effort which they had previously been too busy to make. They had to learn how to play; and while they were making this readjustment in their lives, they had enough intelligence to realize that playing together would be infinitely more enjoyable than playing alone.

"*Death of the play spirit in either husband or wife is almost always fatal to matrimonial happiness.* Women are the most conspicuous offenders. The mother-complex possesses them so completely that they are likely to lose all sense of their own identity. Men cling more tenaciously to their right to get some fun out of life, and if their wives will not share their pleasures, they will seek and find them alone or in other company.

CASE II. The Boland divorce can be traced directly to the defects of modern education. American boys and girls have no real preparation for life. Up to the days of the Civil War, even for ten years longer, children, were prepared in the homes of their parents for marriage, parenthood, the founding and maintenance of a new household. The family was an institution of which they were a part and in which they developed a sense of responsibility.

"Today school is the major interest in the young person's life. There he receives mental, physical, and moral training. The object of our modern education seems to be to develop in young people the ability to make money and to shine in up-to-date sport, whether this be athletics, dancing, swimming, hiking or bridge. Education for meeting family responsibilities is neglected.

"Doubtless both of the Bolands had been reared in this fashion. From school into business by easy stages for him. From school to beauty parlors, bargain sales, teas, bridge parties and dances for her. Neither had ever been called upon to solve a vital problem. Result—when financial reverses came, neither had the training or force of character to rise to the occasion. After the girl had faced realities for a few years, learned the real value of effort and money, she was fit to be a wife. She will probably be very happy if remarriage occurs.

CASE III. Off-hand, I should say that Mrs. S—— is suffering from the very common fixation of monotony. Thousands of women develop this. They are firmly convinced that while they are tied to a round of household duties—drudgery, they term it—their husbands are leading a varied and interesting life in business, a round of social contacts which homemaking women are denied.

"In a spirit of martyrdom such a woman sacrifices herself and her husband to household duties and children. She thrusts aside every opportunity that offers relief from monotony. She is more apt to nag her children than to serve them in the true sense of the term. Eventually she becomes morose or neurotic.

"In this condition she sees her husband as the cause of all her

[*Continued on page 96*]

"I never used as fine and pure a powder as this marvelous new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says beautiful actress Miss Margarett DeCoursey, 57 W. 84th St., N. Y. C. "It absolutely banishes nose-shinyness."

"This amazing new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder actually prevents large pores" says the charming and beautiful Ziegfeld star, Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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MELLO-GLO prevents large pores —The face powder that stays on longer.

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MELLO-GLO *prevents large pores!* Made by a marvelous French process, it *will not* irritate the skin or leave that pasty flaky look that bespeaks clogged pores. Instead it spreads more smoothly, protecting the skin and keeping it soft and young, banishing shiny noses!

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Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 4, Statler Bldg., Boston.

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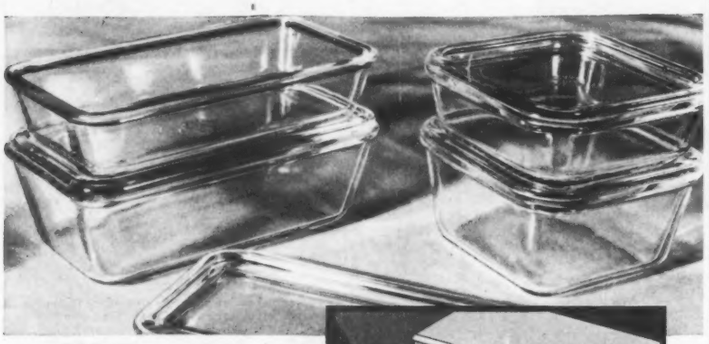

as efficient as the most modern refrigerator!

KITCHENS of today—marvelously efficient—with modern refrigerators and glistening stoves—welcome these up-to-date refrigerator dishes. Each dish is cleverly designed to do the work of three! It is a refrigerator dish . . . baking dish . . . serving dish . . . all in one.

You can prepare foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them all in the same dish.

Left-overs, too, can be kept fresh in the refrigerator, reheated and served in the one dish. Think of the saving of time—work—money!

These efficient dishes are designed to stack in pairs so that they double up on space in the refrigerator. Every dish has a counter-sunk cover that prevents interchange of odors, and retains the natural freshness of foods. In addition to cooked foods, they also keep salad greens and raw vegetables crisp and fresh.

Ideal for cooking and serving casserole dishes and left-overs—they are equally perfect for baking cakes, puddings, deep dish pies, fruits, vegetables. They keep hot foods hot . . . and cold foods cold. And they look attractive on the table!

Guarantee: Every Pyrex refrigerator dish is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from refrigerator cold or oven heat.

Sold separately or in sets

Deep Square	$1.00
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ENTIRE SET	$4.40

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Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each cooked all at the same time—and with amazing quickness.

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DANGER POINTS IN MARRIAGE

[*Continued from page 95*]

unhappiness. He represents what to her is the slavery of marriage, motherhood, and homemaking. If she had not yielded to his importunities and married him, she would be a free soul—free to earn and to spend money—free to seek her own pleasures—as free as she considers her husband is today. Inevitably her husband's habits, mannerisms, and little peculiarities which love once glossed over, became offensive. *Life does become hideous, but divorce is not the cure.* The type of woman who allows herself to be martyrized by marriage is exactly the type who will plunge from one marriage into another with exactly the same results. Marriage is pre-eminently her profession and she will never be really happy until she learns to make a success of it.

TO ACHIEVE this success she must first get a new slant on the importance of the duties which become so monotonous to her. She must remember that she is the guardian of her husband's and her children's well-being and that an intelligent performance of her routine tasks will contribute vitally to their happiness and their success. As a further aid, she should have new interests outside the home—primarily entertaining interests: sports if the family lives in the suburbs, clubs, welfare work, some sort of constructive service to the community. *She must find outside the home at least one absorbing interest which will correspond to the business or profession of her husband.*

"I do not believe that Mrs. S—— hates the pipe Mr. S—— smokes. It is not the brand of tobacco. She would hate a twenty-five-cent cigar just as much. If he brushed his hair differently she would still look upon his head with disfavor. He simply typifies the life against which she is rebelling, and if he died tomorrow she would mourn him sincerely and deeply and recall only his good qualities.

"What both men and women need today is the new point of view on marriage . . . a point of view which should come from experience with business. Successful business partnerships are based on coöperation. So are successful marriage partnerships. Two individuals cannot actually be welded into one, but they can become a unit which has greater scope and power than any individual can possess alone. Whether or not they find this power depends on their ability to coöperate.

"A man instinctively chooses a wife because she has the qualities and talents which he lacks and which he requires to broaden his viewpoint. She sees things from one angle while he sees them from another. Of course, this essential difference in vision is responsible for a great deal of friction between husbands and wives who will not see the beauty and value of a combined viewpoint. Ninety dissatisfied couples out of every hundred are suffering from the over-development of ego and individuality, which at forty can become overpowering.

"Women in their forties are interesting problems—to themselves as well as to the psychologist. It is quite natural that so many of them should be critical of every phase of their married life. The woman of forty is likely to have more leisure than she had at twenty or thirty . . . leisure in which to wonder whether or not she is content and what she can do to better her conditions.

"This personal stock-taking is seldom a tranquil process. She finds that she is still alert and vigorous but that she has lost that youthfulness which inspires the poets to sing. Inwardly she has changed, too. She is less easily swayed by her emotions and more conscious of her intellectual powers. She may have graciousness and charm but she is no longer an object of romantic interest to her husband. She has the tact and the wisdom which come from experience, but her children have reached an age which entitles them to make their own blunders and learn their own lessons.

"*It is during her forties that a woman shows the true calibre of her make-up.* Delicate adjustments are necessary and it is strictly up to her to guide her craft safely through the dangerous rocks. Unless she is careful, she will spend a number of years feeling desperately sorry for herself—feeling that her husband no longer loves her, that her children are ungrateful, and that she has sacrificed the best years of her life with little return.

"If she is wise, she will meet this new phase of her life as gracefully and as eagerly as she met the change from childhood to maturity. She will accept her new rôle—not with resignation, but with a keen appreciation of the enlarged opportunities it will give her for service and for personal development. She will create an entirely new régime, an entirely new atmosphere . . .

THAT'S what keeps women happy—creating things. I have a sensible neighbor who will never be a patient of mine. Anne is forty-five now and I have known her for twenty years. When her twins went to college last fall, Anne fumbled around for awhile like a lost soul. Her job was gone and she was lonely. She suddenly realized that she and Tom had drifted apart; not seriously apart, but far enough to make her feel very much alone.

"For a month, life was quite tragic for Anne. And then she began to make changes. She gave herself a new appearance by finding another way of combing her hair and by selecting fewer—and more expensive—clothes. She adorned her years instead of trying to disguise them. Next she considered their home from the standpoint of a new tenant moving into it, and at the end of a few weeks she had given it more charm and comfort than it had ever possessed. She did more than rearrange furniture and hangings; she served dinner an hour later so that Tom would be thoroughly relaxed before he ate and she gave fresh interest to the menu by introducing new dishes.

"After she had created this new background for herself, she scheduled her afternoons for definite interests—either at home or with some community organization. And then she very quietly but persistently began to cultivate her husband and to let him know that she wanted to become an active part of his life again.

"Yes, the forties are dangerous years and they offer fertile breeding-ground for unhappiness unless they are lived intelligently. The burden lies with the wives, for it is they who have the tact and the patience and the time to mold life as they want it to be."

Youth? WHAT ABOUT THE MOUTH?

. . . . . COSMETICS CAN'T HELP

For your cheeks the cool softness of rejuvenating cream . . . the friendly puff to pat the powder on. For lips . . . a stick that traces a gay young bow. For the teeth? There are no cosmetics. Yet upon the teeth and gums depend the youthfulness and beauty of your mouth . . . the very contour of your face.

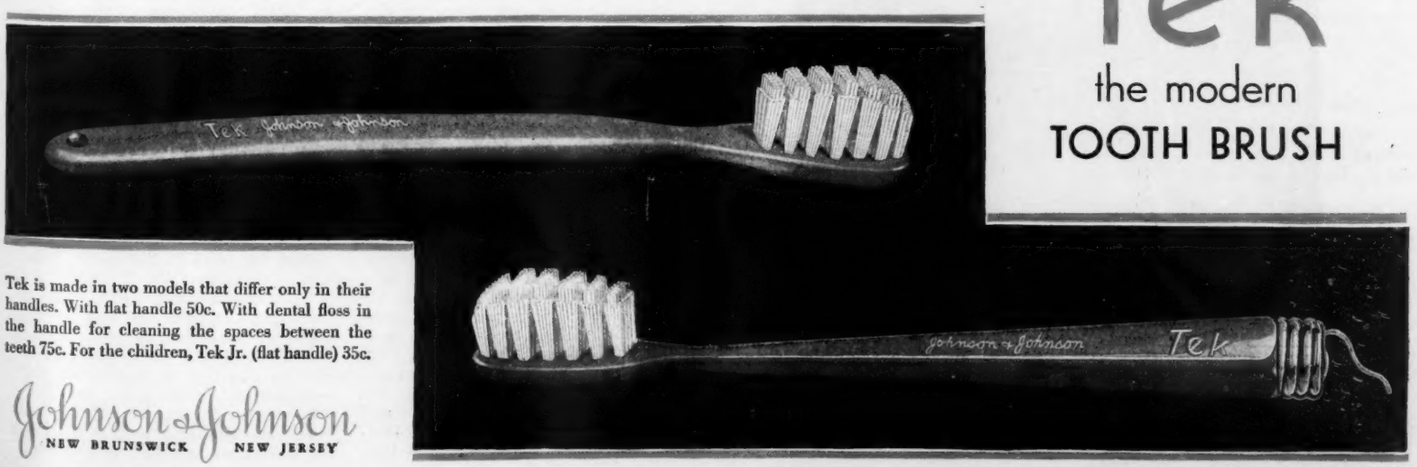
TEETH AND GUMS NEED TEK-*SERCISE*

Teeth, to look young, must be kept clean on each of five surfaces. Gums, to protect the teeth, must be kept firm by exercise. Tek, the modern tooth brush, benefits teeth and gums. Its double function is known as Tek-*sercise.*

Shorter than old-fashioned brushes and supplied with long bristles of a special resilient texture, Tek gets about the mouth with such efficient agility that many first users have expressed surprise that "tooth brushing" could be done with so little effort. Because it reaches every tooth, Tek cleans thoroughly. And, with each teeth cleaning stroke, Tek gives gums the definite exercise they need to stay firm, pink and healthy. This part of Tek-*sercise* is automatic . . . made possible by the extra width of the brushing surface (four rows of bristles instead of three).

Twice a day Tek-*sercise* teeth and gums. Once a day use dental floss to clean the tight spaces between the teeth. As a daily reminder of this important health duty, and convenient for use, one Tek model has two months' supply of floss in its handle. Simply pull out what you need and cut it off on the patent cap. Floss refills obtainable. Tek brushes and floss are products of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

DENTISTS SAY . . . USE TWO TOOTH BRUSHES, ONE FOR MORNING, ONE FOR EVENING. THIS ASSURES THOROUGHLY DRIED, EFFICIENT BRISTLES AT ALL TIMES, AND LONGER SERVICE FROM EACH BRUSH. GET A SET OF TEK BRUSHES TODAY. HANDLES IN PASTEL SHADES OF LUCITE; JADE GREEN, FRENCH BLUE, CHINESE RED, CANARY YELLOW; OR BLACK OR AMBER.



Tek

the modern

TOOTH BRUSH

Tek is made in two models that differ only in their handles. With flat handle 50c. With dental floss in the handle for cleaning the spaces between the teeth 75c. For the children, Tek Jr. (flat handle) 35c.

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avoid clogged pores!

remove all cream and dirt completely

Use POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES till they show no soil

Cleansing creams are essential to remove make-up, soot and grime. But avoid the beauty-destroying danger of clogged pores—see that your skin is freed from all impurities! . . . Soft, spotless, safe, Pond's Cleansing Tissues *absorb* all cream and dirt completely. Use (two at a time) till they show no soil—then you know your pores are free to function normally. In gay new boxes, 50¢ and 25¢.

Then POND'S SKIN FRESHENER till oiliness is gone

Lingering oiliness after cold cream cleansing gives an unwelcome shine. Pond's Skin Freshener takes it away. By contracting the pores it prevents blemishes which are formed by dirt sinking below the surface . . . Cool and refreshing, this delightful mild astringent tightens your skin, refines its texture, revitalizes sallow tissues, brings fresh color to your cheeks! Smart new bottles are $1.00 and 50¢.

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HARRISON, FRESHMAN

[*Continued from page 92*]

It's all right. I'm sure it's all right. See, he's coming out now."

The doctor came to the door. "You can come in, Madam," he said. "He isn't conscious; but I can't find anything worse than a sprained wrist. I've bandaged that. I think he'll be all right in a minute."

With Mrs. Southern's arm still around her, Julia walked into the narrow room. She realized that she was weak and faint, now that the suspense had lightened. When she reached the couch where her boy lay, she dropped down beside it and drew John's head into her arms. As she did so, the brown eyes opened.

"Oh, hello, Moms!" John's voice was faint, but he smiled manfully. "Say, I didn't think I'd hold out, my arm hurt so. But I did, didn't I? I didn't go back on the team, *did* I?"

"No dear," Julia assured him. She did not know exactly what he meant until she heard the doctor explaining to the coach at the door: ". . . Made that last play with a sprained wrist, plucky little fellow. No wonder he fainted."

There was a movement beside her, and Julia looked up. Mrs. Southern, whom she had completely forgotten, stood, wiping tears from her eyes. She leaned forward with a sudden, impetuous movement, and Julia saw that, for a moment, the hardness and cruelty had faded from her face, leaving it softened and transfigured by sympathy.

"Julia," the other woman spoke with breathless quickness, "I didn't know you cared *that* way. I didn't know—just how much anyone *could* care, until I thought it was Paul, and then, when I saw it meant as much to you, I—Well, I can't take the child away from you. You can have him. I'll tell George he mustn't think of—of taking him away. I wanted to tell you now—"

Julia reached for Mrs. Southern's hand. "Oh, thank you!"

THERE were footsteps in the corridor, and another voice, George's, asking, "Is the kid all right?"

Mrs. Southern smiled—the old, coquettish smile that drew over her face again, as it were, a mask of hardness and frivolity. "It was nothing but a sprained wrist," she said, as she brushed past Julia and rustled, in her silken draperies, to the door. "He's a brave child, George. Julia should be proud of him." And then, of course: "I remember once Paul—"

Julia shut their conversation from her ears and bent over to kiss John's moist forehead. "Do you feel better, dear?" she asked.

He wriggled out of her arms and sat up, tenderly touching his bandaged wrist with exploring fingertips. "Oh, *I'm* all right," he said. "Why, Moms, you're *crying!* I don't see anything to cry about—now!"

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 25*]

actuality. Edward W. Bok had just retired from a thirty years' career as a magazine editor, and was embarking upon a second career as a philanthropist and citizen of the world. He became chairman of the Philadelphia Orchestra's endowment fund committee, with the avowed purpose of raising a million dollars by popular subscription.

There is no space here to tell how it was done; suffice it to say that Bok did it. He secured subscriptions from 12,000 Philadelphians, who contributed a total of $1,700,000, which sum, added to the amount contributed by the backers, meant that the Philadelphia Orchestra would never again have to pass the hat to meet its deficit. In 1925 the identity of the Unknown Donor was revealed. It was the same Edward W. Bok.

HIS interest in music was, considering its eventual intensity, curiously belated. For more than half a lifetime it was the casual liking for simple tunes that is the musical taste of the average practical American man of affairs. Even the efforts of Mrs. Bok, the founder and patroness of the Curtis Institute of Music, could not arouse his interest in the work of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Symphonic music, he declared, was over his head.

Then, one day about fifteen years ago, Leopold Stokowski, arguing that no man of his mental achievements had the right to say that music was over his head, undertook to explain to him something of the structure of a symphony. Bok was interested. He went to the orchestra's next concert and heard Dvorak's *From the New World* symphony. It is related by those who were present upon that momentous occasion that he spent the entire evening watching the drums! Nevertheless, a new world was literally opened to him. From that time on his love and appreciation of music were deep and unswerving.

He saved other things besides the Philadelphia Orchestra. At one time the Academy of Music, in which the orchestra holds its concerts, was about to be converted into a motion picture house. Bok organized a committee of Philadelphia citizens, leased the Academy, turned its small hall, the Foyer, into a luxurious and profitable recital hall at his own expense.

He died on January 9th of this year, at Lake Wales, Florida, within earshot of the "Singing Tower" that was the most recent expression of his love of music. The tower is too familiar to need description here. Suffice it to say that it stands in the center of an immense tract of land that Bok had bought and set aside as a bird sanctuary; that it is 400 feet high; that it contains a priceless carillon of seventy-odd bells which are played twice a day by Anton Bries, the famous Belgian *carilloneur*. Just before his death the donor established a school for *carilloneurs* in the tower, and installed a smaller carillon for practice purposes.

His name is one more upon the distinguished list of generous Americans to whom American music owes such a heavy debt—names like Higginson of Boston, Taft of Cincinnati, Severance of Cleveland, Clarke of Los Angeles, Flagler, Mackay, Kahn, and Lewisohn, of New York, Eastman of Rochester. It was Horace who boasted that in his *Odes* he had reared himself a monument that would outlast brass or bronze. Edward Bok is buried beneath the crypt of the Bok Tower, which, as monuments go, seems a reasonably solid and permanent one. I have an idea that his real monument—what he did for music and the other arts, and for the city of Philadelphia—will be standing a long time after the tower has crumbled into disuse.

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating Paramount star, whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.*

"You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best, every minute.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it.

NANCY CARROLL *keeps her skin lovely this way.*

"So other screen stars began to use it—until it wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it. Janet Gaynor—Joan Crawford—Billie Dove—Bebe Daniels—Dorothy Mackaill—

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance, one of Paramount's most fascinating girls. She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian, too. Her skin is clear and smooth as a little girl's. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap."

(Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood)

CLARA BOW *says: "Just notice the way people cluster around the girl who has lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"* Clara Bow

9 out of 10 Lovely Stars use it in Hollywood • on Broadway • in Europe

"In fact," Clara Bow goes on to say, "nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we *have* kept our skin in good condition — the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!

"When I get letters from girls all over the country I long to answer every one and tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

JEAN ARTHUR *always uses Lux Toilet Soap.*

MARY BRIAN'S *skin shows* flawless *in a close-up.*

THERE are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, and have enthusiastic things to say about it. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra", shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . NOW 10½¢

Winner of a silver cup at ten months old—yet only nine months before, this boy's life had hung in the balance!

Crowned King of 900 Better Babies

Read the remarkable story of John Joseph Schaler, Junior, as his parents tell it!

"WE TAKE great delight in writing you that our little son, John Joseph, Jr., age ten months, won first prize in the six to twelve months class of the baby contest held at the General Food and Household Appliance Show in this city last week. He also won the silver loving cup by scoring 98%—the highest in all classes entered, three months to two years. There were about nine hundred babies.

"When John Junior was one month old, nothing would agree with him. We got the best specialist we could find; doctors held consultations, and the result was they said nothing could be done but operate. He could not even hold a spoonful of water down two minutes. In our greatest anxiety, the suggestion was made that we try Eagle Brand. I got a can, and gave him a feeding. *We watched with wondering eyes as he went to sleep and slept all night!* We have used Eagle Brand ever since."

(*Signed*) MR. & MRS. J. J. SCHALER, SR., Indianapolis, Ind.

This is but one of thousands of grateful letters in our files, telling how Eagle Brand has helped delicate, ailing babies to gain sturdy health.

Eagle Brand is so easy to digest that it is comparable to mothers' milk in this respect. It is pure, fresh cows' milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar furnishes necessary carbohydrates. The milk supplies bone-and-tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins . . . the same elements supplied by certified Grade A milk.

Mail the coupon for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—containing valuable feeding information. "The Best Baby," beautifully illustrated, for keeping records of baby's growth.

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother

THE BORDEN COMPANY, Dept. H.— I
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Please send me my free copy of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby."
My baby is months old.

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Address_____

City_____ State_____

INNOCENT WORDS

[*Continued from page 32*]

any of your friends mispronounce the following words: *romance, exquisite, genuine, duty?* And are you perfectly certain of the exact pronunciation of *address, inexplicable, forehead, often?*

"If you think you and the people you know are never at fault, try a little game some evening with your friends. Pick at random from the dictionary fifty words, spelling them aloud, so that each player may write them down as you read. Then ask each player to write the words phonetically, with the correct accent stressed. Do they all have 100 per cent?

"Slovenly speech, or poor enunciation, is probably the commonest speech fault. Too rapid speaking, carelessness, the habit of slurring familiar phrases make a literal transcription of our everyday speech almost dialect.

A FRIEND of mine recently told me of an experience he had in engaging a secretary. He is a man in an important executive position and he needed a young woman who could meet his clients and business associates. After considering many applicants at last he found a girl who, in appearance, dress, manner, education, and training, seemed exactly the secretary he was seeking. But something held him back from engaging her on the spot; he was not quite sure what. Finally he asked, 'And when would you be free to begin work?'

"'Not till nex cheer I'm afraid,' she replied.

"'Oh!'

"'Wenju want me to come?'

"'Why, next—that would be quite all right. I will let you know.'

"But he did not let her know.

"'I simply could not have a secretary who said *wenju* and *whadju,*' he explained. 'It was too bad. She had everything else.'

"And if you think you do not know people guilty of *wenjus* and *whadjus,* just listen carefully to the next casual conversation between your friends.

"Faults in tone production are more difficult to remedy and more disastrous in their consequences than those of poor diction. If you live in a small community where your friends know you and your true worth, slips in enunciation and even pronunciation may go unheeded. But the tones of your voice make just as much difference in Waynetown, Indiana, as in a Park Avenue drawing-room.

"Someone with a passion for computation has said that one third of all American voices are nasal. I am sure a third of all I hear are. Is yours? Press your thumb and forefinger to your nostrils lightly. Now read a sentence. Is your voice amazingly nasal?

"The nasal voice may come from fatigue or an adenoid condition, but usually it is a confirmed habit of speech acquired in childhood. There are strident voices that suggest unpleasantly dominating personalities from which you instinctively shrink; whining voices that depress you unbearably; tiny whispering pussy-foot voices that make you want to shriek.

"Just this afternoon I was walking along the street when I was startled by the sound of a woman scolding her little boy. I could not hear what she said, but from her tone I expected her to strike the child. To my amazement her expression was almost placid. She was not particularly displeased. She had reproved the little boy with the only voice at her command. I know how that voice affected me. It literally made my blood run cold. How did it affect the little boy who looked to her for love and protection?

"All this would be very tragic if there were nothing to be done about it. But there is. No voice can be remade in a day. It often requires months of effort. But just as Shaw changes his flower-girl in *Pygmalion* to an accomplished lady merely through teaching her to speak as accomplished ladies speak, so can any woman acquire a beautiful speech which will make her eligible to any society by devoting a little time and concentration to it.

"Perhaps the most striking case within my own recent experience is that of Vilma Banky, the film star. With the coming of the talkies a great problem has arisen. Probably some of you have suffered through a film where your favorite actor spoke for the first time. With Miss Banky the problem was peculiarly difficult; for charming though her foreign accent was, it was an accent. But in ten weeks of insistent practice Miss Banky overcame her deficiencies and her voice is now one of the most beautiful of any of the film actresses.

"Nor does it take an actress whose fame and fortune depend upon her voice to accomplish such miracles. Not long ago a friend of mine came to me in great distress. She was a woman prominent in social and civic affairs and as such was repeatedly being called upon to speak before clubs and other gatherings.

"'I am terrified,' she said. 'My voice is so hoarse with fright I can scarcely be heard. Even the things I have planned to say sound dull and stupid when I begin.'

THIS woman had a pleasant conversational voice, but when I asked her to stand on the platform and read, it became squeezed and squeaky. Twenty minutes a day to voice exercises and reading for a few months, and she addressed her audiences with the same poise and charm which had won her popularity with her more intimate acquaintances.

"Dorothy Wick did not have any woman's club speeches to give. But she had the more poignant and universal problem of making friends. Her harsh and strident voice antagonized people at once; and her realization of this fact only increased the awkwardness and brusqueness of her manner. She was lonely and unhappy. It took Dorothy eight months of hard work before her voice was the true expression of the sensitive, eager young person she really was.

"'You've absolutely made me over. I'm a different person!' she said at the end of her long pull.

"But I had not made her over. I had only made it possible for her to express what she really was. I had built a bridge between her and the world—a bridge of beautiful speech.

"One of the most common causes of bad tone is tenseness. The jaw is constricted, the throat squeezed. Put your hand to your throat and if the muscles

[*Continued on page 105*]

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Get Your Family's Vote on Hires Root Beer

—so delicious
—so vitalizing

WITH our compliments, give your family Hires Root Beer. Let them taste its appealing flavor, its refreshing tang.

This offer is winning thousands of families all over the land. Hires Root Beer is a greater favorite than ever.

To win your friendship, to show you how easy and economical it is to make Hires Root Beer at home, we make this liberal offer: A free trial bottle of Hires Extract, sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

In Hires Root Beer are the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [7-5-30]

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Toronto

Two cleaners for about the price of one

Spic-Span only $14.50

"Really, mother, it's fun now

to clean up every morning in such a jiffy"

NOW two cleaners instead of one! Now the handy little Spic-Span instead of getting out attachments for the big cleaner.

The two comprise the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit—a new idea which is welcomed by women everywhere.

The larger size—either the Premier Duplex or Premier Junior—for periodic cleaning of rugs and carpets.

The powerful Spic-Span—weighing only four pounds—for daily cleaning of furniture, hangings, beds, cloths, etc. It comes with a moth repellent and a blower.

...and both for about the price of one!

If you wish, you can buy the Spic-Span separately. Also for the larger Premiers you can buy the floor polisher which polishes waxed wood, linoleum or tile most beautifully.

Learn all the advantages of the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit—how it saves time, eases work, cleans perfectly. Visit a Premier dealer now and ask for a demonstration.

FLOOR POLISHER ACCESSORY
Polishes waxed floors like new

"A Cleaner Home for Less Money" is the title of a free informative booklet, written by Harriet Cavell — write, without fail, for your copy, today.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 1705, Cleveland, Ohio.

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, LTD., *Toronto. Foreign distributors,* INTERNATIONAL GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC.

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"

ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt

PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth

▼

SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

SITTING in the examining room of a great dermatologist, you anxiously ask: "What's wrong with my skin? How can I keep looking young?"

The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that, but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin, dulls the complexion and deprives you of youth. Dissolve out embedded dirt and normal circulation is quickly restored. Remember, doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist, given its name by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie and made in this country only to private order. Write for generous free sample.

Apply liquid Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you know your face is perfectly clean. New color comes to the cheeks. The skin is smooth.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe . . . no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient . . . no grease to get in your hair, nothing to wipe away! Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 5-M, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-M, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▲ **8 ounces $1.75** ▲ **16 ounces $3.00**

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

A MOTHER-DAUGHTER PARTY

[*Continued from page 69*]

potatoes and lots of savory gravy. There was delicately flavored, fat asparagus with Hollandaise sauce and, of course, hot rolls, olives and celery. The dessert was vanilla ice cream covered with strawberries that had been sugared and cut in half and laid on ice for several hours so that all the delicious juices were brought out. With this an assortment of little cakes was served. Then came coffee, served to each person in a different colored cup, in memory of those once-prized "friendship" cups exchanged so freely in the Nineties.

One of the younger girls who had been the ringleader of the whole affair, assumed the rôle of mistress of ceremonies. The pianist of the group had arranged a program of songs popular long ago: "After the Ball," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," "My Mother Was a Lady," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "The Bird in the Gilded Cage," "Annie Laurie," and "Annie Rooney." Then the toastmistress announced a Memory Contest. Each song was played again and the mothers were asked to sing the words. It was amusing to hear them falter and finally drop out! The mother who was able to remember most of the words won.

Then each mother related a humorous incident of her daughter's childhood. The daughter came back with a little story of a time when the joke was on Mother. One of the mothers who had lived all her life in the town gave a brief recital of the changes she had seen take place. Another mother told of the great day when the monument in the city square was unveiled and of the celebration that followed.

But the high light of the whole party was the game they called "Pages from the Family Album." The girls had all been asked to bring as many old photographs of their mothers and of themselves as they could find. These had been mounted on pieces of cardboard, the size of a page in the usual album, by cutting little slits for the corners of the pictures to fit into and drawing a double line with gold ink around them. Each page was numbered, and each guest, with the exception of the two girls who had prepared the "album," was given a pencil and paper and asked to identify the pictures. Everyone was convulsed at the old tintypes of the family in bathing costume, not to mention the equally famous one of mother and father—father balancing his derby in outstretched hand and mother standing with one arm coyly resting on his shoulder! The baby pictures of the girls brought forth gales of laughter, especially those which showed a fat, smiling cherub *sans* clothes lying on a fur rug. There were graduation pictures of mother, stiff and scared, madly clutching her diploma, family group portraits in fancy dress, wedding pictures and photographs of more recent years.

After the hilarity had subsided, the slips were collected and the prize was awarded. A vote was taken and a costume prize was given to the most modern mother and the most old-fashioned daughter.

Then the girls gathered around the piano and everyone joined in singing familiar songs of today and long ago. A ginger ale fruit punch was served and the mothers and daughters drank each other's health. The party broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the mothers and daughters all agreed that it was the nicest banquet they had ever had.

WHETHER your house is surrounded by acres of land or you have just a small plot to call your own, the joy of planting a garden may be yours. McCall's booklet, *Beautifying the Home Plot* will help you to do just what the title suggests. It tells how to plan the planting so that there will be bloom all through the summer. The planting plans for four different types of gardens and beautiful garden photographs offer inspiration and practical suggestions. Send twenty cents in stamps for *Beautifying the Home Plot*.

DO YOU enjoy your own parties? You would if you had a book filled with all sorts of clever party plans to turn to. Thousands of letters come in to us every month from readers asking for help with their entertaining problems. To fill this need we have prepared:

Unusual Entertaining which tells you how to give a new kind of bridge party; how to plan banquets and dances for the junior-senior class and other school affairs; treasure hunts and other special entertaining. (Price, twenty cents.) *Parties for Grown-Ups* plans parties of a different kind. Here are schemes for celebrations of all the holidays of the year, bridal showers, announcement parties, and parties for the club. (Price, twenty cents). The ten jolly party plans in *Parties for Children* would delight any child. (Price, twenty cents.) And that most important question of party "eats" is answered in *What to Serve at Parties*. Special menus, with recipes, are suggested for every occasion. (Price, twenty cents). Send for one or all of these booklets and give just the best party you've ever had!

WE WISH all brides would send for our *Book of Etiquette* to help them in planning their weddings. It gives the correct procedure for the formal and informal wedding at home or in the church. There is a list of things the bride needs in her new household and also a chart showing the seating arrangement of the bridal table. The chapter on weddings, however, is just a small part of the booklet; the other chapters cover nearly every important point of good manners. Send twenty cents in stamps for this important booklet. It will solve everyday etiquette problems which puzzle all of us, at times.

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

"...because it satisfies a desire for quality *yet helps me to practice thrift*"

COMING from one who has made a gratifying success of managing her household on a moderate income, this statement will be of interest to thousands of American women: "I am happy in the choice of a New Series Pontiac Big Six, because it

The new sloping windshield protects against glare. New grouping of instruments aids convenient, easy handling.

satisfies a desire for quality, yet helps me to practice thrift."

This capable young home executive is typical of many women who drive Pontiacs. They do so because it is a car they can be proud of, and yet one which has a benevolent influence on the family budget.

"—satisfies a desire for quality"—The first evidence of quality you'll notice in the New Series Pontiac is its big car beauty. Whether on a tour of the shops, or paying an afternoon call, or going to the movies of an evening, one is happily aware of Pontiac's smart stream-line contours, its deeply upholstered interior, its attractive Duco colors and lustrous chrome-plated bright parts. For these you may thank Fisher body designers and craftsmen.

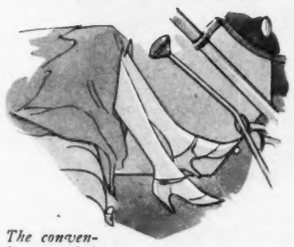
Quality is also evident in the New Series Pontiac's many other advanced

Pontiac is a full-size car with wide doors. In it legs are never crowded, elbows have room to spare, entrance and exit are unimpeded.

features. A new steering system acts on roller bearings and makes the car delightfully responsive, easy to handle. Improved four-wheel brakes—powerful, silent, easy to operate—afford extra safety. New type engine mountings and improved Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers provide increased smoothness and riding comfort. Gears are exceptionally easy to shift.

Features which give added protection are a sloping non-glare windshield, a toe button control for the headlamps, and a strong wood-and-steel body. On long trips, you can drive a Pontiac with complete confidence. Its progressive engineering, basic soundness of design and sturdy construction assure freedom from mechanical worries.

Illustrated above: The 4-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher



The convenient toe-switch controls headlamps, leaves both hands free for wheel. Driver's seat can be adjusted while occupied—quickly, easily.

"—yet helps me to practice thrift"—Pontiac's impressive quality is all the more remarkable in view of its low first cost. Its basic goodness also makes it economical to operate under all conditions, and adds years to the car's life. Consequently, by owning a Pontiac you practice thrift when you purchase, as you drive, and later when you trade it in.

We would like you to drive the New Series Pontiac Big Six and learn about its many advantages through personal experience. Ask your nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to arrange a demonstration. And ask him also to tell you how easily you can own this car.

Seven body types. Prices, $745 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac, plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six

NEW SERIES

PONTIAC

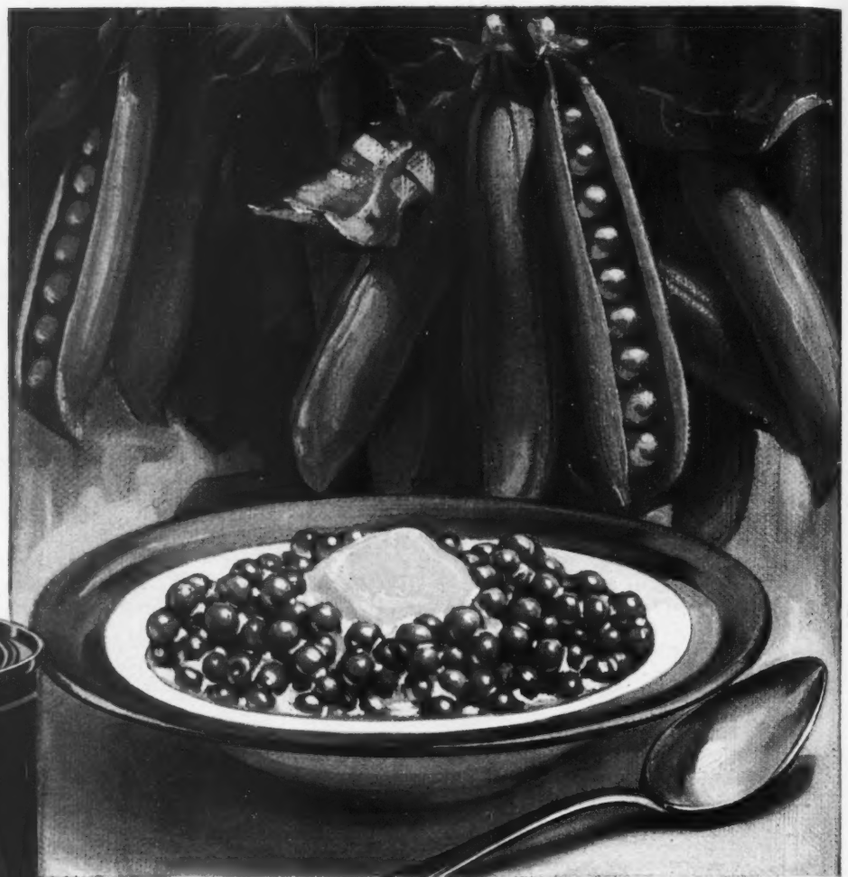
BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

$745 AND UP

You serve them so often!

Why not be sure of the finer flavor DEL MONTE *always guarantees?*



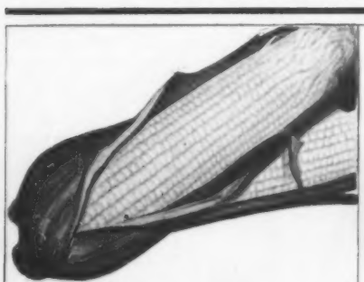
PEAS are such a staple—it's easy to forget what a difference their flavor really can make! But you'll add tremendously to your own enjoyment—if you keep it in mind whenever you buy.

DEL MONTE Peas are peas at their finest—the best peas it is possible to grow or pack. Even the seed is specially selected—grown from our own strains on our own experimental farms. They're picked from our own gardens while young and fresh—inspected again and again to insure their tenderness and flavor—packed *fresh* in our own canneries, among the fields themselves. They bring to your table all the experience and care which have made DEL MONTE Quality famous in so many other foods.

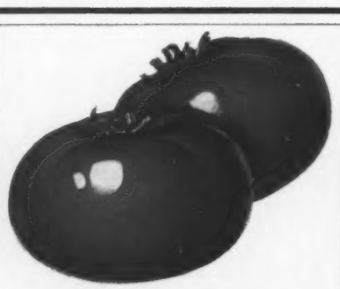
Buy some today—serve them piping hot with butter tonight. You'll find how good a can of peas can really be!

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE

AND DON'T FORGET THESE OTHER DELICIOUS VARIETIES

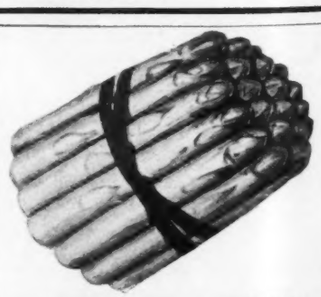


CORN



TOMATOES

SPINACH



ASPARAGUS

INNOCENT WORDS

[*Continued from page 100*]

are drawn tight. The very first rule in tone production is a relaxed body.

1. Stand up. Let your whole body go limp from the waist up. Drop your jaw listlessly. Then say: *wa-wa, wa-wa.* Do this for ten minutes. Do it every day for ten minutes. This is one of the most fundamental and important voice exercises. Before long you will find that the tenseness of your jaw and throat muscles has disappeared and your tones are mellow and full.

2. The following exercises are for the correction of a nasal condition: Touch your fingers to your nose and hum. Note the vibration. Follow this by *oo* and *ah.* Your fingers should feel the vibration. Adjust your voice as you would radio dials. Make it louder or softer, deeper or less deep, until the words come with little nasality and your fingers feel the swelling vibration.

FOR several minutes daily try the following exercises: *tah-tah-tah; ta-ta-ta; tee-tee-tee; taw-taw-taw; toh-toh-toh; too-too-too; fah-fah-fah; fa-fa-fa; fee-fee-fee; faw-faw-faw; foh-foh-foh; foo-foo-foo.*

3. A splendid exercise for acquiring resonance is the practice of words ending in *ng.* Put your palms over the upper part of your face so that they cover your eyes, nose, and the lower part of your forehead. Hum *n;* then *ng;* then *m* as long as possible. Repeat this a few times so that you feel the sensation of resonance. Now put your hand on the top of your head, along the hair line. You should feel the same resonance here, too, if you are speaking correctly. Then sing these syllables, holding the last sound as long as possible: *ting, ling, ning, ding, ahn, an, een, ohn, oon.* Repeat this exercise, speaking instead of singing. As a conclusion to the exercise recite with all the feeling you can:

'Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.'

4. The following rules for developing a pleasing voice are of general application:

(1) First of all, form the habit of reading aloud at least ten minutes a day. Choose something you are interested in and which you can read with real feeling. Poetry is preferable.

Either a real or an imaginary audience is necessary. In the beginning, I advise an imaginary one so there will be no question of self-consciousness. Put it at the farthest end of the room. Begin by saying: 'Can you hear me over there?'

(2) At the close of each day's exercises and reading recite with all the vim and power you possess:

'"Yo ho! my friends, Yo ho! Yo ho!"
The Captain calls to all below.
"Joy, joy to all, for we must go!
Yo ho! my friends, Yo ho! Yo ho!"'

In reading this selection, pronounce each vowel with exaggerated precision, and make the tones as full and ringing as you can.

(3) The third step is listening. You must listen not only to yourself, but to everyone you meet—radio announcers, lecturers, friends, business associates, the grocer, strangers in the shops and streets. You will soon learn to detect the cultivated person from the ignorant and untutored and the kindly generous person from the mean and disagreeable.

(4) Buy a dictionary. Keep it with you. If you are not sure of the pronunciation of a word look it up and say it over and over until you automatically pronounce it correctly.

A great aid to correct diction is the hand mirror. Practise the speaking of difficult words with it before you, noting the position of your mouth for each sound. The mirror will tell you also if you are guilty of lip-laziness which creates a blurred and monotonous tone.

(5) The final stage in voice cultivation is interpretation. After you have learned to control the instrument of your voice so that your tones are distinct and pleasing, you are ready to make that voice express *you.*

TAKE the word *Oh!* Say it expressing the following different emotions.

1. Sudden pain.
2. Pleased surprise.
3. Sarcasm.
4. Delight of a child.
5. Exhaustion.
6. Good-natured sympathy.
7. Hesitation.
8. Fright.
9. Impatience.
10. Indignation.

"When you have learned to express, through the uttering of a single syllable such as this, the entire range of feeling, then you are beginning to make your voice a vehicle for the expression of the thoughts and ideas you wish to convey and of that unique personality which is you."

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

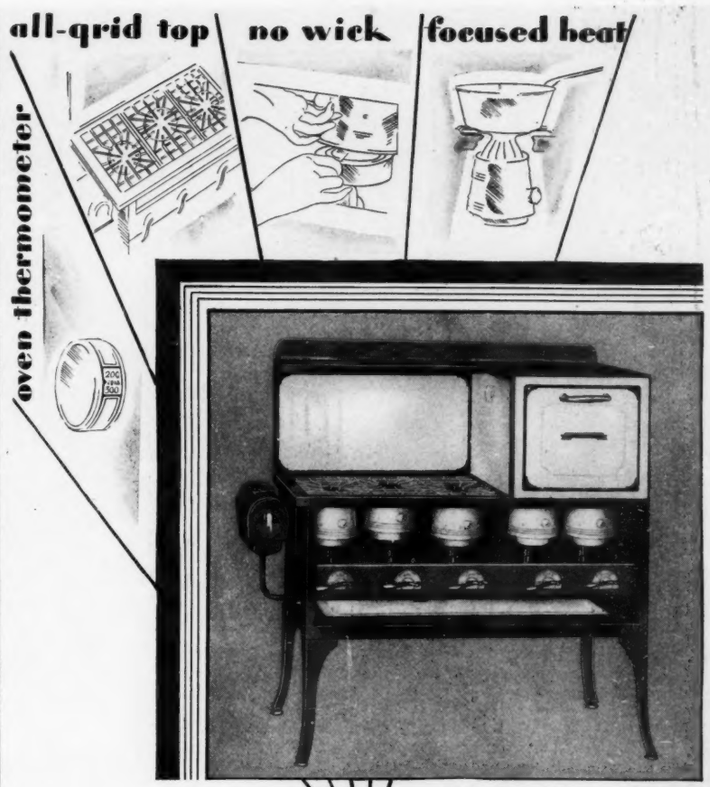
[*Continued from page 25*]

say the same thing in English. It seemed a very friendly thing for him to translate his remarks in this manner for a fellow German.

John Barrymore while acting in Tolstoi's *Redemption* startled the critics by playing throughout with a heavy accent. Its nativity was not easily determined. Indeed, Mr. Barrymore explained later that he meant it just to be an accent unconnected with any known tongue. The character which he portrayed was the one aristocrat in a nest of low folk and criminals. Jack Barrymore said that it was necessary to indicate that the hero spoke a purer Russian than his companions. And so in order to save the rest of the cast the necessity of some sort of brogue he sacrificed himself by assuming an accent and allowing them to go on as usual. It served to set him apart from the other players and maybe it was no sacrifice.

Gorki's *At the Bottom* is a play which sprawls all over the stage. It would be quite impossible to give a synopsis of the plot because it is actually a whole series of plays telescoped into one. We find a ragged horde living in a cellar lodging house. Each one of these characters has his own story to tell and each breaks out with it sooner or later. In fact there are times when two or more begin their narrations at the same time.

This intense, noisy and insistently human play should set an example for an art which has begun to dwindle. The American theater is dying of anaemia. This is surely the time to get actors who can shout. And then, of course, it is also necessary to find them something worth shouting about.



In Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel

Ended .. is the day of the Drudge—

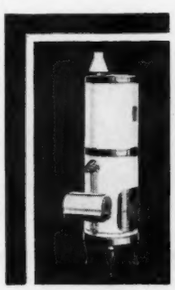
NO more need any woman spend tedious hours in a hot kitchen, lifting a coal hod, shaking a slow stove, contending with mussy ashes. The modern Florence Oil Range does away with all such drudgery, saves hours of kitchen time and cuts the size of your fuel bill.

The Florence principle of *focused heat* means that an intensely hot flame is centered right on the bottom of the cooking vessel. There are no wicks, no smoke, no smell, no long waits, no hot stove going when you are not using it for cooking. And kerosene (coal oil) is one of the cheapest and safest of fuels.

The very newest Florence model, (FR-51) shown above, is especially beautiful; finished in Ming Green, Old Ivory and Black enamel. It takes little floor space and the price is most reasonable. The roomy oven, with accurate side-wall thermometer, is an integral part of the range. Two oven burners will give a temperature of more than 650 degrees.

Hardware, furniture and department stores have Florence stoves in different models, sizes and prices to accommodate every woman's needs.

Constant Hot Water



Automatic Storage Water Heater

Every modern home should have a Florence *Automatic* Water Heater. No care, only a few cents worth of kerosene a day and the joy of constant hot water. It operates under thermostatic control, with a pilot light. Light it and forget it, filling every few days with kerosene. Different models to select from; any plumber can install one.

"Shorter Kitchen Hours"

This booklet is just what its title indicates—full of useful labor-saving hints and information and delightful menus. Write for your copy; it will be mailed you free.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
Department B-2, Park Square Building, Boston, Massachusetts
If you have gas, ask your dealer about the New Florence Gas Range

FLORENCE

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places and flood out decaying food particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the largest selling toothpaste in the world—used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

For those who prefer it, Colgate's comes in powder form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous . . . if you fear for the health of your teeth and gums, see your dentist.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-591, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....

THE NEW MODE DEVELOPS IN BECOMING WAYS

BY Eleanor Bellalley

WITH the new showings in Paris, what only a short time ago we called the new mode has settled down to being the only mode there is. It was not a matter of the pendulum swinging from the old short straightness to the extreme of new lengths and subtlety and then swinging back again a little. What happened instead was a first introduction of completely new ideas, and then, with later collections, the gradual development of those ideas.

The things Paris has designed for the coming season are lovely enough to win over even those women who objected to the changed silhouettes when they first appeared. For, though most of the verdict on the new styles was a chorus of approval, there were a few dissenting voices, and they were not all voices that dissent to anything at all new and strange. Many women of taste and fashion judgment and figures perfectly adaptable to any lines were afraid for a time that longer, slightly fitted things might be less youthful and flattering than short straight lines.

But Paris has proved now that nothing can be more youthful and flattering than the new styles if they are done well. Every important new feature—little shoulder capes, very short jackets, peplums, flounces, even very long hemlines topped by a fitted bodice can all look very young. For those who do not care to look too young, there are equally becoming possibilities of mature poise or attractive sophistication in soft draperies and smart complication. That is one of the best features of the new fashions. They are not limited to any one type. They can express anything you want to express, providing they are done correctly.

But there comes the stumbling block. Only very unlucky people could make mistakes with frocks that were straight from the shoulders with a low belt, but the new fashions are anything but easy. A frock may be merely a matter of sewing three or four pieces together, but in the shaping of the pieces there must be expert knowledge of how to produce slightly fitted suggestions, subtle flares, proportions exactly arranged, length that is just right, all things that call for the utmost in designing skill.

That is why Paris designers like these fashions; it is more satisfaction to achieve the difficult thing impossible to lesser talents, something that cannot be copied at a casual glance. And that is why McCall's makes sure of its fashions by buying them in Paris as soon as they appear and importing the actual models. Among them are some frocks extremely elaborate, others completely simple, others of the in-between type to suit the lives most of us lead. In the sense that it is less bound by set rules than the modes of former seasons, it is a very individual mode. But in the sense that among all the variety everyone of whatever tastes or whatever type can find something she really likes, fashions are more universally pleasing than they have been for years.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6097. A becoming shoulder line is lent by short cape sleeves set in raglan armholes. Triangular sections head loose pleats at the sides.

No. 6103. The sun-tan neckline of a smart blouse is accented by shaped bias bands that edge the neck and form straps trimming the front and back.

No. 6111. Godets in the center and at the sides are a simple effective way of producing a flare that starts at the hipline in the front of a skirt.

The Newest Sport Sleeve is a Little Cape

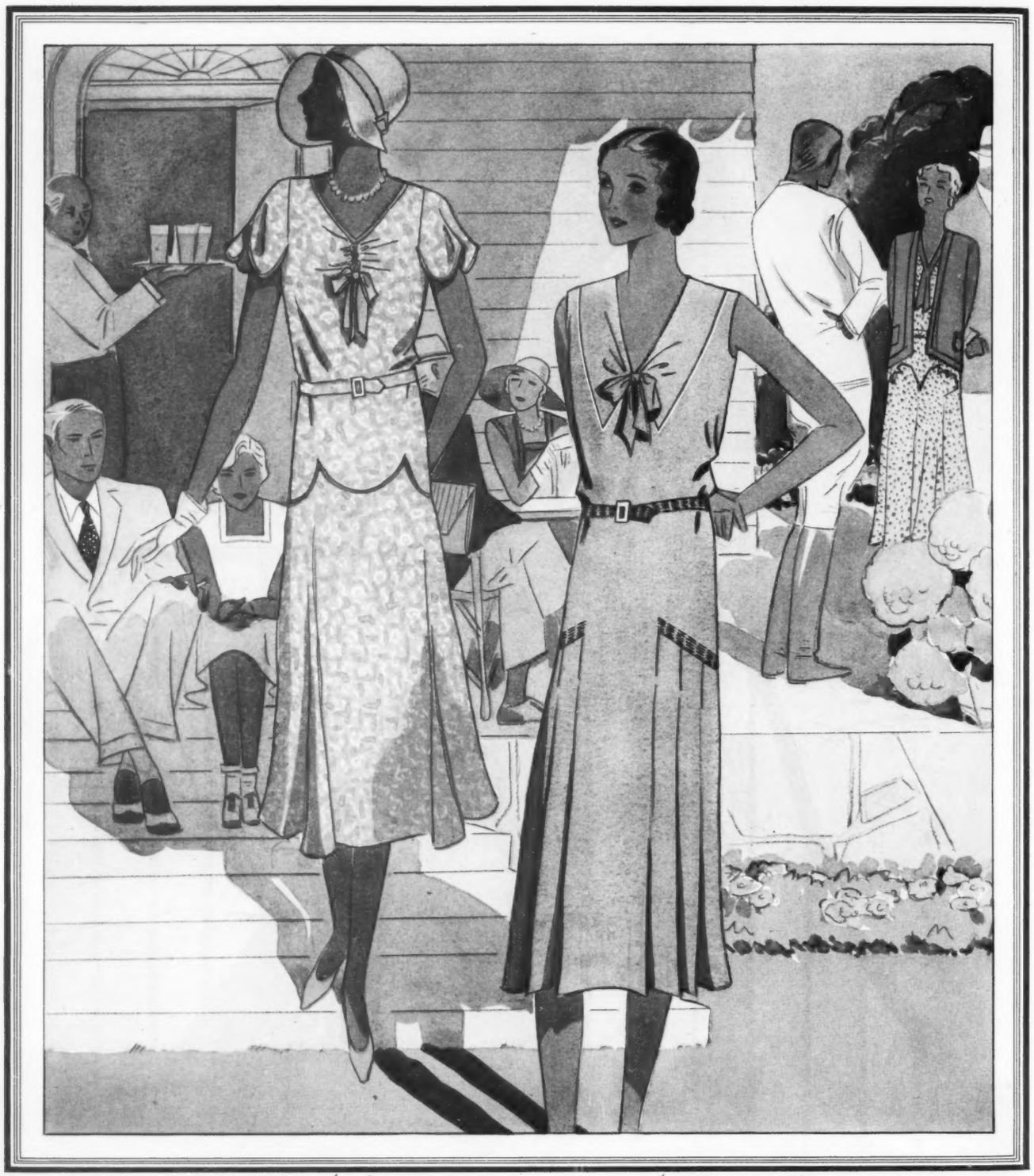
FOR BACKVIEW AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6093. The silhouette of wide shoulder line and wide hemline so popular with Paris designers is produced with effective simplicity by a flounce and short sleeve capes.

No. 6091. Formal evening gowns remain young in spite of long flowing lines. In this case the youthful features are tucks at the waist and a large bow in the back.

Very Young Lines End in Trailing Dignity

FOR BACKVIEW AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168



6087 6090 EMB.1731

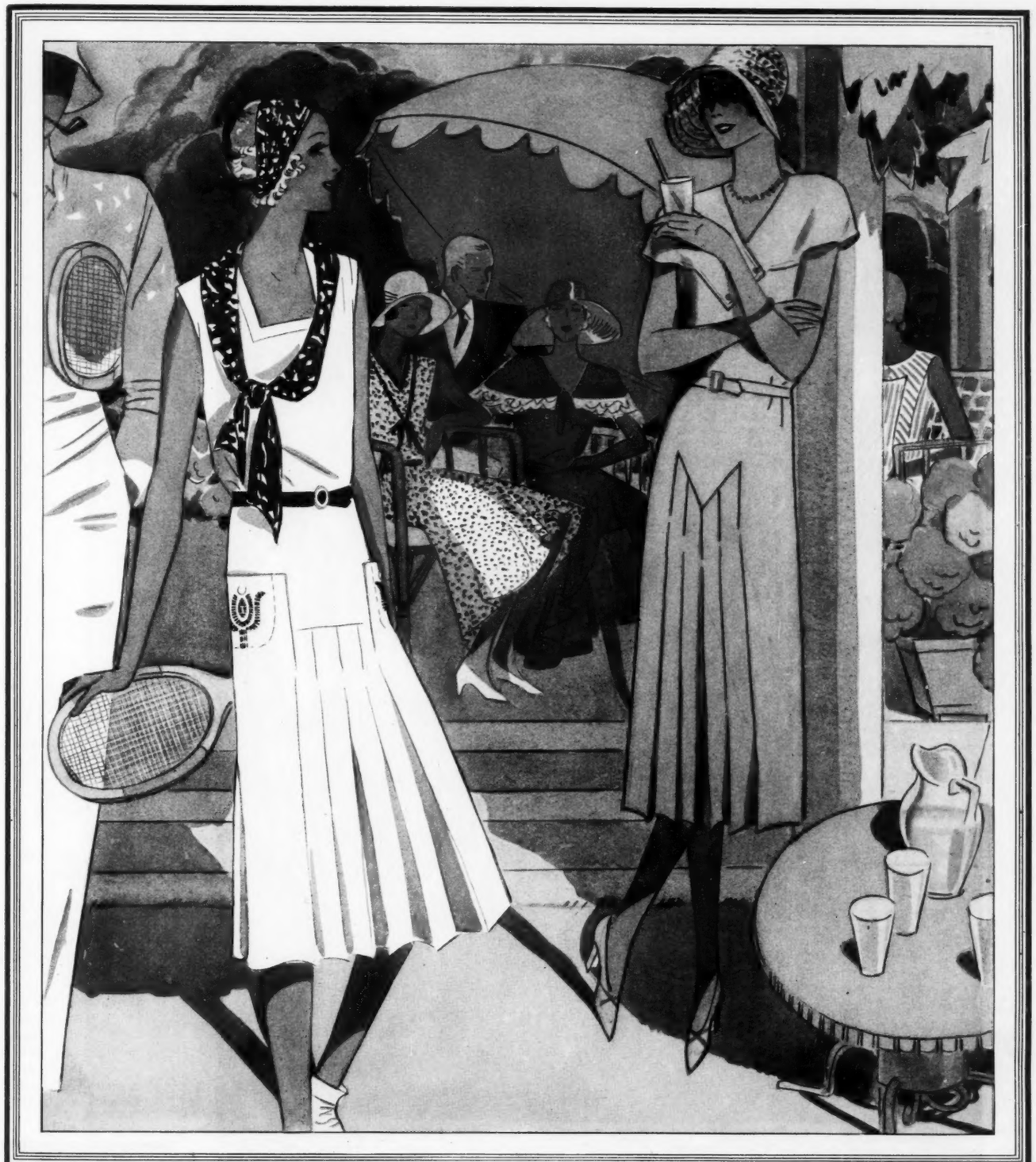
FRENCH FROCKS THAT GO TO

No. 6087. Short cape sleeves and shirrings and a bow at the neckline are feminine features of a sports frock loosely belted at the waist.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6090. Another version of the shirred neckline is combined with a yoke. A running stitch forms a smart decoration on the belt and skirt.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6088 EMB.1731 6085

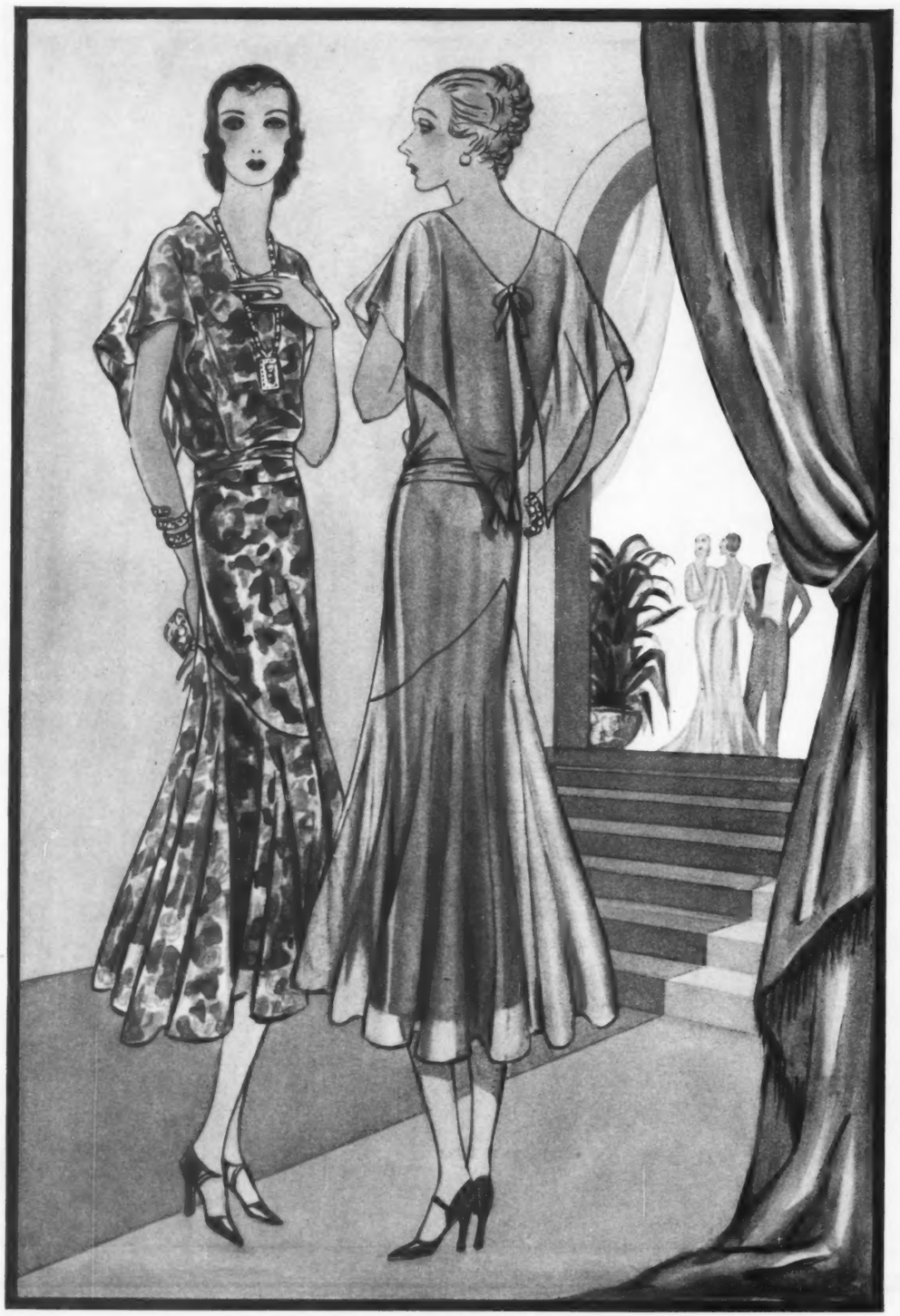
AMERICAN COUNTRY CLUBS

No. 6088. Paris is paying more and more attention to pleats in the new sports things. An embroidered motif in single and running stitch on pockets lend an attractive touch.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6085. The V of a crossed yoke cut in one with short cape sleeves is repeated in the V heading a panel of pleats in the front of a sports frock. A narrow belt is used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6083

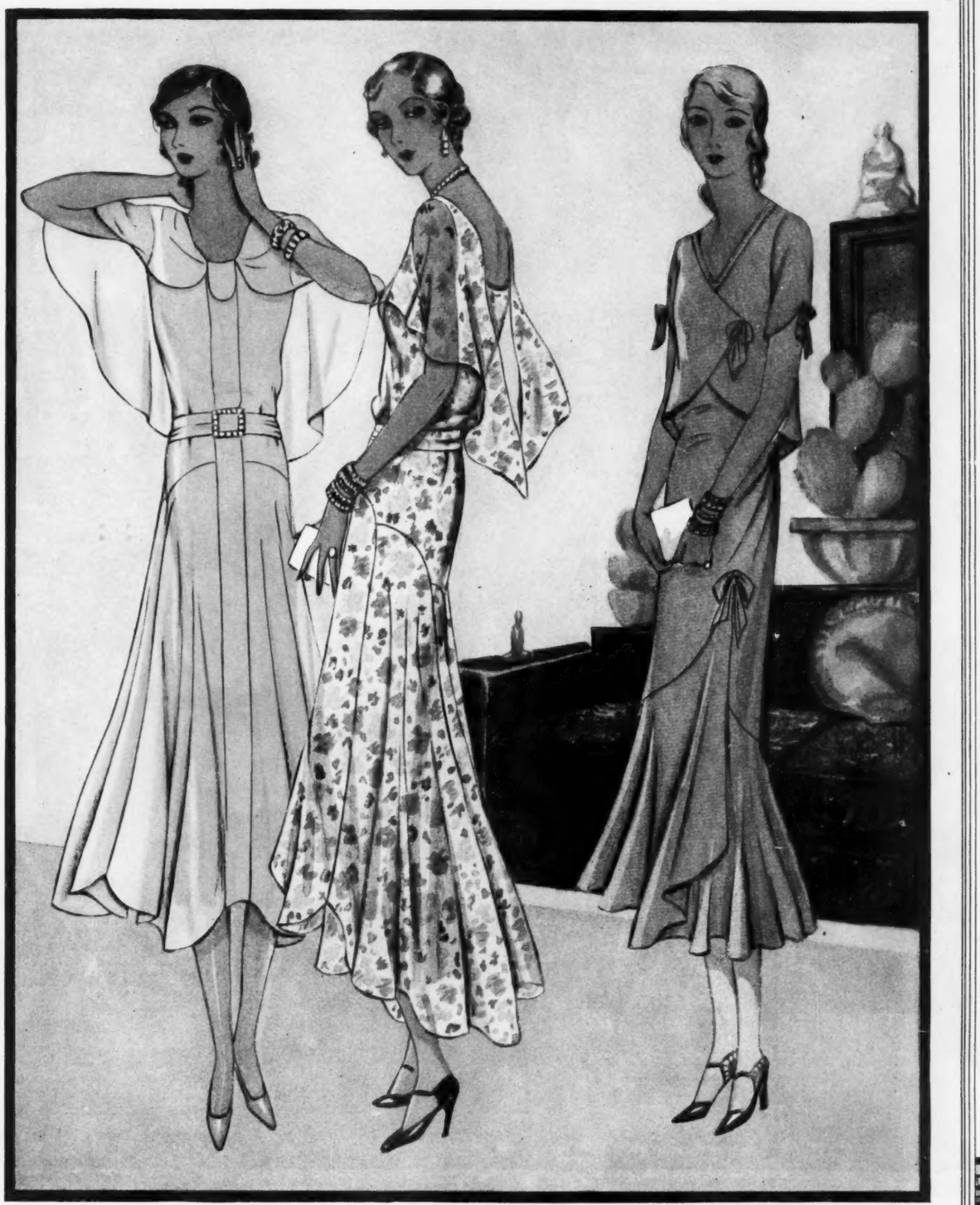
No. 6083. A bertha which forms a bib in front falls in graceful points in the back. The two-piece skirt with flounce is joined to the top in a pointed line.

No. 6101. A gracefully pointed cape collar forms a charming accent to a flaring skirt cut in sections rounded at the top and scalloped at the hem.

No. 6086. The lines of a skirt flounce which wraps around and finishes with a bow are repeated in a smart bolero that crosses in the front.

FROCKS FOR SUMMER DINING AND DANCING HAVE

FOR YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168



6101 6086

FLATTERING LINES AND FLUTTERING COLLARS

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170

6089 6095

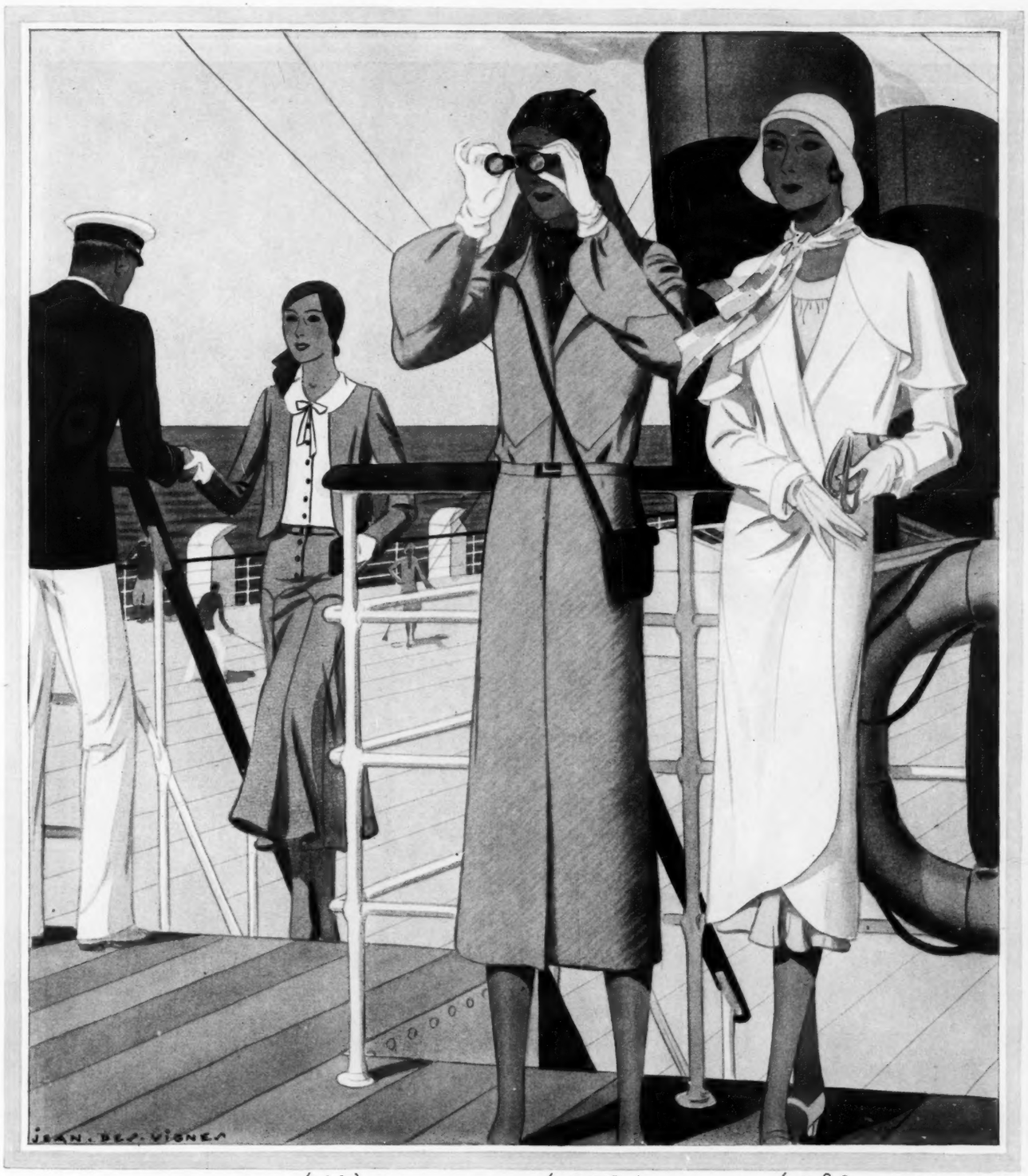
PARIS SHOWS NEW INTEREST IN THE LINES OF BODICES

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6089. The plain little bodice appears less and less in Paris afternoon fashions. A characteristic new treatment is illustrated in a frock which poses a short bolero above princess lines.

No. 6095. The capelet serves the same purpose as the bolero in the new French fashions, in making bodice lines more elaborate and flattering. Shirrings and a belt suggest the waist curve.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6113 6079 6082

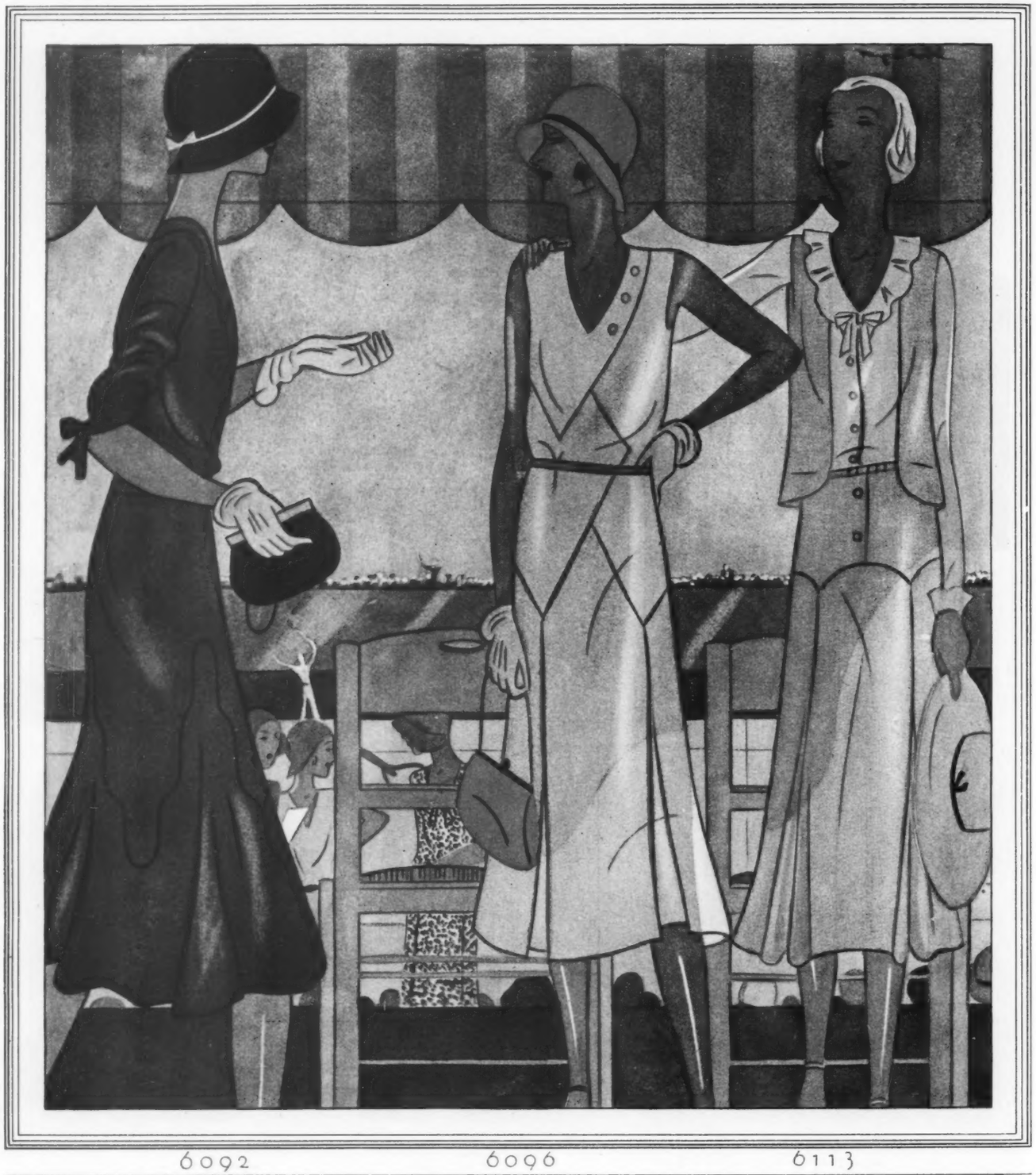
A Suit And Two Coats That Make Smart Travellers

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6113. The important fashion of the Eton ensemble is simply interpreted in a costume consisting of a jacket, a tuck-in blouse, and a skirt that closes down the front yoke with buttons.

No. 6079. A narrow belt is a sign of the new season when worn on a straight line utility coat. Additional style features are a deep pointed yoke and pointed sections on the sleeves.

No. 6082. Little capes appear on every type of costume to give the wide-shoulder-line silhouette. The little cape on this coat is accented by curving the fronts of the coat to match.



6092 6096 6113

THE ALL-DAY SUMMER FROCK COMBINES

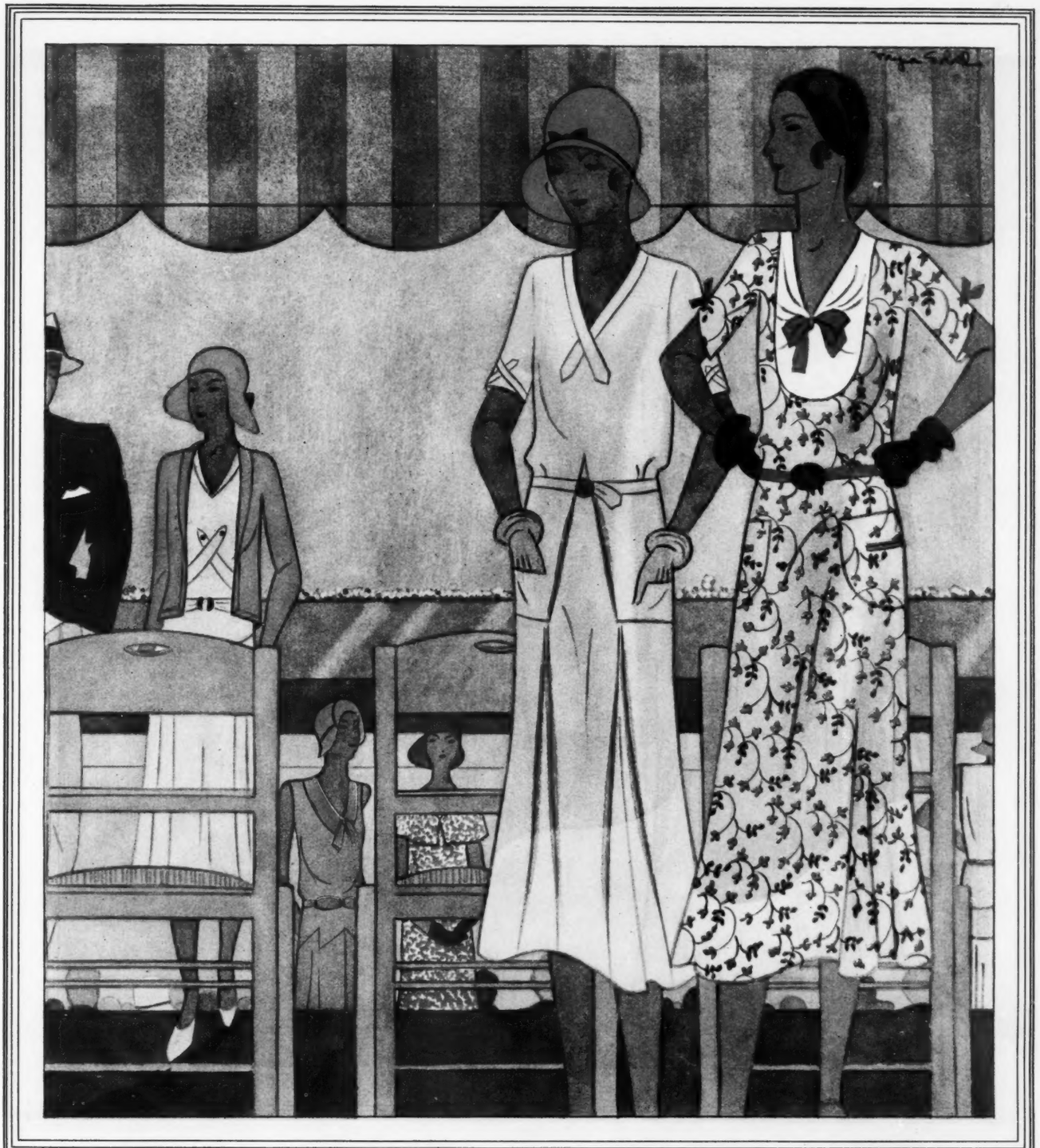
FOR BACKVIEW AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6092. Scalloped seamings which trim many Paris models are varied to form a wavy line, edge a collar and head a circular skirt flounce.

No. 6096. A pleated frock loosely belted at the waist has this season's necessary amount of attractive complication supplied by clever seamings.

No. 6113. A sleeveless Eton jacket reaching just past the waistline makes a costume of a tuck-in blouse and gored skirt becoming to any figure.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6094 6081

INDOOR SMARTNESS AND OUTDOOR SIMPLICITY

No. 6094. Joining the bodice to the skirt in a line to accent two godets in front gives French distinction to a simple belted frock.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6081. A frock cut on princess lines and belted has interesting details, a vestee shirred at the neckline and large rounded pockets.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170

6080 6044 6044 6044

PARIS SHOWS·ORIGINALITY

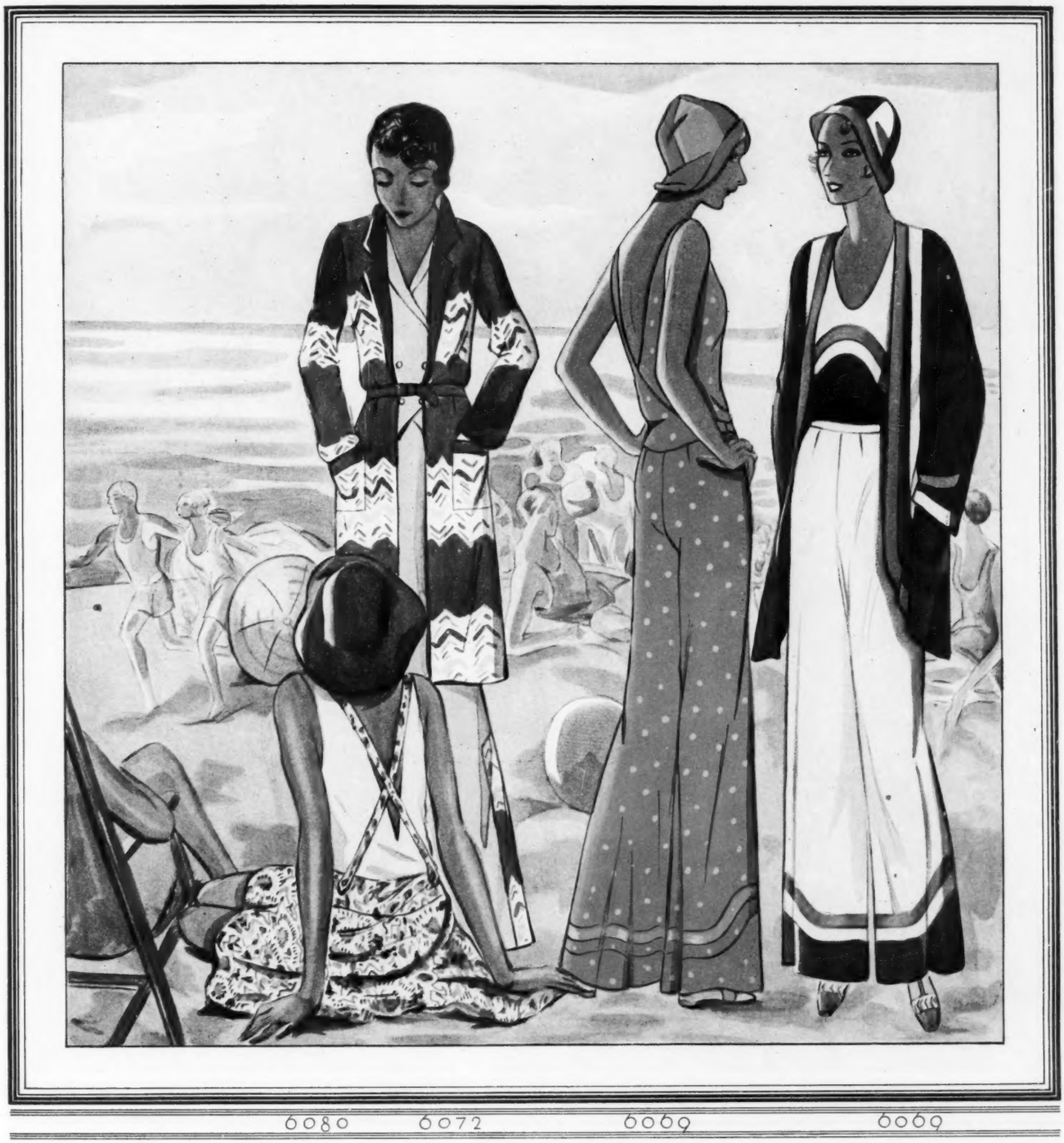
No. 6080. A long full skirt designed to be worn over a sun-tan suit has bib front and crossed back straps.

No. 6044. Trousers with a fitted yoke, a jacket, a bathing suit and brimmed hat form a French beach ensemble.

No. 6044. Back view shows the modernistic use of contrasting materials. The trousers may be cut very short.

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6080 6072 6069 6069

ON SMART SUMMER BEACHES

No. 6080. The short flaring skirt is another version shown in combination with the bib and crossed straps.

No. 6072. A tailored type of beach pajama has a straight line belted coat, wide trousers and sleeveless vest.

No. 6069. Contrasting appliques are used with effect in a beach ensemble of trousers, jacket, blouse and hat

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

6077 6110 6012 6104 6107

SMALL EXAMPLES OF

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6077. Scallops trim the short sleeves and bertha collar of a little frock made with French panties to match.

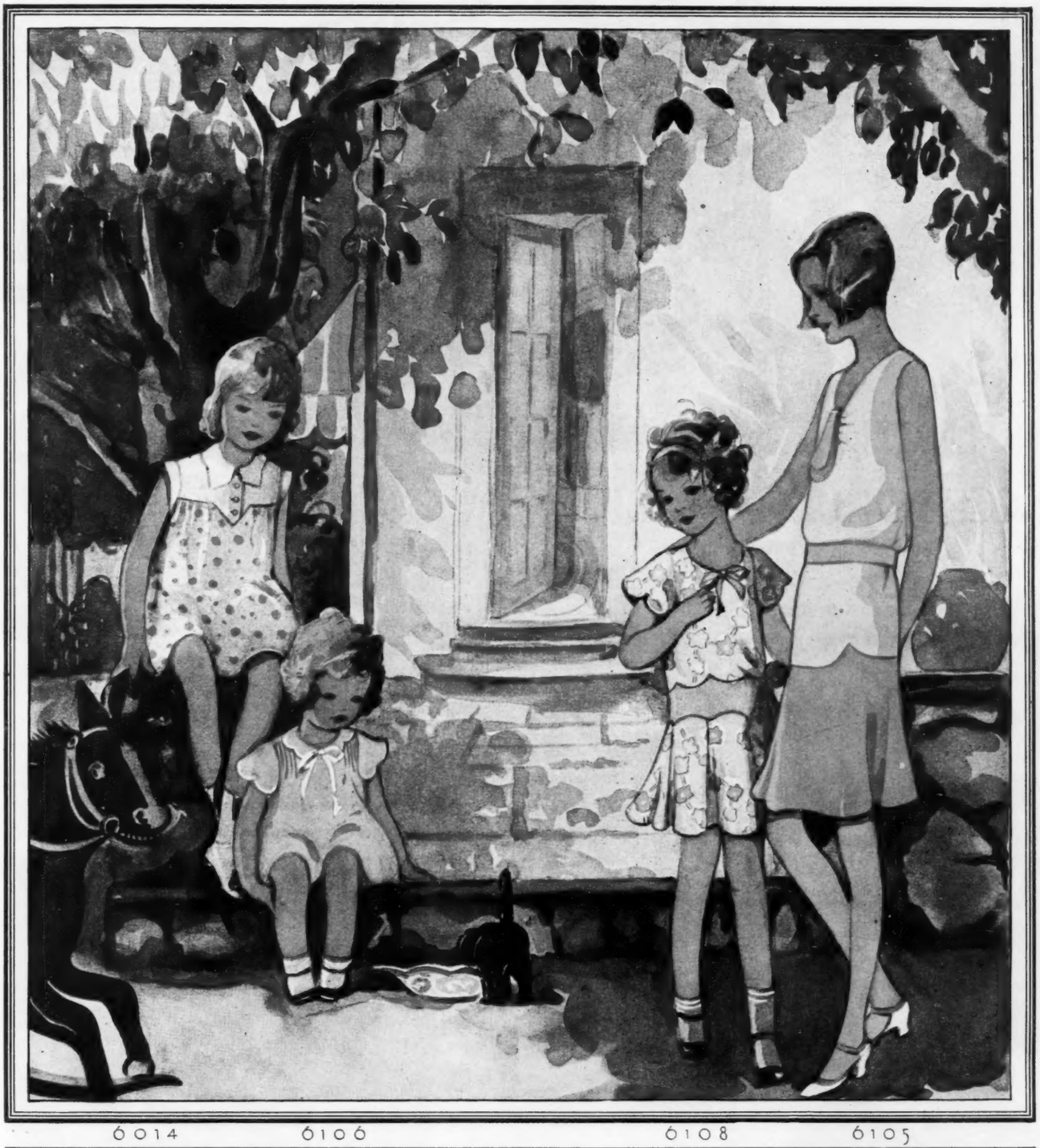
No. 6110. The popular Eton is represented in children's fashions in an ensemble of a pleated frock and jacket.

No. 6012. A very simple frock with a slightly flaring skirt and a sleeveless jacket becomes a smart ensemble.

No. 6104. Little capes lend the new silhouette to a practical coat cut on straight lines and loosely belted.

No. 6107. A French frock has shaped bands, appliqued on, that trim the pleats and form a slot for the belt.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170



6014 6106 6108 6105

THE SUMMER MODE

FOR BACKVIEWS AND YARDAGE SEE PAGE 168

No. 6014. A short-sleeved frock is gathered on to a contrasting yoke which is cut in a point in front and closes with a row of buttons.

No. 6106. The new cape sleeves are a charming detail of a small frock tucked on the shoulders. It is worn with French panties to match.

No. 6108. A jacket effect is suggested by a contrasting band to which the gored skirt and blouse are joined in a scalloped line.

No. 6105. Shirrings at the neckline and a petal jabot trim a simple frock cut on princess lines and slightly bloused by a separate belt.

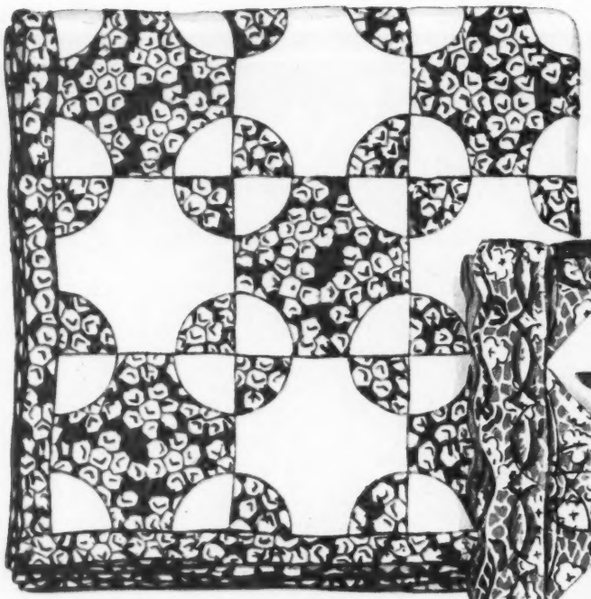
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 170

Gaily patterned cotton quilts, entirely made by machine, are the answer to the busy woman who wants lovely bedding.

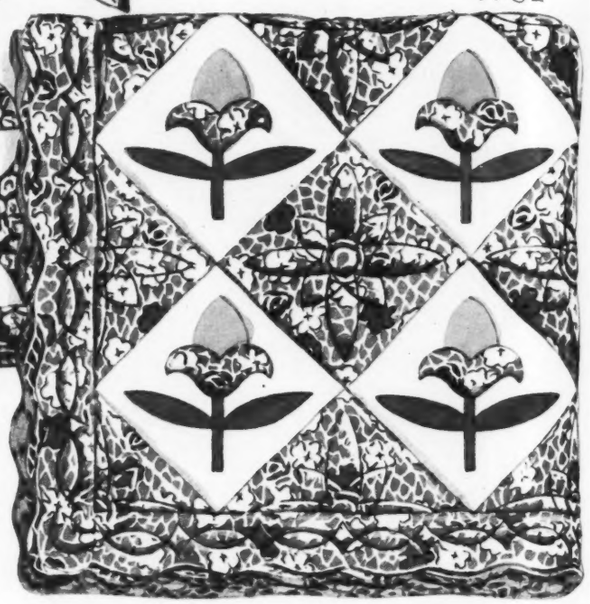
NEW AND DISTINCTIVE ACCESSORIES FOR THE HOME

BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

1783



1782

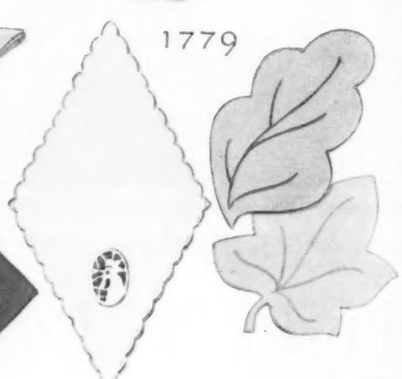


1783. In answer to the growing demand for patchwork quilts, this delightful Snowball design has been issued. It is designed to be made by machine, but of course hand work is lovely, if you have the time. Pattern states materials required for all size quilts. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

1782. When quilts can be made entirely by machine, even the busiest woman can have lovely ones. You stamp the quilting transfer on a cheesecloth lining, and machine stitch along the line of design, through lining, wadding, and top material. For small and large beds. Complete directions. Price, 75 cents. Blue.

1778

1779



1778. The delightful new method of weaving with colored cottons, over and under the blocks of basket-cloth is fascinating work. This landscape is charming for a pillow, footstool, tray, or picture. Pattern includes basket-cloth,16 ½" x 20," cottons and chart. Price, $1.75.

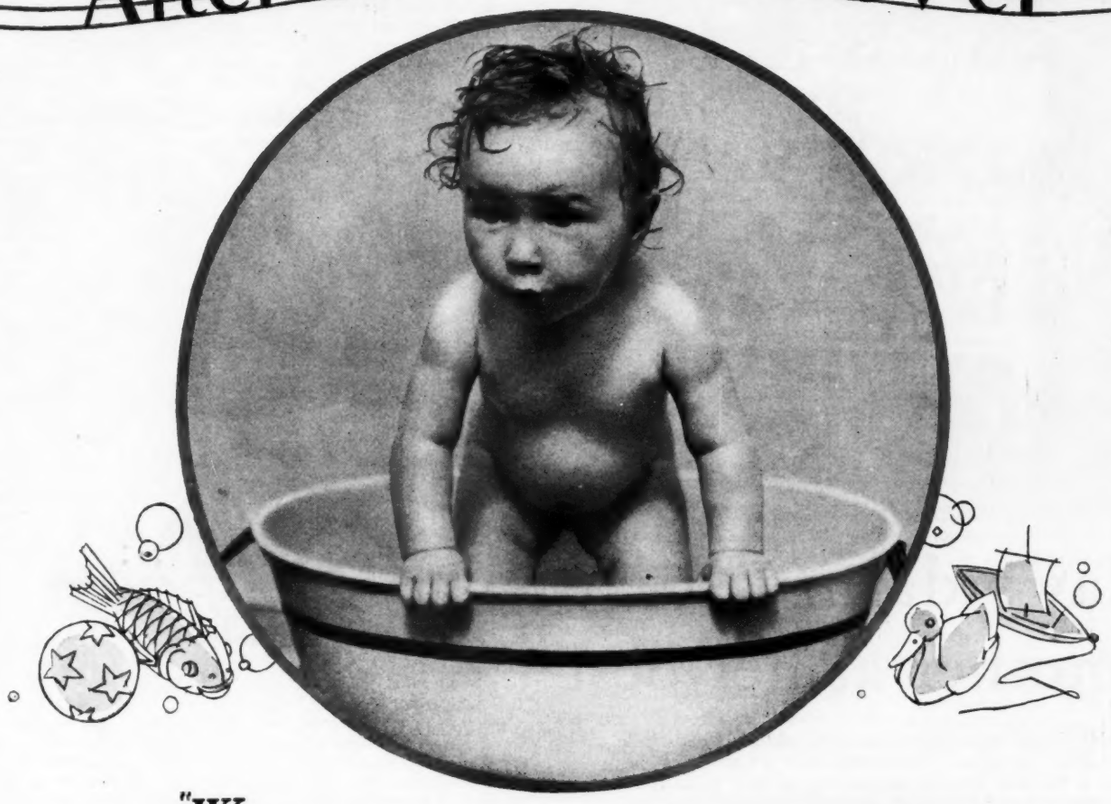
1779. The modern hostess will have these tiny beverage napkins, the smaller the smarter, in leaf designs, squares, triangles, with clever rooster motifs for the corners, and a ship motif for applique. Pattern contains 8 different designs, 6 of each. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

1780

1780. Felts in the loveliest shades have been skillfully assembled for this applique wall hanging, 32 x 40 inches. The design is charming used on monks cloth, sateen or rep, hung back of a davenport or console table. Includes all stamped felts, and transfer, blue or yell. Price, $1.75.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices quoted above.

After the bath is Over



"WHEE-EE-EE-EE . . . talk about excitement! Here comes Mother, with my powder! Oh, you should see—it's the softest, silkiest powder we've ever had at our Bath Ceremony! It's different from any we've used before. How Mother found it, I don't know, but she's the cleverest woman that way...

I wish she'd hurry. I want that powder to cuddle up close to me, quick! It keeps me so comfortable . . . d'you know, I've almost forgotten what chafing means! I declare, it's the loveliest, soothingest . . . please, Mother put that powder on me . . . or I'm going to jump right out of this tub!"

The Chief Chemist has a message for mothers—The difference in baby powders is largely due to a difference in *talc*. For Johnson's Baby Powder, only the finest Italian talc is used. This is made up of soft, tiny flakes—but the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle*-like particles! The trained observer readily sees this difference under a microscope . . . or you can feel it, this way . . .

Rub a little Johnson's Baby Powder between your thumb and finger. Then do the same with other powders...you'll know, soon enough, if they're made with inferior talc! Another important thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc. Decide for your baby—wisely!

Your baby deserves the best of soaps, too—Johnson's Baby Soap is made *especially* for babies, also—from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. It is as bland and soothing as the finest Castile soaps—but unlike Castile, Johnson's Baby Soap gives a rich, smooth lather and rinses off quickly and completely, leaving the skin soft and velvety. Note this fact, also—whereas Castile soaps are frequently impure and inferior in quality, every cake of Johnson's Baby Soap conforms to the highest standards of purity and excellence.

Here's an extra aid to your baby's comfort—Johnson's Baby Cream is also made especially for babies, from purest ingredients. It is bland and soothing, and relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash," prickly heat, and other mild irritations of the skin. A little of Johnson's Baby Cream, rubbed gently on the baby's face and hands before going outdoors, will prevent sunburn and windburn.

FREE SAMPLES! *In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample—free of charge. With it, we will send you free samples of Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, for you to try in connection with the powder. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. 4-F, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.*

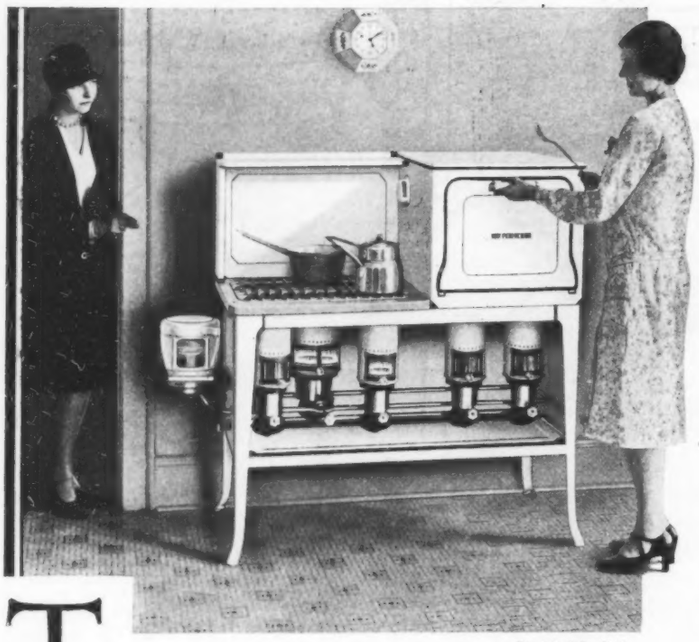
Johnson & Johnson

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS: "ZO" CARTRIDGE SPOOL ADHESIVE PLASTER, ETC.

SOAP

Johnson's Baby Powder

CREAM



No. 339. Price $140

Today's dainty stove sees mother at her best

THERE was a time when a smudged reddened face, wilted locks and roughened hands were taken for granted in the kitchen. But with this new labor-saving oil range to help her, any woman can be as dainty and well-groomed when she cooks as when she entertains.

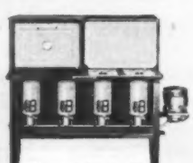
The snow-white Perfection illustrated is finished in shining porcelain. The oven is porcelain-lined, and fitted with a dependable heat indicator. Five Giant Superfex burners, one a Big Giant, furnish swift clean heat.

You can have the same range with Giant Puritan short-drum burners for close-up flame if you wish. There's a choice of color, too: white, as shown, or white with trim of cherry red, golden sand, sea blue or apple green.

• • •

BEAUTIFUL RANGES

$55 *to* **$140**★ New Models include beautiful ranges in great variety, from $55 to $140. Perfection's handsome new stoves for separate ovens, at $7.00 to $83, complete the choice of sizes and styles.



No. 87. Price $55★

$15.00 DOWN These ranges may be bought on the new Perfection Purchase Plan, with a small down payment and easy terms. For instance, the white range shown above, priced at $140, will be placed in your kitchen for $15 down . . . with payment of the balance divided over a period of thirteen months.

No. 87—New four-burner range, finished in silver gray porcelain and Perfectolac with satin black. Built-in oven. Heat indicator. Long-chimney burners $55

Dealers displaying this sign offer you free trial and easy terms on any Perfection, and accept your old stove in trade.

★ Prices slightly higher in the South, the West and in Canada. Small financing charge on deferred payments.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, *Cleveland, Ohio*
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Ranges

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 27*]

Jacqueline, her hair soberly banded about her head, her slender figure clad in a drab sweater, had felt all at once a twinge of envy. Yolanda's youth! Yolanda's courage! "If I ran away with Kit, what then?" she had demanded.

"Oh, my soul, Aunt Jack, do I have to tell you? If I ran away, I'd forget there was anybody in the world but myself and him—and be happy."

"Happiness isn't won that way, Yolanda."

"Isn't it? Have you ever tried any way but your own, Aunt Jack?"

SHE flung the challenge at her aunt's feet, and Jacqueline flung back a startled "No."

"Well, then—" triumphantly.

"I've done the best I could," Jacqueline had said forlornly; and suddenly Yolanda's arms had been about her, "You darling old thing. I'd hate having you go."

"Would you really, Yolanda?"

Yolanda had given her a big hug. "You're too nice to be true. But nobody else in the family knows it."

Their eyes had met, and Jacqueline had been all at once aware that Yolanda was at last grown up. The thought had given her a sense of security. Here was young Yolanda, clear-eyed, understanding. Her challenging youth had seemed to take on an unexpected value. Her strength might be a shield and buckler to them both.

The wind had come up and was blowing about them—the wild wind that Jacqueline loved. Jacqueline had to raise her voice to speak above it. "Darling, it has been a great help to have you say all this."

With her cold cheek pressed affectionately against her aunt's, Yolanda had said, "I'm going to tell Dad what I think of him . . . ."

"About what?"

"You."

"Oh, don't, Yolanda."

"I shall. He's so obsessed by the thought of Mother that he can't see anything else. He puts things over on you, Aunt Jack. We all put things over; but he's the worst of the lot."

Nothing that Jacqueline could say would deter Yolanda from her purpose, and that night Joel, voicing a small complaint about the roast, was stopped by Yolanda's cool voice. "Don't make Aunt Jack the goat, Daddy."

Joel had looked up, startled. "What do you mean, Yolanda? I don't like your language."

Yolanda had met the issue squarely: "I had to say it that way to make you listen. We're all getting so that if the furnace doesn't work or the ice cream doesn't freeze, or the morning paper doesn't come, we blame it on Aunt Jack. And it's not a sporting proposition."

Deep red had come into Joel's cheeks, and Jacqueline had feared an explosion. Joel's nerves were not of the best in these days. For a moment he had gone on with his carving and had said nothing. Then he had laid down his knife. "Do we—bulldoze you, Jacqueline?"

And suddenly she had found herself saying, "It's like this, Joel. I sail the boat. But I'm not the captain."

Joel had flung back his head and had stared at her, and Yolanda had shrieked with laughter, "Oh, you darling, *darling*."

And all at once, Jacqueline had heard them all laughing—Yolanda's staccato shrieks, Joel's bass, small Joey's piping treble. "We're a darned poor crew," Joel was saying, "but after this we're going to do better."

In some ways things had been better. But human nature is human nature, and the Hutchins family was not ripe for sainthood.

But they had all scrambled along throughout the years without great friction; they had many good times; and had it not been for that constant ache at her heart for Kit, Jacqueline might have been happy.

The telephone rang, and Jacqueline went in to answer it. It was Mrs. Gilman speaking, "We've had a marvelous letter from Sue."

"Reâlly?"

"Yes. I'd like to have you read it. Can't you come over and take tea with us tomorrow? Or shall I send the letter to you?"

"I'll come . . ."

Jacqueline hung up the receiver and went back to the porch. Standing by Simon's cage, she ruffled the feathers of his neck thoughtfully. Her mind was on Sue, and Sue's letter. For Sue was in India. She and Paula had at last sailed around the world, and Kit had spoken in a recent letter of their anticipated arrival. "It will be good to see someone from home. Yet in a way it will open my wounds. I sometimes think it is better to have no reminders of you, dearest. I live along fairly well between letters, shutting away the thought of what might be if I had you here . . . ."

THAT letter had not sounded like Kit. Never before had he spoken of "wounds" and of "reminders." He had seemed content with her letters and his hope for the future. Yet Paula had said these things would not satisfy a man forever; men want more than—dreams . . . .

Now and then she had begged Kit to come back—to be near her. Old Timothy Howland had said that it was possible. "There's a place for him in the office. Business is much better."

But Kit had not been willing to come. "I'm not sure I can make you understand, my darling, that it is easier to be at long distance. When you say that you'll marry me, I'll give you a honeymoon of romance and adventure and then we'll come back to Boston."

And now it was Sue who was having the adventure . . . if not the romance! Jacqueline voiced her own restlessness, her own longing, as she spoke to the parrot. "Oh, Simon, Simon, if only we could flap our wings and fly away!"

She had developed a habit of confiding in Simon. They were great cronies, and his weird, murmuring voice would take on soft notes of comforting as she stood by his cage. It was as if his yearning for the freedom he had lost and her yearning for her freedom she had never found had brought them together.

She went back to her work. And as she wove her needle back and forth

[*Continued on page 129*]

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal *that gives you such perfect results*.

Would you like to make an entirely new kind of layer cake . . . with a texture so feathery light that it actually melts on your tongue?

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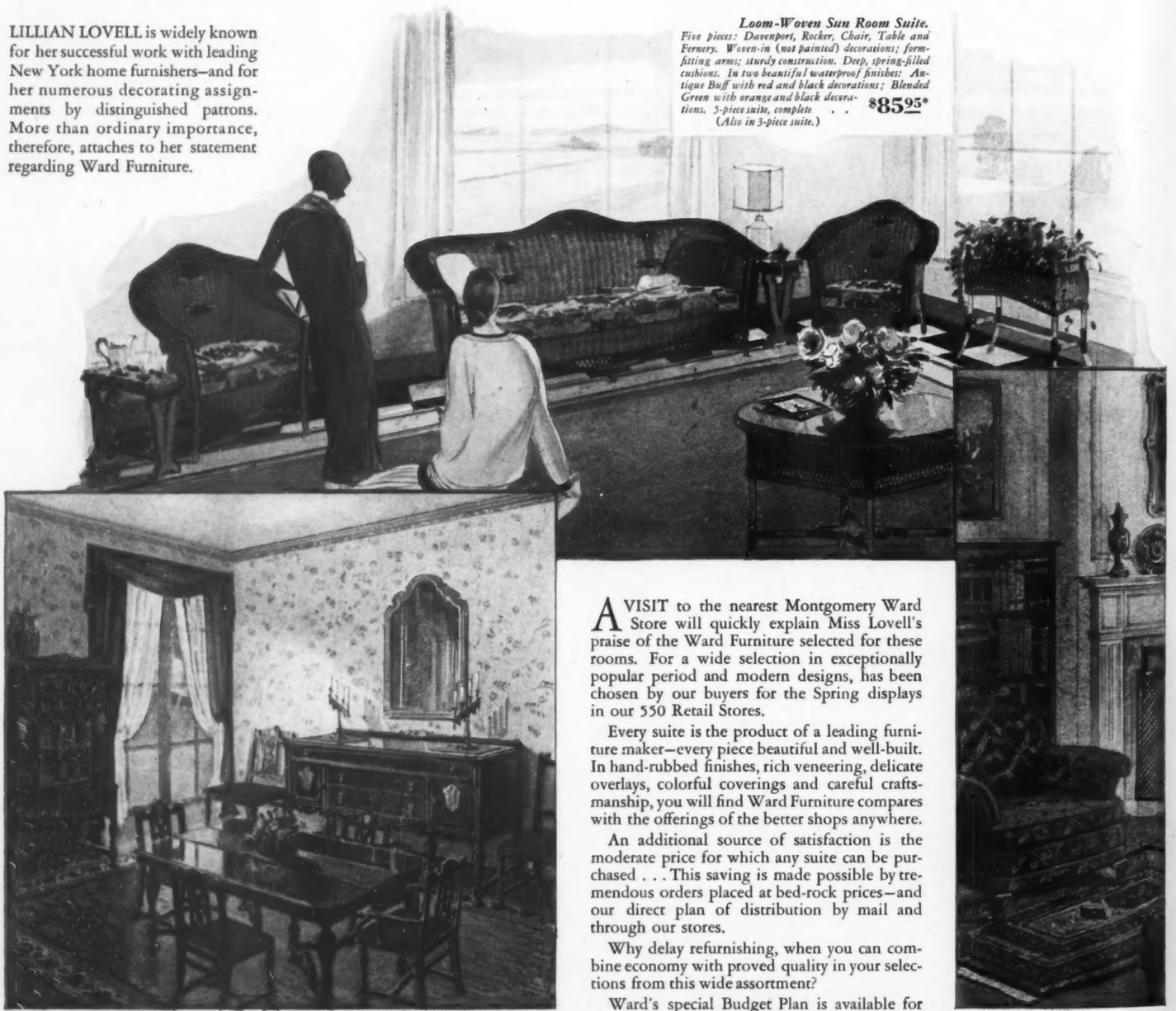

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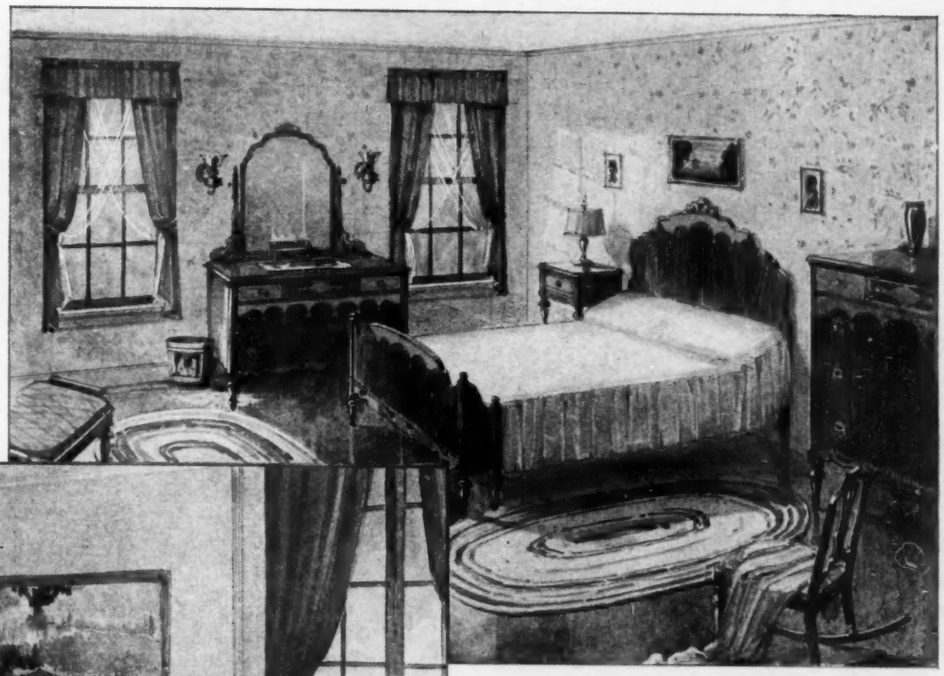

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WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 124*]

in one of Joel's golf stockings, she was thinking busily of some of the things Sue had said to her on the eve of departure. "I feel as if I were running away from my old self, Jack. As if I should find a new self—out there."

"I hope it will be as nice as the Sue I know," Jack had told her, smiling.

"I show my best to you, Jack . . . ." Sue had said, with her eyes on the floor; "I hope I shall always show it." And after that, she had gone away.

Simon was screaming a welcome, as small Joey came up on the porch. Joey had hair like his mother's and Yolanda's. But he was more cherubic than Yolanda. He had no angles. He was all soft plumpness and dimples and smiles. His nose had little golden freckles and at the moment his flushed face was beaded with perspiration.

HE FLUNG himself down on the step, "Gee, I'm thirsty!"

"Hannah has some lemonade in the kitchen."

He rushed in and came back with a tray on which was set two frosted glasses. "One for you, too, Aunt Jack."

She smiled at him as she took it, "I didn't know I wanted it, but I do."

He sat down at her feet. "'Landa's in swimming."

"I told her she could go."

"She'd have gone if you hadn't told her."

Jacqueline knew that he spoke the truth. She gave Yolanda permission to do things, lest she court disobedience. Yet Yolanda rarely asked to do things which got her into trouble. Her courage and caution and common sense, combined to make her independence less alarming than it might otherwise have been.

Joey's voice had an injured note, "You didn't say I could go."

"Darling, you stayed in too long yesterday, and your ear hurt last night."

Joey considered that. "Doesn't 'Landa ever stay in too long?"

"Not often. But then she's older."

"When I get old can I do the things I want to do?"

"Not if they hurt you—or other people."

"I wouldn't want to hurt anybody," Joey said, earnestly; "I wouldn't want to hurt anybody . . . . Not even the teeniest, tiniest kitten."

He was adorable as he said it. His little freckled nose was wrinkled, his blue eyes were clear and confiding. He drew closer and tucked his head in the hollow of her arm. "Tell me a story," he coaxed.

As she sat there on the step, however, with small Joey held close while she told him his story, Jacqueline was very near happiness. And she looked childish and charming, as the wind blew soft tendrils of hair about her face, and the declining sun drew broad bars of gold across her blue linen.

It was thus that Joel saw her as he came up the walk. He often came home to find her sitting there on the steps with small Joey. At first it had given him a bit of shock to see her in Mary's place. But the years had softened the first agony of his wife's illness, and he had been glad of Jack's welcome and of her presence on the porch.

Joel sat down on the step. In his somewhat shabby summer clothes he lacked the smartness which had been his when he returned from France. He looked tired and depressed. "Broiling in town," he said, wiping his forehead.

"Why don't you go down for a swim before dinner?" she suggested.

"'Landa's swimming," Joey complained, "but Aunt Jack won't let me."

"It's his ear," Jacqueline elucidated. "But if you are going in, Joel, you can see that he gets out before he is chilled."

Joey flung himself upon her, "May I really, Aunt Jack?"

She kissed him. "Of course you may, with Daddy."

"You come, too."

The idea appealed to her. The air was sultry and the thought of the deep still waters refreshing. As she hesitated, Joel said, "Come on in, Jack, the water's fine."

As she went up to her room a few minutes later to change, she heard Joel talking to Mary. There was no sign of weariness in his voice. He was gay and laughing. "You won't mind, old darling, if I leave you for a moment for a dip? The heat has been deadly." Down the long hall she could see him sitting by the bed. He had lifted Mary's hand to his lips—"How sweet and cool you look, my precious."

Joel was always like that—bringing his best to Mary. Jacqueline prayed that he might always bring his best.

When the three of them went down to the float at the foot of the hill, they found Yolanda sitting on it and talking to Stuart Carleton. Stuart's family had a home on the Neck. It was a great place, kept in order by a retinue of servants. Stuart was an only son, a good-looking lad of eighteen, with a strong body which showed to good effect in his black and orange tunic, and a frank smile which lighted his features as he greeted Joel and Jacqueline.

Yolanda, in a sea blue bathing suit with her head tied up in a red handkerchief, was having her own way with Stuart, as she had it with every one else. "Stuart wants me to go to a clambake on the Neck. Tomorrow night. Tell him I can't, Aunt Jacqueline."

"Of course you can't," Jacqueline said. "You're too young for grown-up parties."

I KNEW she'd find a reason," Yolanda said as she surveyed Stuart from under long lashes; "I couldn't think of one . . . . "

"She's dying to go," Stuart told the grown-ups. "But she won't because I ask it."

"You flatter yourself—!"

Yolanda at fifteen! As accomplished in the art of coquetry as a lady of some old court!

"I'd ask somebody else," Stuart informed his listeners, "if I didn't know it was just what she wanted. I'd be bored stiff with any other girl, and that's what she's hoping."

Yolanda fluttered her fingers in the air, in a mocking gesture. "Bright lad . . . .!" She turned a somersault and

[*Continued on page 132*]

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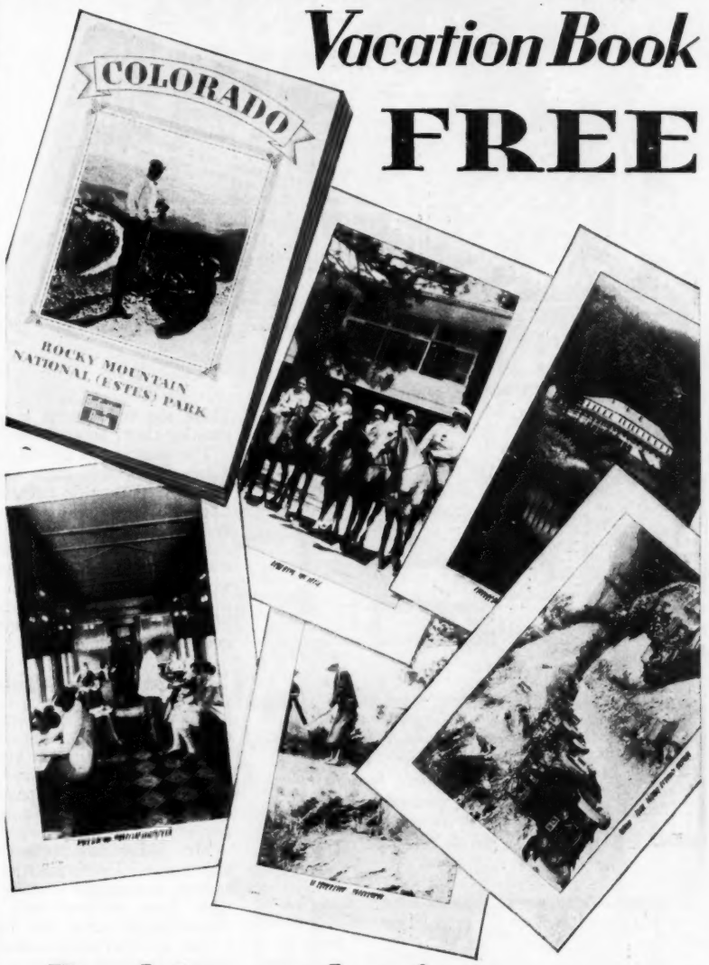

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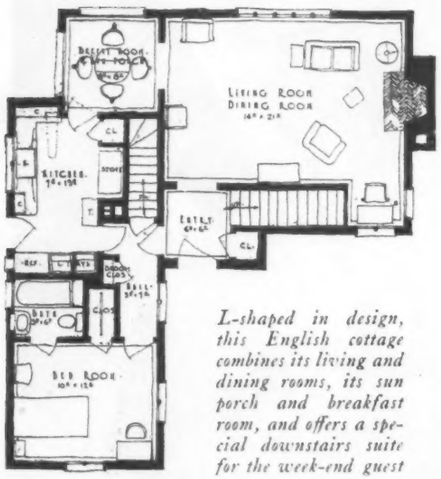
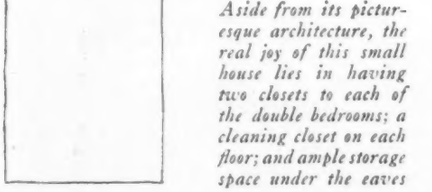
THREE SMALL BEAUTY AND

Designed by LEFFLER B. MILLER, WILLIAM E.



L-shaped in design, this English cottage combines its living and dining rooms, its sun porch and breakfast room, and offers a special downstairs suite for the week-end guest



Aside from its picturesque architecture, the real joy of this small house lies in having two closets to each of the double bedrooms; a cleaning closet on each floor; and ample storage space under the eaves

WHEN one wants to build a small house of moderate cost it is often very difficult to find just the right plan. With this fact in mind McCall's went to three distinguished architects and asked them to design three houses of widely different type—American Colonial, English, and French.

Here they are, and with them their floor plans. Each can be built for about $7,500 if the cost can be kept to slightly over 40 cents a cubic foot—a fairly safe average, in most localities, for houses like these.

The small house has the same basic requirements as the house of the millionaire. It must have cross ventilation for all of the principal rooms; the bathroom must be accessible to all bedrooms and to the main portion of the house by means of a hall, instead of by way of other rooms; no room can be so small as to be a mere cell; and all working surfaces must be high enough for the homemaker to work at them without strain. They are simple rules, easy to understand and to apply.

These three plans have several features in common. There are two bathrooms, so desirable in a house of six rooms or more. Our ideal goal today is a private bath for every bedroom. There are two closets in every double bedroom; a cleaning closet on each floor; a linen and a coat closet.

The question of closets sounds simple, but they require considerable extra space, in other words, more cubage, and they do not always come where we want them. To get in all these accessories is a real test of an architect's skill. It is much more difficult to design the small house than it is to plan a larger house where a few feet added here or there to make things come out right is of little moment. With the small house every inch of size counts.

The English House

The coziness of the English cottage has an unfailing appeal, and if it were put to a vote in almost any of our modern communities the majority of persons would probably say they preferred an English cottage to any other.

Mr. Miller has appreciated this and has combined, in true English fashion, a beautiful low sloping roof with hewn timber work, stucco, checkerboard stone, and brick. He invites us to go even further and include a low wall and entrance gateway arched with attractive ironwork. The whole is thoroughly in the English spirit, even to the chimney pots, though it is in no sense a *copy* of some ancient model. By such thoughtful handling of material, interesting and characteristically pleasing effects can be produced successfully.

If we were to transplant this house to an English countryside it would appear very much in keeping, but none of us would want to follow it there unless we could also transport what we consider necessary, our modern plumbing, heating, and lighting systems as well as many other conveniences.

The dining space is small but ample for a family of four; it is adjacent to the kitchen, thus requiring a minimum of steps in serving a meal. In the early mornings the heads of the family breakfast together and the children are served later. Luncheon is, in most households, a still simpler meal. In the evening, if more space is needed, the large living room table will accommodate almost any family group, and a guest or two.

A writing alcove is a comfortable feature of this living room, thrown in by Mr. Miller for good measure. It will appeal to the children as a cozy corner for home study.

Although at first glance there appears to be no provision in the floor plan for a sun porch, the room off the combined living and dining room may thus be used, or it may serve as a breakfast room.

The ground along the garden front can be levelled and paved with brick or stone for a distance of 10 or 12 feet back from the house; in summer it can be covered with awnings. With such protection, garden parties need not be called off because of passing showers.

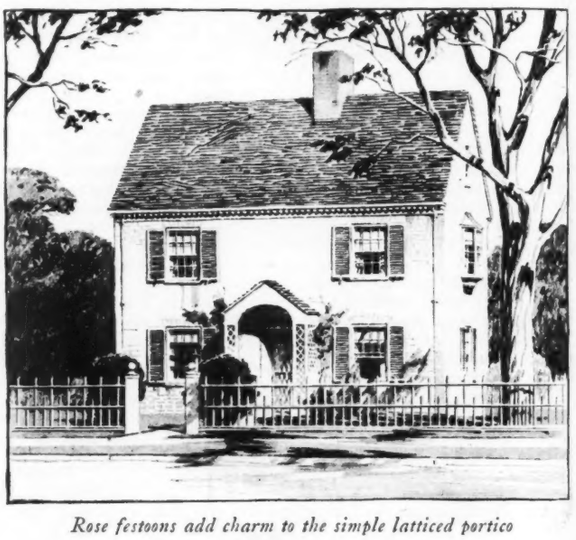
The downstairs bedroom-and-bath is a feature often asked for by prospective house owners and is a special boon when children are small and the mother does her own work. It is also adaptable as a servant's room or as a library-guest room. The bedrooms are commodious, and the sloping roofs offer plenty of room for storage.

Protected from the too cool winds of Spring by the low brick wall with its graceful wrought iron light frame, the L shape of this house forms an ideal enclosure for a bit of quaint English landscaping.

The Colonial House

The simplicity and charm of the Colonial house by Mr. Worcester takes us back to the streets of old New England with their spreading elm trees. Its proportions are dignified, and might be severe but for the inviting latticed portico.

There is something especially fine in the smooth white walls of the house, which ordinary siding could never produce. This pleasing effect of old whitewashed walls can be obtained by painting common brickwork, or by using stucco. But color and finish must be well selected.



Rose festoons add charm to the simple latticed portico

Mr. Worcester has deliberately planned the enclosed back porch for a dining room—a sensible step toward outdoor living. The walls of the porch will be finished on the exterior with shingles of wide exposure, which contrast well with the brickwork of the main walls.

Assuming that the lot will face North and that the greater part of the property will lie behind the house and be developed into a lawn or garden, the dining porch is wisely extended back into its confines. Because enclosed, it will be useful the year round. The size of this room is flexible and may be increased, if desired, to make a larger dining space with corresponding benefit to the bedroom above.

The architect has also found space in the kitchen for a dining unit which many people find so convenient and desirable. Some, however, would prefer to furnish this space with a set of painted breakfast table and chairs of small scale, rather than with the stationary built-in benches and table which are so difficult to sweep under.

The interior arrangement of this house has not been sacrificed for the sake of the exterior, which is simple and direct. The size and location of the windows have been carefully considered; while there are no superfluous windows to be screened and curtained, four of the rooms of the house have windows on three sides and the others on two sides. This, together with the fact that the windows are fully one third larger than those in common use, would insure a sunny interior and excellent ventilation. The bay window in the upstairs bedroom is one of those things which only the experienced architect would think of. It breaks the plainness of the exterior

HOUSES OF CONVENIENCE

WILLNER AND WAKEFIELD WORCESTER

The attractive proportions, steep roof lines, and broken cornices are reminiscent of old French chateaux

elevation and inside offers a delightful setting for a flounced dressing table or a padded window seat where the youngsters could curl up.

Green, of course, is the usual color selected for shutters. But a distinctly individual effect could be achieved by using a soft Dutch blue or rich red brown. With the brown shutters, a white door and deep brown roof stain would make an effective combination and with the blue shutters a blue door and either a black or a very deep maroon roof color would be pleasing.

The French House

The Frenchman looks patronizingly upon some of our plumbed, heated, and electrified structural atrocities and wonders how we can be happy in them. And it is true that in many cases we do need to build more beauty into our constructions.

On the other hand, we can teach the Frenchman much about automatic home comfort even though we sit long at his feet before we exhaust the wealth of inspiration he has to offer us. We must look to France as the mother of houses because she was the first to produce appropriate and attractive architecture.

The homelike quality we seek is abundantly present in numberless small houses in the region around the palace and gardens of Versailles. These residences were built by members of the court régime dependent upon royal favor for social position. While the designs of these houses were influenced by the formal habits and sophistication of the owners, they were, nevertheless, the expression of personal taste, free from court dictation and have the charm inherent in the French.

In Mr. Willner's little French house perhaps the only reminders of a chateau lie in the attractive proportions, steep roof lines and broken cornices. Otherwise it has much in common with the English Georgian, especially the latticed portico which is often found both in England and France.

This house would be most attractive with walls of stone having regularly cut quoins at the corners. However, Mr. Willner suggests walls of common brick, painted or whitewashed. Such a treatment would look very well. Stucco would also be a very successful finish.

In this house, also, is provided a first story bedroom. Or it may be furnished as a study or library, in which case the bathroom would be accessible to the family throughout the day. A divan or built-in bed would make it available as a guest room for the chance week-end visitor.

Of the three dormer windows visible from the front, that on the left indicates, by its difference from the others, that this side of the house forms an independent unit. Upstairs the double bedroom affords unusual space and is definitely separated from the other double room, which occupies the entire space above the living room and overlooks the garden. An unusual but very French feature is its upstairs fireplace.

This house follows the true French spirit of desiring and obtaining privacy for the family. With this in view, the living room and dining room are planned to overlook the garden at the rear. (For the family needs, the dining alcove will probably be sufficient.) But as in the English house, more extensive entertaining *can* be done, if desired, in the living room, which also is easily accessible to the dish alcove.

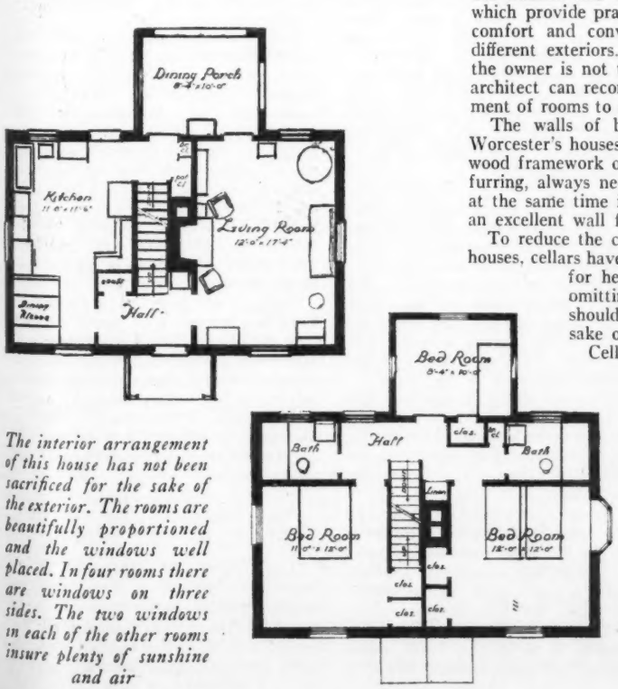
An appearance less formal than the chateau style can be obtained by the treatment of the open porch. Lattice-work, similar to that on the front portico, would call to mind the French cottages of the provinces if planted with climbing roses. Or, perhaps, a grapevine with its large leaves would bring a cooling shade in summer months, and in the autumn, the delightful perfume of grapes ripening in the sun.

It is quite remarkable to find two houses, like the French and English ones described here, which provide practically the same features of comfort and convenience behind such totally different exteriors. Within reasonable limits, if the owner is not too set on some pet idea, an architect can reconcile practically any arrangement of rooms to any suitable style of exterior.

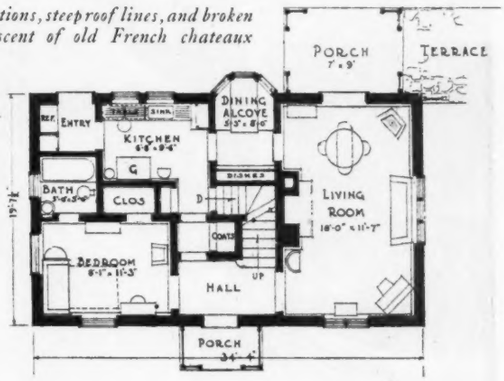
The walls of both Mr. Willner's and Mr. Worcester's houses can be of brick veneer. The wood framework of a veneered wall takes the place of furring, always necessary on a wall of solid masonry; at the same time it acts as insulation. It really makes an excellent wall for small house construction.

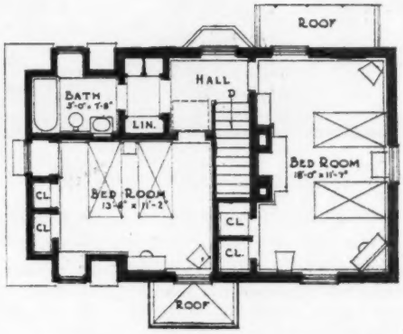
To reduce the cubage (and hence the cost) in these houses, cellars have been restricted to just enough space for heating apparatus. Another reason for omitting excavation is that the small house should be kept close to the ground for the sake of good proportion.

Cellars are not always necessary, but it may sometimes seem simpler, especially to those who have the cellar habit, to excavate to a uniform depth throughout. This can often be done at little expense and, of course, supplies excellent storage space, perhaps a play room, a photographic laboratory for the amateur, or a carpenter's shop for the handy man. We should, however, keep an open mind to new methods of building and to measures of economy and remember that the old ways were not always the best. Now, laundries and furnaces have come upstairs.



The interior arrangement of this house has not been sacrificed for the sake of the exterior. The rooms are beautifully proportioned and the windows well placed. In four rooms there are windows on three sides. The two windows in each of the other rooms insure plenty of sunshine and air





Attractive features here are the generous bedrooms and the fireplace in the master's room

The first floor laundry in all three houses has distinct advantages for the woman who does her own work. It eliminates many trips up and down stairs, and makes it possible to keep an eye on the children and still carry on the other work of the house. The under-the-drain wash tubs and electric washing machines make the plan entirely practical.

In studying over these houses surely one of the three will be found to offer the right setting for a family with a house budget under $10,000. The English house suggests an informal family life and continual open house. The interior setting would be one of rough plaster walls, stained and waxed woodwork, sturdy furniture, gay cretonnes, and crewel fabrics.

The Colonial house would suit the needs of a more conservative family with a well-ordered household. There are excellent facilities for more formal entertainment. In keeping with the Georgian feeling, smooth plaster walls or interesting scenic and chintz wall papers could be used, making an attractive background for fine mahogany.

A family who has a keen appreciation of the joys of living will appreciate the French house. It offers, perhaps, greater luxuries than the other houses with its two large upstairs bedrooms and the extra fireplace. One set of building drawings for these houses, in blue print form, consists of a cellar plan, and plans of first and second floors.

does your skin feel *thirsty* Dry?

This quick-melting cream will restore the natural moisture . . . keep it soft and pliant

You know the feeling—a drawn tightness under the eyes, around the mouth. You rub your fingers over your cheeks—they are parchy to the touch. All because your skin is dry—dry—dry.

And this skin condition—this dryness—is really the *cause* of wrinkles, the reason so many women look old before their time.

To correct it, the Woodbury laboratories formulated a cream of fine, light oils—a cream that puts back into the skin the natural moisture that modern living conditions rob it of. Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature!

Cover your face and throat with this soothing cream. It melts instantly—penetrates without rubbing. You can actually feel your skin drinking in its nourishing oils. It coaxes the grime out of the pores—lubricates as it cleans. It leaves the skin soft and pliant—with a fresh, healthful color.

A daily treatment with Woodbury's Cold Cream checks dryness—postpones the day when the wrinkles creep in.

As a protection against outdoor exposure and as a powder base, use just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. It vanishes immediately, and helps, too, in keeping the skin moist.

You can get the Woodbury Creams, in jars and tubes, at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just mail the coupon with 10c in stamps or coin.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Dept. M-5, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin), please send me trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., M-5 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM
THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

© 1930, The Andrew Jergens Company

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 129*]

flung herself from the float into the deep water.

Stuart was after her in a moment. And Joel and Jacqueline, sitting on the float heard the shrieks of laughter with which Yolanda greeted his approach.

But Joel was not laughing. "Would you think," he demanded, "that she was Mary's daughter?"

"Times have changed, Joel."

"But would Mary ever—could you have played the game as—expertly? Even now, at your age? You couldn't. And Yolanda's nothing but a child."

"Yolanda has always known what she wanted, and gone after it . . . ."

"Do you mean that she wants—that youngster? Great guns, Jack! It hasn't been any time since she played with dolls."

"I'm not so sure that Yolanda ever played with dolls. Not as Mary and I played with them. They were our babies. They were puppets for Yolanda's show . . ."

Joel turned and looked at her. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, Yolanda's world is a stage." She laughed. "I'm not criticising her, Joel. But she plans her effects. Most of the girls of today do that. They are conscious of their power. Mary and I were not."

"Mary wants to send Yolanda to a boarding school in Washington," Joel said, his eyes still on the fleeing pair. "I think this settles it. I'm not going to have my daughter mixed up in a boy-and-girl affair. Even if the boy is Stuart Carleton."

"Boarding school will be frightfully expensive."

Joel squared his shoulders. "I'll make ends meet somehow. It isn't as if Yolanda had her mother, Jack. If Mary were on her feet, she might hold her back a bit."

Had anybody ever held Yolanda back?

Jacqueline felt it was useless to argue. And she would be glad to have Yolanda off her hands; even if the child's going made her own future more uncertain. With Yolanda away, however, there would be less chance than ever of leaving Mary . . .

As she swam through the bright and buoyant waters, she had a sense of the futility of fighting fate . . . If only she could drift and drift across this shining sea, until she came at last to the shores of India!

JACQUELINE went over the next day to the Gilman's to hear Sue's letter. Mrs. Gilman and Phoebe were having tea in the garden, which was at the back of the house and ran down to a thin stream of water which had once been a wide river, up which had sailed the ships of some Gilman ancestor who had docked at his own pier, and had entertained his crew in the kitchen.

The garden was gorgeous with late bloom—solid masses of pink and white phlox rose up tall behind the tea-table.

They welcomed Jacqueline with enthusiasm. "We have missed you, my dear, of late."

"I should have come long ago," Jacqueline said; "but I've had a thousand things to do. And just now Hannah and I are putting up pickled peaches. We have a dozen stone jars of them."

"We buy ours in Boston," Miss Phoebe said; "it's less work."

Jacqueline laughed, "But more money. We have to look to our pennies."

She leaned back in her chair and smiled at them. Her sheer dimity frock was flowered with pale yellow, and her wide hat had a flat bow of yellow ribbon. The dress was cheap and she had made it herself, but it gave an effect of elegance.

"Shall I read the letter to you?" Mrs. Gilman asked. "Sue's writing is rather difficult, and there's a volume."

I'LL listen." Jacqueline took off her hat and dropped it on the grass beside her. "And I'll drink two cups of tea while you're reading, and eat a lot of Miss Phoebe's cakes." Her voice was light and lazy. She looked like a lady quite at ease with the world. Yet she was dreading to hear what Sue might say. She began to understand what Kit had meant when he had talked of "wounds" and "reminders."

Sue's style was characteristic; she wrote as she talked.

"Everybody wants to know why we came to India in the hot season. But it is heavenly up here in the hills; and we aren't submerged by tourists. Kit is with us, of course. He had a chance for a holiday, and took it at this time. Paula is in her element. We've met all the officers in the world, and you know what a hit she makes with them. And she bought a lot of gowns in Japan.

"I bought some new gowns also. But I'm not wearing many of them. Kit doesn't care a lot for parties, and we spend our time on horseback . . . . I'm sending you some pictures. We've been to oceans of old temples; and often we go off for a day with a sandwich or two in Kit's pocket, and a handful of nuts and chocolate. One day I rode an elephant, and we went through a forest—it was like something out of the *Jungle Book*—and Kit quoted Kipling . . . ."

Jacqueline's hand on her teacup was steady; but her blood was racing. So Sue was seeing the temples . . . Sue was riding into the deep forest . . . Kit was quoting Kipling—to Sue!

"Kit is no end popular . . . ." Mrs. Gilman's voice went on; "but he doesn't go about much . . . . Everybody out here knows he's engaged. He doesn't make a secret of it. People thought at first that I was the girl, and we made a great joke of it . . . . Some of them still insist that we are holding something out on them. But Kit says he doesn't mind their teasing if I don't. He has a picture of Jack on the table in his sitting room. He says that he who runs may read; that anybody would know that I'm not the lady of the picture.

"But you tell Jack that if she doesn't come out pretty soon somebody will snap Kit up. I may even do it myself. I give her fair warning. A man like Kit deserves something better than these lonely years in a foreign country. Of course I don't mean all that. Jack's a darling, but she isn't giving Kit a square deal . . . . and she'd know it if she could see him."

Again Jacqueline's blood was racing. So Sue was giving her warning . . . *Sue!*

Mrs. Gilman laid down the letter. Her voice seemed to come from a thousand miles away, "Sue will have her joke. You mustn't mind what she says, Jacqueline. She and Kit have always been such good friends."

[*Continued on page 135*]

Here's a page of JANE ELLISON'S MAGIC!

ON THE AIR SHE MAKES COOKING QUICKER AND EASIER FOR MILLIONS

Don't miss these recipes

JANE ELLISON specializes in *modern* cooking methods—quicker, easier, surer ways of doing things. And when she steps up to the microphone and says "Good morning, everybody. I'm going to give you a new group of Magic Recipes"—well, then, women all over the country reach for pencil and paper, hush the children, ignore the doorbell, and *get those recipes!*

Now, here's Jane Ellison in print for the first time. We'll let her speak for herself . . . Ladies—Jane Ellison.

FIRST . . . *a rich and economical Ice Box Cake (illustrated)*

Here's a recipe my radio audience adores! No wonder! It's so easy and economical to make—yet so creamily rich and smooth. That's because of my magic ingredient—Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.

Eagle Brand, you see, is *two ingredients in one.* Full-cream milk, blended with finest sugar. And it's double-rich, like heavy cream, because most of the water has been cooked out.

FRENCH ICE BOX CAKE

1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
Vanilla wafers *½ cup water*

Melt chocolate in double boiler having lower part ⅔ full of boiling water. Add condensed milk and stir occasionally for three minutes, until mixture thickens. Add water. Line long narrow oblong mold with paraffin paper, and cover bottom of mold with thin layer of chocolate. Then add layer of vanilla wafers and another layer of chocolate. Alternate in this way until chocolate mixture is all used and cover with layer of the wafers. Let season in ice box for 24 hours. To serve cut in slices and serve plain or with cream.

SECOND . . . *An Uncooked Frosting that's simply perfect*

This uncooked frosting will amaze you. It has just the right consistency for spreading—it goes on the cake beautifully—it stays put perfectly—and it keeps fresh and smooth and creamy until every crumb of the cake is gone.

This frosting can easily be tinted with the pure vegetable colorings you buy at any grocery store. And there are a dozen other uncooked frosting recipes in the Eagle Brand booklet "New Magic in the Kitchen." You'll be especially interested in the easy directions the book gives for decorating cakes with a pastry tube. You'll find it easy to make beautiful decorations if you use Magic Chocolate Frosting, Caramel Frosting and Butter Frosting. Be sure to mail the coupon for this booklet.

WHITE FROSTING

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk *1½ teaspoons vanilla*
1⅞ cups confectioner's sugar, sifted

Stir sugar gradually into condensed milk, then add vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

THIRD . . . *A Magic Mayonnaise made in five minutes—can't fail*

You ought to read the letters women write me about this mayonnaise! Many of them make it up in great quantities for church suppers, club meetings, etc. It's delicious—it's economical—it keeps indefinitely even without ice—and it won't separate.

And from this one basic recipe you can make—just think of it!—Fruit Salad Mayonnaise, Chili Mayonnaise, Thousand Island Dressing, Russian Dressing, Cream Mayonnaise, Savory Mayonnaise, and Spanish Dressing. Directions for making all these are in "New Magic in the Kitchen."

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 egg yolk *¼ cup pure cider vinegar*
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk *1 teaspoon dry mustard*
½ teaspoon salt *¼ cup salad oil*
Few grains cayenne

Beat egg thoroughly and add the other ingredients in the order listed, stirring with fork or beating with Dover egg beater. (This dressing will carry an additional cup of oil and ¼ cup more vinegar if desired.)

Send for "New Magic in the Kitchen," free—and dates of Jane Ellison's broadcasts

Mail the coupon below and get Jane Ellison's wonderful recipe booklet—free. 208 Magic Recipes. Quicker and easier methods for making desserts—frostings—French pastries—salad dressings—ice cream—candies.

You can't imagine how much time, trouble and expense this booklet will save you! Send for it today. Jane Ellison will send you also the complete information for hearing her on the air—date, hour, and station.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. D-1, Borden Bldg.
350 Madison Ave., New York

Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen," and dates of Jane Ellison's broadcasts.

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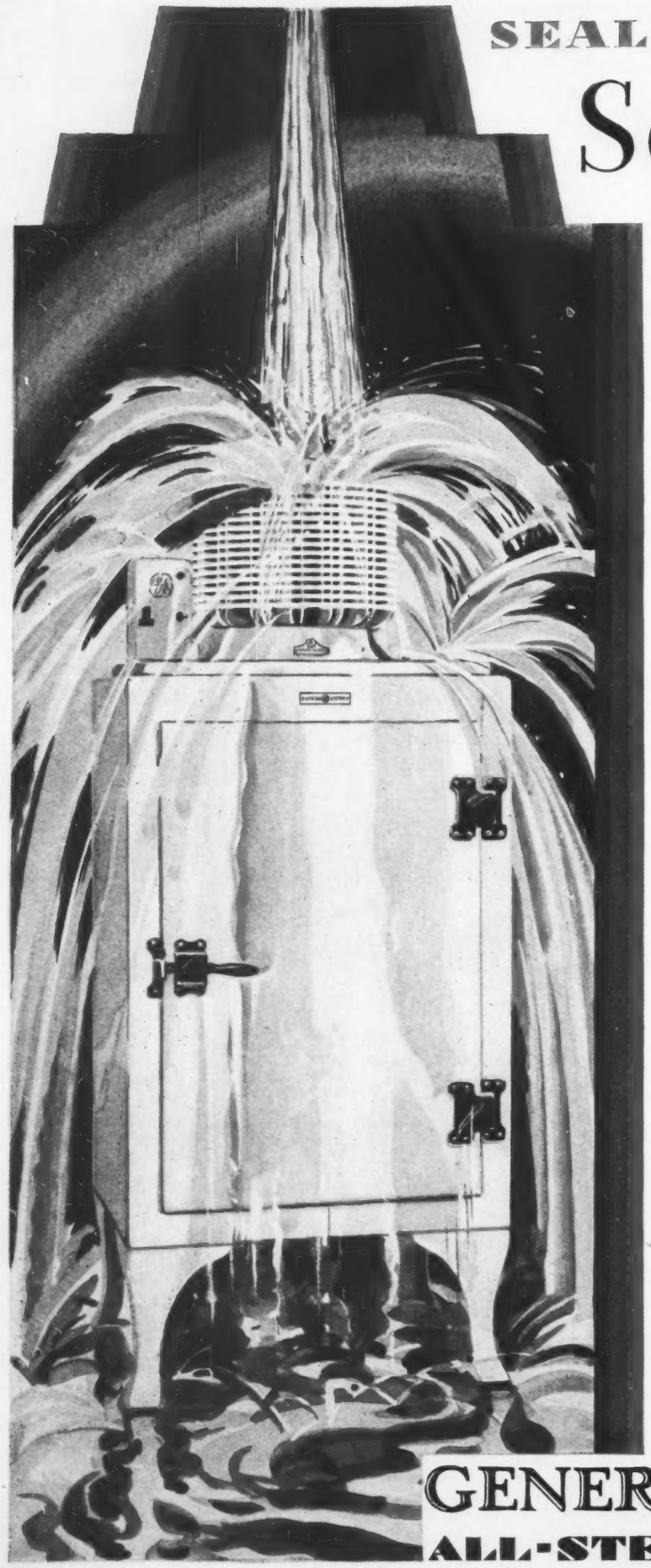
*State*_____

Print name and address plainly



SEALED IN STEEL

SO TROUBLE PROOF

that even drowned in water . . . it still runs on

So trouble-proof that of the hundreds of thousands of owners, *not one* has paid a cent for service

They submerged it in water—and it still ran on. Think of the significance of such a test to you! Dust, dirt, moisture, rust—that lead to breakdowns and repair bills—are *powerless* to halt the flawless operation of General Electric mechanism. For, in that small round casing you see on top of every General Electric Refrigerator, the entire mechanism is barricaded in impregnable walls—*sealed in steel!* Dust, dirt, moisture and rust can *never* get inside.

Here is a refrigerator that gives you *all* the recognized advantages of electric refrigeration—and a great deal more besides. A mechanism so efficient that your electric current bills are cut to but a few cents a day. An incredible quietness of operation the day you buy—and *always*. A freezing regulator that is accessible—right at your finger-tips. A snow white porcelain-lined cabinet that will wear like steel—because it *is* all-steel.

Years have passed since the first General Electric Refrigerators started running—and still they run on! *Time itself* has failed to check their quiet, trouble-free efficiency. Years have passed, yet—of the hundreds of thousands of owners—*not one* has paid a cent for service!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our illustrated booklet, address Section N-5, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

Join us in the General Electric Hour broadcast every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over a nation-wide N. B. C. network

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 132*]

Miss Phoebe, pouring more tea for her sister, said, "It was more than that for a time. They had quite a little romance before Kit went away to school."

Mrs. Gilman stopped her, "They were nothing but children, Phoebe."

"Yes," Miss Phoebe pursued her theme relentlessly, "but he carved their initials by the side of his fireplace..."

Mrs. Gilman again interposed, "You'll be making Jacqueline jealous, Phoebe."

Jacqueline smiled and shook her head. "How old were these children?" she asked, and helped herself to a slice of lemon.

"Sue was twelve and Kit fifteen."

Fifteen! Yolanda was fifteen. Jacqueline's mind flashed back to that mad chase in the water. Boys and girls grew up so soon! She had been only two years older than Yolanda when Kit had met her—but then there had been the war and she had grown old all at once.

She jabbed her lemon slice with her spoon. "He really should have married Sue," her light laugh seemed to dismiss it all as casual. "Perhaps he would, if he hadn't met me, at a dance—"

Mrs. Gilman folded up the letter. "He's proved that you're the one he wants, or he wouldn't have waited so long, my dear."

Miss Phoebe, forthright and frank, remarked, "Men don't wait forever."

Her words rang in Jacqueline's ears, as still with that effect of a lady at her ease, she looked at the photographs Sue had sent—"*Men don't wait forever!*"

She didn't want to look at the pictures—to see Sue and Kit together. But what could she do with Mrs. Gilman and Miss Phoebe expecting it? So there they were—Sue in white, an arresting and graceful figure, and Kit. *Oh, my wonderful, wonderful Kit...!*

Sue had been photographed on horseback, on the steps of the temples, under great trees, riding the elephant, and always Kit was with her—tall, sitting his horse like a Centaur, his hand on the bridle of Sue's mount, towering a bit above Sue as she sat on the temple steps . . . his arm above her head against a tree trunk where the picture had been snapped in a sunlit space in the forest . . .

No wonder people thought they were engaged or married. The way Sue looked up at him! *But, Kit, oh, my Kit, you aren't looking down at her as if you were engaged or married? You are saving that for me—when I come?*

Yet again came the knell of Miss Phoebe's words: "*Men don't wait forever . . . !*"

She wanted to shout to the world—"My Kit will wait—forever!"

SHE was glad when at last she got away without having shown a sign of her seething emotions. As she turned at the gate and waved "Goodbye," she seemed to the two older women as cool and calm as the waters of the quiet stream which flowed at the foot of the garden. But she was not calm. She was faint and dizzy with her effort at self-control. Her temples throbbed. She felt that she could not face the people on the street. She had the keys of the Howland home in her handbag. She ran up the steps, opened the door and let herself in, then stood in the hall, trembling.

And now no friendly ghosts were there to greet her. All the dead and gone Howlands were silent, as if they were hiding something from her. She and Kit had wound the old clock before he went away, and it had been her joy to keep it going, so that it might greet her like something alive when she came in. But today it did not greet her. Its pendulum, swinging back and forth, sang a sinister song, "*Sue—Kit! Sue—Kit! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!*"

She went into the library and let in the light. Then she got down on her knees before the fireplace. It was some time before she found what she sought, but at last she came upon the carving—Sue's and Kit's initials intertwined and enclosed in a fat heart with a little flame at the top.

SO KIT had cut into the wood that heart with its flame—and he had not told her. It seemed to her that she could stand it better if he had spoken of it . . . had laughed about it . . . lightly! But he had not laughed. Perhaps it had gone too deep with him; perhaps when he had carved that flaming heart, Sue's bright head had been against his shoulder!

Still kneeling, Jacqueline stared into the black and empty fireplace. Tears began to drip. She wiped them away. She must not cry. Presently she would have to meet the glare of sunshine outside and people staring. She rose and went into the hall. There was light from the transom to show her reflection in the mirror above the table. She took from her bag a tiny puff and freshened her face with powder. The mirror gave back a charming vision in wide hat and flowered frock. Kit liked her in things like that—sheer and colorful. Oh, why had she said "like"? He *loved* her.

Jacqueline, riding home in the trolley, had a sense of something impending. The day was hot and still, and black clouds were piling up in the west. When she reached her corner and the car stopped, the rain was coming down in torrents. She had no umbrella, and she walked straight through the drenching storm to her own front porch. The yellow-flowered frock was bedraggled, and the wide hat was limp; but the ruin of her crisp apparel brought no sense of distress. What was one frock, more or less, or one wide hat, when weighed in the balance with the Gilmans' soul-shaking revelations?

She went through the hall and opened the kitchen door. Old Hannah looked up from the roast she was basting, and saw the drenched and dripping figure. "My lamb," she cried, "you'll take your death!"

"I'm not cold, Hannah, but my head aches." It seemed to Jacqueline that the kitchen with its bright pots and pans, its glowing range, its geranium in the window, the old woman in her blue dress, was whirling about her in a mad dance. She caught at the doorpost, and Hannah dropped the spoon and hurried toward her. With the old woman's arms about her, Jacqueline said, "Do you think it would be dreadful if I didn't come down to dinner?"

[*Continued on page 138*]

To be healthy children's feet must exercise

THEY CAN IN HOODS

Podiatrists strongly favor the scientifically made flexible shoe for children's play and recreation hours.

One well-known foot specialist says: "Children's feet should exercise. Stiff, hard shoes prevent the proper exercise of certain muscles of the foot which is necessary to its normal healthy development. Going barefoot, with its attendant risks of cuts, bruises and possibly serious infections, is unsafe. But your children can have all the comfort and fun that 'going barefoot' gives by wearing soft, flexible shoes, which allow proper exercise of the foot muscles and which, in addition, afford the necessary protection."

Hoods not only measure up to all the specifications of these authorities but they have additional advantages. A special, non-absorbing "Hygeen" insole prevents perspiration from coming into contact with the rubber sole and does away with excessive and unpleasant perspiration odor.

Hoods are constructed with the seams on the outside to eliminate chafing and blistering. Another of their important features is the narrow shank which gives firm support to the arches. And several of the better grade styles have a sponge cushion heel that extends way down under the instep and prevents stone bruises.

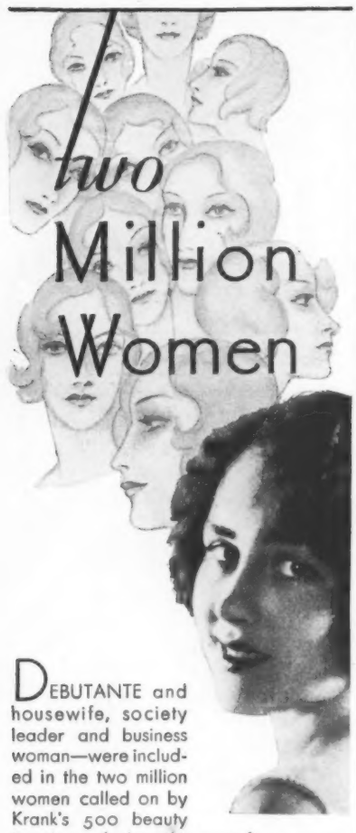
Write for the Hood booklet on the care of your children's feet. Written by a well-known orthopedic surgeon.

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Watertown, Massachusetts

The period during which children's feet are correctly or incorrectly formed is between the ages of ten and eighteen years. During this formative stage the shoes worn should be soft and roomy and yet provide ample support for ankles and arches.

Let Them Have More Fun in Hoods

HOOD MAKES CANVAS SHOES • RUBBER FOOTWEAR • TIRES • RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS • RUBBER FLOOR TILING



Two Million Women

DEBUTANTE and housewife, society leader and business woman—were included in the two million women called on by Krank's 500 beauty teachers during the past five years.

These two million women, in their own homes—before their own mirrors—in cold prosaic daylight, received evidence of the wonderful cleansing and toning properties of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream. These women will tell you that the present clearness and fineness of their complexions is due to the twice daily use of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream.

Containing rare oils—it forms a perfect cream of finest consistency—melting at skin temperature, it enters the pores and eliminates waste and foreign material—producing a soft beautiful skin texture, simply glowing with health.

Its most delightful fragrance reminds you of the rarest of spring mornings—each application being a delight to the senses and skin alike.

In our research work conducted with more than two million women—we have not discovered an individual whose skin has not responded to the beautifying ingredients of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream.

Purchase today a large jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream $1.00, (slightly higher in Canada) or **send the coupon** and 10¢ for a generous trial size jar.

Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream	$1.00
Krank's Honey Rose—a cold cream	1.00
Krank's Skin Health—a tissue cream	1.25
Krank's Mentho Lemon Foundation cream	.75
Krank's Floral Breath Astringent	1.00
Krank's Skin Health Face Powder	1.00

Approved and Accepted 4290 Bureau of Hygiene, Sanitation and Health

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS krank

A. J. Krank Co., Dept. 23 St. Paul, Minn.

For the enclosed 10c, please send trial size jar of Krank's Lemon Cleansing Cream and your booklet, "Beauty and Health."

Name .....

Address .....

HELPERS FOR EVERYDAY CLEANING

[*Continued from page 82*]

Several vacuum cleaners now have a floor-polishing attachment

cleaner with steel beaters for loosening deeply embedded dirt and vibrating it to the surface where it is removed by suction. This cleaner can be converted into an electric floor polishing machine by removing the beaters and inserting a soft-bristled brush which is revolved by the motor.

Nancy looked dismayed. "Each has something particularly attractive about it. Suppose I buy the wrong one!"

I TOLD Nancy she couldn't go far wrong because all of the cleaners on my list are made to do a thorough cleaning job and are guaranteed by reliable manufacturers . . . . And then—to add to her perplexity—I showed her still another cleaner. It was equipped with an attachment for spraying a thin coat of wax; it had, as well, a long pad made of felt which fitted over the nozzle and polished the floor after the wax had been given time to dry.

As we looked at all the different models, Nancy took down the prices. And when it came time to stop looking and get down to serious spending, she juggled the figures around—this way and that—so she could buy three cleaners—a large one and a small one for her own house—and a small one to send as a present to her parents.

The new vacuum cleaners require very little care, so the only advice I gave her was to remember to empty the dust bag frequently—not every time she cleaned, by any means, but often enough to keep the neck of the bag from becoming clogged.

Nancy had a little money left, so we went to my favorite house furnishing store and looked around examining brushes and mops and brooms and such things. We naturally stopped first at the section where the dusters and the dust mops were displayed, because it was as colorful as a spring flower garden. There were old-fashioned feather dusters with gay painted handles; shaggy wool dusters of all shapes and sizes and shades; and a brilliant silk duster which looked remarkably like a shredded patchwork quilt. Nancy said she had a dust mop—a dull green mop with a lemon-yellow handle—so we selected a green wool duster that exactly matched it.

We looked at various types of floor mops and she wisely insisted on buying a self-wringing mop so that she could do all the necessary scrubbing without putting her hands into dirty water. In the next section, we bought a dust pan with a tall upright handle, and a small long-handled broom to go with it, so that she could sweep up crumbs and such things without having to stoop. This small broom is not a toy—even though it looks very much like the one we loved so dearly when we were eight years old! It is light enough to be managed very easily with one hand while your other hand holds the dust pan ready. And it is also a convenient shape and size for sweeping cobwebs or dust from the ceiling.

Further along down the aisle we came to a rack lined with a bewildering array of brushes, each one of which had been designed for some particular use. There were brushes for every room in the house. . . radiator brushes, mattress brushes, comb-cleaning brushes, jewelry brushes, bottle brushes—and a special assortment of brushes for keeping electric percolators and waffle irons and toasters in spotless condition.

FOR the bathroom we selected a strong and sturdy toilet brush with just the right curve to its handle; and after some see-sawing between a brush and a mop for the bathtub, Nancy finally decided on the mop because I told her how efficiently the cleaning powder would cling to it. This mop is a grown-up dish mop with a comfortably long handle.

As we left the store I looked at Nancy, and smiled, for I realized what fun she is going to have. Housecleaning will never be hard work for Nancy. She has tools that will be real helpers to her in making her house a place of order and beauty.

Lower left—A sturdy mop for cleaning the bathtub; a toilet brush; Middle—self-wringing mop; Top—dust pan and brush with long handles which save stooping; upholstery brush

Have you ever eaten Bran *this way?*

You don't know you're eating bran when you eat this delicious hot cereal, that gives you whole bran concealed in tender flavory flakes of whole wheat

THOUSANDS of bran eaters have found a new and appetizing way to eat bran.

Instead of ordinary dry bran, they eat Pettijohn's—a delicious flavory hot cereal that gives you all the bran you need—concealed in tender flakes of whole wheat.

Pettijohn's bran is so effective that doctors everywhere recommend it. So delicious, that those who don't like ordinary dry bran, revel in the zestful, nut-sweet flavor . . . the crunchy, meaty texture of these golden wheat flakes. So softened by cooking that it's gentle and safe for nervous digestions.

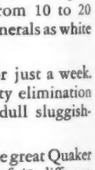
Contains important food elements everyone needs

Pettijohn's is unsurpassed for its health-protecting vitamins. It contains from 10 to 20 times as much body-building minerals as white flour.

Try this new health cereal for just a week. Then note the difference. Faulty elimination will be corrected. Headaches, dull sluggishness will vanish.

New Pettijohn's is made by the great Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. It is cooked, ready to eat, in 3 to 5 minutes. Try it tomorrow, at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's



Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free booklet, "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

The Quaker Oats Company 5-5
80 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me "The Truth About Bran."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

His Grouch *turned to a* Grin

When a wise little wife selected breakfast nook furnishings as radiant as the rainbow

WISE, indeed, was the wife who first dreamed of robbing the rainbow to deck her breakfast nook. She certainly knew how to handle a husband. For bright colors give one a brighter morning outlook. Just another proof that modern wives have learned the importance of *first* furnishing the home. Other investments take second place.

How fortunate we moderns are in having at our command such a wealth of captivating color. Linoleum in gay new patterns; walls and woodwork tinted in pleasing hues. And have you seen those new breakfast sets, decorated in the modern manner? Even the husband whose disposition is as acid as the grapefruit, will be won by the friendliness of these furnishings.

Not only the breakfast nook, but your workshop, the kitchen, may have the color and convenience that modern craftsmen have so abundantly provided. The kitchen cabinet, table, chairs, floor covering—even the stove—may be had in colors to harmonize or pleasantly contrast with the breakfast room.

And this policy of "brightening up" the home may be carried to the other rooms—upstairs and down, all over the house. New, modern, colorful furnishings will make a world of difference. And the cost is less than you think.

Take the first step now to make your colorful dream come true. It's really simpler than you imagine. You can have a home that keeps pace with your position. And you can have it now without years of weary waiting. For the modern method of buying furniture lets you have it right away.

FREE BOOK *The dealer who displays the above emblem is one of a select group of progressive merchants offering dependable home furnishings council. Ask him for this helpful 24-page color-illustrated booklet. If no dealer in your community displays this emblem, write National Home Furnishings Program, at 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, for your free copy*

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BILLIE DOVE in "The Other Tomorrow" First National Production. Make-Up by Max Factor.

When Billie Dove Faces the Camera

Her Make-Up is by MAX FACTOR

Faultless Beauty that Thrills!... *and now you may know the make-up secret of the screen stars. Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, offers you this Priceless Beauty Gift.*

UNSEEN!... yet back of the flashing beauty of the screen stars is the deft touch of art in make-up. Make-up so perfect, so lifelike, that you are never aware of it.

This amazing new kind of make-up, created by Max Factor, Filmland's Make-Up King, is based on cosmetic color harmony... the greatest beauty discovery of the age.

Under blazing motion picture lights, Max Factor proved cosmetics must blend in color harmony... otherwise make-up appears off-color or spotty. And you, in hundreds of feature pictures like "Careers" and "Adoration" starring Billie Dove, have seen the beauty result of his discovery, for in all the big Hollywood studios Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively

Upon this new principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor created a new kind of make-up for every woman, for every day... Society Make-Up ...and now it is the sensation of Hollywood. Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials in color harmony to blend with your own individual complexion colorings; beautifying naturally, emphasizing your own personality... thus creating that vision of beauty you have always dreamed of. Famous stars ...Billie Dove, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura La Plante... and scores of other celebrities adopted it. Now you may know what Hollywood knows about make-up.

Blonde, brunette or redhead... whatever your type ...there is a correct color harmony in Society Make-Up for you. Discover it, learn the correct method of make-up; and you've at last found the way to double your beauty, your charm, your fascination. These secrets of make-up Max Factor offers to unfold to you. Accept this priceless beauty gift by mailing coupon now.

THELMA TODD, Hal Roach Star and Max Factor... Hollywood's Make-Up King.

Max Factor's *Society* Make-Up

"Cosmetics of the Stars"—HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 16-6-19

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page, book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION		COLOR OF EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer in spaces with check mark			

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 135*]

"Not dreadful at all, my dearie. You run right up and get into dry things. And I'll bring you a hot drink."

So Jacqueline climbed the stairs, thankful that neither Yolanda nor small Joey was about, and got into bed; and lying cool and comfortable among her pillows, she looked at her room as if it were a strange place.

Hitherto, it had been—sanctuary. To it she had withdrawn when the world outside had seemed unbearable; and there had been Kit smiling at her from his ivory frame, and the white jade goddess, and Kit's letters in the lacquered box; and after an hour spent with her treasures, she had gone forth ready to meet anything—girded, as it were, by the armor of Kit's constancy and devotion.

But now . . . Kit's smile hurt! *Did you smile like that—at Sue?* The jade goddess seemed cold and unresponsive and she dared not open the lacquered box.

She felt that she might sleep if only things wouldn't beat so in her brain. She moved restlessly to get rid of the sound, but could not—*"Tick-tock—Kit—Sue . . . Tick-tock"*

Old Hannah brought up a pot of tea. "I don't want it, Hannah," Jacqueline said.

"You need it, my lamb," and the old woman sat beside her until she had drunk two cups.

OLD Hannah knew that her darling had been crying. But she said not a word. Before she went down she drew the curtains, so that the room was dark, and she kissed Jacqueline on the cheek.

And after old Hannah had gone, the clock still beat in Jacqueline's brain—"Tick-tock . . . "

She heard Joel's voice when he came from his train, and presently he tapped at her door. "Sorry to know you're not up to things, old girl."

"I'm all right, Joel. A bit of a headache. Don't worry."

After that came Yolanda, tip-toeing in. "Asleep, Aunt Jack?"

"Not yet." Jacqueline was glad of the dim light. Yolanda's young eyes were sharp.

"Anything I can do?"

"Not a thing, darling."

"Aunt Jack, may I talk to you for a minute?"

A muffled, "Yes."

"What do you think—? I'm going with Stuart to the clambake!"

A moment's silence, then, "Does your father know?"

"Yes. Stuart came over with a note from his mother. She'll call for me in her car. I told Stuart I was going because I adored—his mother."

"That wasn't very nice for Stuart, was it?"

"It doesn't pay to be nice to men."

"Yolanda, *darling . . . !* I hate to have you sound so sophisticated."

Yolanda laughed, "Oh, well, one gets a lot from books."

A thousand years old, this young Yolanda? Jacqueline had no weapons with which to meet such worldliness.

She said from her pillow, "I hope you'll have a good time."

"It will be gorgeous, Aunt Jack."

Yolanda went away, and the beat began again in Jacqueline's brain—*Kit and Sue . . . Kit and Sue . . . tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . !*

Small Joey crept in to say "Goodnight." He stood by the bed and patted her cheek. "Will you be well in the morning, Aunt Jack?"

"Of course, darling. I'm not really sick—just tired."

"Aunt Jack, I've got a little kitten."

"Really, darling?"

"Yes. I brought it up to show you. Mother says I can keep it."

It was too dark for her to see it, but she put out her hand and Joey guided it to the warm, furry body. She could feel the whir of the little creature's ecstatic purring, as her fingers brushed its throat. "How wonderful that you can have it, Joey."

"Mother wouldn't ever let me keep one before. She doesn't like cats."

"But we do, don't we, Joey?"

"Yes. Mrs. Carleton brought this when she came for Yolanda."

In the dark, Jacqueline smiled. Mary had let Joey have the kitten because Mrs. Carleton had brought it. Mary adored the fact that people on the Neck were making much of Yolanda.

A half hour later, the big car slid up, and Jacqueline leaned out in the darkness to listen. She heard Stuart and Yolanda laughing; Mrs. Carleton speaking to Joel in her charming voice; Stuart saying, "I'll see you tomorrow, 'Landa;" and Yolanda answering, "I'll be dead to the world after the lobsters 'n'everything . . . but you can call me up;" Joel and Yolanda talking together on the porch; the rustle of Yolanda's dress as she passed the door—then silence.

And in that silence Jacqueline dressed and went downstairs. As she climbed the hill to the bluff she told herself, tumultuously, that she couldn't stand that beat in her brain a moment longer. She felt that if she could only go up to the bluff, she would meet Kit as she had so often met him, and her doubts would die. She would tell him, there, that he meant more to her than all the world . . . more than Joel or Mary, or Yolanda, or small Joey; that she was going to leave them all—"forsaking all others, Kit," and go out with him to India. For her there were only two people in the universe—herself and Kit. She would tell him that! As for Sue, hadn't Kit himself said that all the Gilmans were "hard and handsome?" He had said it of Sue as well as the others.

SHE had reached the bluff and stood on its edge. The moonlight was flooding the world. There was no sound but the lip-lipping of the waves on the rocks below. Jacqueline missed the wild wind, which had so often borne her messages across the sea. She had a message now, *"Kit, I'm coming!"*

She flung the words forth and waited for a response. But none came. For the first time in all the years, Kit did not answer her!

She put her hands to her mouth, trumpet-wise, "Kit—my darling . . . " But the gold of the moonlight seemed to build up a bright wall about her, against which her voice struck and splintered into a thousand echoing murmurs. She felt impotent and insignificant in the vast golden space.

Oh, well, she would come again when the wild wind blew. It would wrap her about as Kit's arms had enfolded her. Then it would go shrieking across the sea with her message, and Kit would hear, and she would see him as she had so often seen him, coming down the shining strand!

[*Continued on page 142*]

Eleven days in CALIFORNIA

$70 pays for a satisfying vacation this summer

Until you know all about the 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California ... entirely practical from most points back east... make no vacation plans for this summer!

You may spend as many as eleven days of two vacation weeks in Southern California...at a cost that need not exceed $70... or $6.35 for each day while you are here. "Peak" prices are unnecessary in this all-year country!

Kept cool by breezes sweeping in from 6000 miles of Pacific Ocean, this semi-tropic country is a children's paradise...a new and unforgettable vacation for the entire family! Bring light wraps...no umbrella...rain is practically unknown during the summer season.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY

Details what you may see and do in eleven satisfying days of your two weeks vacation here this summer... also outlines expenses. Mail the coupon... get the facts... and enjoy the finest vacation you ever had... the experience of a lifetime!

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions... the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. O-5, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California—and what it will cost.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Ventura ☐ San Bernardino
☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego

Name _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

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City _____ State _____

NEXT WASHDAY
I HAVE THE SAME KIND OF WASHER AS YOU HAVE, MRS. ALLEN. IT'S WONDERFUL! BUT STILL I DON'T GET MY WASH AS WHITE AS YOU DO
JUST TRY RINSO. THE MAN WHO SOLD ME THIS WASHER SAID IT'S THE BEST SOAP. AND IT IS!

AND

The makers of these 38 leading washers recommend Rinso

A B C	Dexter	Prima
American Beauty	Eden	Rotarex
Apex	Edenette	Roto Verso
Automatic	Faultless	Safety
Barton	Gainaday	Sunnysuds
Bee-Vac	Haag	Triplex
Big 3 Speed Queen	Horton	Universal
Blackstone 22	Laundryette	Voss
Boss Washer	Laundry Queen	Washrite
Coffield	Meadows	Whirldry
Conlon	Select-A-Speed	1900 Whirlpool
Crystal	Meadow Lark	Woodrow
Decker	One Minute	Zenith

Equally marvelous for tub washing —*saves scrubbing, boiling!*

THERE'S nothing scanty or lifeless about Rinso suds. They're thick, creamy and *lasting* even in the hardest water.

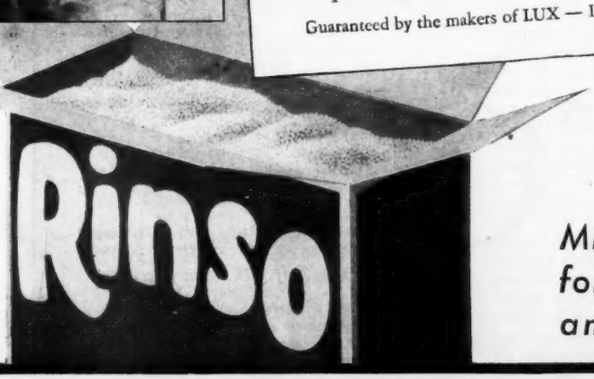
And these rich suds are all you need, in tub or washer. No chips, powders, softeners. Rinso alone *soaks* clothes whiter than they can be *scrubbed!* How that saves the clothes!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—it's so *compact.* Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX — LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine



2 SIZES Most women buy the large package

Millions use Rinso for dishes, floors and all cleaning

Alas, he doesn't know that he might be enjoying a juicy beefsteak smothered with onions, or a plump brown chicken just like his neighbor's

"SUMMER COMPLAINT"

Discovered: a new treatment for this old-fashioned ailment

By E. V. McCOLLUM, Ph.D., Sc.D.
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

AT THIS season of the year it seems important to discuss the part that diet may play in relieving cases of chronic diarrhea and dysentery. For, as everyone knows, these two ailments occur more frequently in the temperate zones during the summer than they do in the cold weather: while in the hot climate of the tropics they are so common as to be considered a really serious problem and often even a menace to public health.

To understand why this should be so we must know certain facts about the intestines. First of all, they are inhabited—both in man and animals—by tiny organisms, so tiny that most of them can only be seen with a microscope. These organisms are of two types—bacteria and protozoa. The bacteria belong to the plant family, while the protozoa are classed as animal life.

Now, it has been known for a long time that the kind of food we eat has an influence upon the bacteria and protozoa in the intestines. If, for instance, our diet is rich in protein (meat, eggs, fish, etc.) a colony of putrefactive bacteria spring up in the large intestine, causing decomposition of the residues there. But when the diet contains a liberal amount of naturally soured milk, or of milk artificially cultured with Bacillus acidophilus, a *special* kind of bacteria flowers out, which either reduces the number of other bacteria, or destroys them completely. The therapeutic value of sour milk is now well recognized and doctors recommend it to many persons who suffer from autointoxication, which is caused by the absorption into the blood stream of the products of protein decomposition.

WHAT happens when the diet is obtained largely from the vegetable kingdom? That question is best answered by a report of some tests carried on in the writer's colony of experimental animals a few years ago. Groups of rats were fed solely on food of vegetable origin, others were fed on mixed diets, and still others were given only animal food. Dr. Robert Hegner examined the digestive tracts of these rats, and made the important discovery that the intestines of those who had lived on the vegetable, or on the mixed vegetable-and-animal, diet contained quantities of protozoa. On the other hand, the rats whose diet was derived solely from animal foods had no protozoa in their intestinal tract.

Dr. Hegner then investigated the literature of science which related to the occurrence of protozoa in carnivorous (flesh-eating) animals, and learned that they had rarely been found in the intestines of flesh-eaters, such as the people of the far North. Thus from a study of lower animals considerable evidence was obtained to show that *a carnivorous diet is unfavorable* to the existence of protozoa within the intestines. When rats, whose intestines showed them to be present in large quantities, were suddenly transferred to a meat diet all the protozoa disappeared within a week or two.

BREAKFASTS

One-half orange
Bacon and eggs, soft boiled or poached
One-half slice of toast, butter
Coffee with little or no sugar

One-half grapefruit
Country sausage, fried tomatoes
One slice of toast, butter
Coffee with cream

One-half grapefruit
Broiled ham, eggs
One slice of toast, butter
Coffee with cream

LUNCHES

Chicken soup
Liver and bacon Broiled sweetbreads
Whole wheat cracker, butter Sweet mixed pickles
Pineapple whip Coffee or tea

Clam chowder
Pork chops Deviled egg salad, olives
Slice of bread, butter
Pineapple whip Coffee or tea

Vegetable soup
Halibut steak with lemon
Cold baked ham Pickles or catsup
Slice of bread, butter
Date pudding with whipped cream
Coffee or tea

DINNERS

Roast lamb, juice from meat for gravy
Currant jelly Slice of bread, butter
Pineapple whip Coffee or tea

Broiled steak with bacon
Fried tomatoes
Small whole wheat cracker, butter
Coffee or tea Strawberries, no sugar

Meat loaf with tomato sauce
Cold tongue
Small whole wheat cracker, butter
Flavored gelatine with cream
Coffee or tea

Soon after this discovery was made, several hospital cases of human patients came to our attention. One, whose diarrhea was caused by a protozoa called trichomonas, responded very quickly to the carnivorous diet, although he had suffered for years, and within three days he was relieved. At the end of 32 days he left Baltimore feeling much better and apparently on the road to recovery. Patients suffering from another protozoa called giardia were much benefitted; but these organisms are not soon *eliminated* from the intestine.

Much, still, is not understood about the cause of certain *chronic* diarrheas. But it is certain that in such a condition the large intestine swarms with organisms, which may or may not be the primary cause.

Bearing these facts in mind we can understand why diarrhea and dysentery are less common in winter than they are in summer, when our diet consists so largely of fruits and vegetables. The accompanying menus have been planned by Dr. Nina Simmonds and myself as a guide to anyone suffering from these ailments. For the patient's comfort they contain small amounts of fruit juice, fruit, and toast. It is suggested that either these or similar diets be followed for two weeks and, then if found tiresome, that a normal diet be resumed for a week. After this the carnivorous diet can be returned to, if necessary. But two weeks is usually long enough to check the symptoms. We have seen a number of cases of remarkable recovery by patients who were in a very serious condition from long-standing diarrhea or from dysentery.

It will be seen that these menus follow the rules for a balanced diet, except that they are a little short in calcium. Therefore, while on this special diet, a patient should take daily about one and a half grams of precipitated chalk to make good this deficiency.

IN CLOSING, I should like to say that many perfectly well people would probably be benefitted by an occasional change of diet. For instance, if they are now habitually eating a good deal of meat, poultry, fish, and eggs, they might well change for a time to a diet of fruits, lettuce, potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, and any other tuber or leafy vegetables which have a low protein content. Such a diet will soon drive out the present bacteria of the intestines and replace them with a clean fermentative type of organism.

I base this suggestion on the fact that normally the intestinal lining has the power of destroying bacteria which come in contact with it. But when it is persistently overgrown by one type of bacteria such bacteria may become immune to the substances produced by the intestine for its own protection. An occasional change in the diet will introduce new bacteria.

Note: For more menus send a two-cent stamp for postage to the Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

★WYANDOTTE BRINGS CLEANLINESS TO THE WORLD'S GREAT INDUSTRIES . . . AND THEREFORE INTO YOUR OWN HOME

In 1892, a business man stepped from a train at Wyandotte, Michigan, seeking a supply of soda-ash for his plate-glass plant at Toledo. A fellow passenger had told him he might find it at Wyandotte.

The business man was Captain J. B. Ford, widely known for his steamship operations on the Ohio River, and his founding of America's first plate-glass firm.

The chance visit was successful. Not only was a steady supply of soda-ash assured, but one of the most far-reaching weapons in the world-wide war on dirt and disease was forged! For the products of the great Wyandotte salt mines, and the limestone deposits at Alpena, Michigan, subsequently acquired, proved themselves admirably suited to the manufacture of effective cleaning materials.

To produce these, Captain Ford started The Michigan Alkali Company and its associate, The J. B. Ford Company, at Wyandotte. Today the Wyandotte Indian, symbol of Wyandotte products, is familiar in every part of the globe . . . in Singapore and in Havana . . . in England, Denmark, Java . . . at the tip of South Africa and the Andean capitals of South America. It is known in every land—and every industry.

Great hotels, clubs and office buildings are kept spotless with Wyandotte. Hospitals depend on it for the sanitary cleanliness so vital to them. Refrigerator cars, lumber, canned foods—all are cleaned with it.

Progressive laundries use a special Wyandotte product for washing clothes clean and soft without damaging the most delicate fabrics. Wyandotte cleaning materials are thorough, yet safe. ■ *From top to bottom, most of the world's greatest buildings are cleaned each night with Wyandotte.*

Even the bottles in which your milk is delivered are made spotless and sparkling with Wyandotte. So are the dairies . . . and the creameries. ■ *In hospitals, where cleanliness is of the greatest concern, Wyandotte products are almost invariably used . . . in laboratories and lobbies, in operating rooms and kitchens.*

The name *Wyandotte* stands for not one but scores of products, each designed to do a particular job superlatively well. For years, Wyandotte chemists have worked in co-operation with representatives of other industries, helping to solve their cleaning problems . . . developing new products to accomplish new tasks.

The dairy industry needed a product which would quickly and thoroughly clean bottles and milk cans. Wyandotte produced it. Laundries wanted something that would wash clothes, clean and soft, without injuring them. Textile manufacturers asked for a product which would scour wool and still preserve the natural life, luster and elasticity of the fiber. In each case, Wyandotte filled the demand.

So it goes through every industry. Tanners and meat packers . . . bakers and metal makers . . . all look to Wyandotte for cleanliness. And through them, this cleanliness comes to your own home. The bread for your table is prepared and baked in utensils made spotless with Wyandotte. Canned foods are packed under sanitary, wholesome conditions. Beverages come in sparkling, sweet-smelling bottles.

Cleanliness means health. And Wyandotte products are on duty for you . . . throughout the world . . . bringing cleanliness to the industries that affect you vitally. The J. B. Ford Company, Wyandotte, Michigan.

WYANDOTTE

Trade Mark

CLEANS THE WORLD

You too—— on short notice, can have Hair that is Lovely and Alluring

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ... its gloss and lustre ... depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of ... soft, rich, creamy lather ... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural ... color tones ... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, ... anywhere in the world.

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 138*]

The next morning brought Kit's weekly letter. There was a lot of mail, but Jacqueline, seeing Kit's bold script and familiar blue envelope, seized upon it, and went out on the porch where she might be free from interruption. Simon in his cage gave her a noisy welcome. Joey's small kitten, a smoky puffball, danced in the sunlight. Simon screamed when he saw the kitten, then settled down to a gentle scolding.

Jacqueline's hand trembled as she tore open the blue envelope. She had a sense of foreboding, as if in some way this letter would be different. Yet as she read, her fears vanished. Kit begged her to come out to him. At once. "Jack, I must have you. This can't keep on—forever."

OF COURSE she would go. Hadn't she told him last night, out there on the bluff? And wasn't this his blessed answer? "Oh, Kit, Kit, my darling . . . "

The kitten danced toward her, sideways. Jacqueline caught it up in her arms. She felt that she loved every living thing. *Kit . . . Kit . . . . !*

Simon screamed again when he saw her with the kitten. "Oh, Simon, Simon," Jacqueline told him, "I'm going to fly away. And I'll take you with me, and I'll set you free somewhere in a great deep forest . . ."

She saw the forest, and Kit there beside her. Perhaps they would ride an elephant, with Simon's cage set up in front of them . . . and there would be a still green light, and Kit would open the cage, and set Simon on a branch of a great tree, and there would be all of Simon's red and blue and purple in the dim, still place . . . Kit's arm would be about her. And she, too, would be free. Free in her happiness, with her . . . her husband . . . !

She would go up right now, and tell Mary. And Mary would understand. Mary who loved Joel. She would say to Mary, "Kit can't wait any longer. I must go to him now; or not go to him at all."

She had made up her mind to that. Kit must not be tied. If she would not marry him, he must be free. Sue had said it, and she could see that the Gilmans thought it.

As she began idly to separate the mail, she saw that there was a letter to herself from Paula Gilman. Jacqueline recognized at once, the thin angular script which had been the style taught in fashionable schools in Paula's time.

Jacqueline sat down again, and read the letter through, and when she had read it, the world crashed about her. For Paula had not minced words.

"I might as well tell you the truth, Jacqueline. It is as plain as the nose on your face that Kit and Sue are in love with each other. He'd be telling her so in a minute if he dared. But there's his promise to you, and you know his chivalry. He wouldn't make you unhappy for the world. Yet why should Sue be unhappy? Or, for that matter, why should Kit? I know I am taking a lot on myself to be writing you this. But why not? I told you long ago, you were making a mistake to tie Kit down, and I am more than ever convinced that I told you the truth. Kit is losing the best years of his life waiting for you . . . . And you should see him and Sue together.

"And you made your choice, Jacqueline. Deep in your heart you cared more for your family than for your lover. It was their happiness against his; and you let him be unhappy. Forgive my frankness; but, my dear, I am a woman of the world, and I know men. They are not as constant as women. Kit has been a marvel. I'll say that for him. But he has been punished enough."

Oh, Paula was outrageous! *Outrageous!* Jacqueline crushed the letter in her tight fist. Her cheeks were blazing, her slight body shaking. Simon screamed and the kitten danced. But she saw neither of them. She saw only a spectral, Stygian space, with Paula's angular letters stalking . . .

In this mood she dared not face Mary. And presently Yolanda would be coming down . . . and there was Hannah . . . and small Joey . . . she must hide from them all.

She ran upstairs, got into her bathing tunic and beach coat and ran down again. There was no one on the float when she reached it, or to see her as she gave herself up to the rocking waves. There was an incoming tide and enough wind to roughen the waters. She swam far out, then turned on her back and drifted with the tide. The sea was green and the sky a faint chrysoprase. Encompassed about by sea and sky she seemed suspended in a translucence which belonged to no material world but was, rather, that of some supernal sphere, uninhabited, except by herself and the gulls above her.

She had forgotten to put on her rubber cap, and the salt water soaked into her braids. But she had no thought of anything save Kit's letter, and Paula's. Kit had said he wanted her. Paula had said he did not. But might there not be a hidden meaning in Kit's letter which Paula had revealed? He had said, "This can't keep on . . . " Was he giving her a last chance? Had he meant if she refused to come, to let her go—forever?

OH, WHY had Paula written? Jacqueline saw suddenly the russet hair, the carefully made-up face. All Paula's kindness that day in the tea room had been false kindness. Even then she had wanted Kit for Sue. Her smile had been baleful. She had been like a witch in one of Joey's fairy tales.

She floated on and on. She was aware, as in a dream, that Yolanda in an inadequate negligee was waving from her window to Stuart Carleton whose speed boat had just come pip-popping up to the float. Her voice carried clearly, "I'll be right down."

Neither of them had seen Jacqueline. She knew she ought to go in, that Mary would be waiting. She knew, too, that she should be giving Hannah her orders. Joel would come home that night hot and hungry. There ought to be something cool for dinner—chilled cucumbers cut up with little onions, cold salmon with mayonnaise and capers, iced tea, a melon . . .

She found herself laughing hysterically. Oh, what kind of woman was she who could think of capers and salmon—onions—in the midst of her life's tragedy? But then, it had always

[*Continued on page 145*]

Yes, ma'am, these young children have to be fed just right . .

Says the Uneeda Boy

Why not let the "Uneeda Bakers" make *all* her cookies and crackers and biscuit . . .

They use the *very* best of everything — and they are so particular about their baking. So fussy about it, I mean . . . I know all about how they work, because I'm the Uneeda Boy.

If I were you I'd be sure to look for the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal on every biscuit package.

You'd be surprised to see how many different kinds of things they make *specially* for children, too . . .

Just think how many million children are eating Uneeda Graham Crackers this minute!

The familiar light-brown squares of childhood memory — Uneeda Graham Crackers! Crunchy-crisp when eaten dry—delicious in a bowl of milk. Just sweet enough to be exactly right for every age and every taste. Be sure they're the real Uneeda Graham Crackers — you can tell them by the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal. Also sold by the pound.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers"

TWO AND A HALF MILLION WOMEN

Have learned this

BETTER-WAY

TWO and a half million women . . . nearly one-third of all those who use electric cleaners . . . have discovered the simple secret of keeping their homes really clean . . . the Eureka way. To them has come new leisure, new joy of living, along with relief from tasks which once meant unending drudgery.

It was twenty years ago that Eureka introduced a light, compact, sturdy electric cleaner which cleaned with AIR . . . gently, thoroughly, easily. That principle has remained unchanged. For now, as then . . . with the unmatched Eureka "High-Vacuum" (powerful suction *clear through* the rug or other fabric to be cleaned) . . . nothing more is needed to whisk away dirt that is either *on* or *in* a rug.

Today, however, you have your choice of three new Eurekas . . . products of twenty years of constant research, improvement and refinement. They represent the most modern development of home sanitation service and the highest standards of construction and workmanship.

Every woman owes it to herself to check the condition of her cleaning equipment each year or two. Even the best cleaners become worn and lose effectiveness in time; they may do the *surface* work well, but they fail to get the *unseen*, germ-laden, dangerous dirt.

When the Eureka Man calls, let him show you how much dirt the Eureka "High-Vacuum" will remove from rugs already "cleaned" by other methods. And be sure to see the wonderful little Eureka Junior, which replaces attachments and cleans upholstery, stair carpets, car interiors and scores of other hard-to-reach places. Or visit the nearest Eureka dealer, where you can see all the Eureka models and choose the one best suited to your needs. (556)

The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

GETS · MORE · DIRT

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia.

THE EUREKA STANDARD IS PRICED AT $56.50. OTHER LATEST MODELS ARE THE HIGH-QUALITY, FULL-SIZED EUREKA SPECIAL, $39.50; THE EUREKA JUNIOR, $16.50 (ELECTRIC HEATER HAIR-DRYING ATTACHMENT, $3.00). ALL OBTAINABLE ON AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN.

WILD WIND

[*Continued from page 142*]

been like that—little things—Joel's dinners, and Mary's morning bath, Joey's small tempers, and Yolanda's cocksureness. She had never been able to shake herself free from the burden of the commonplace. She had been held and bound by them, when, waiting to her hand as it were, had been the big emotions—the things of which Kit had written in the little book . . .

"My heart is like an apple-tree,
Whose boughs are bent with richest fruit . . . ."

AND she had sacrificed the big things —the rich things, for dry-as-dust duty. Well, she wouldn't any more. She would take what was her own—*my heart is like an apple tree*—what did she care for Paula's angular tirade? Or Sue's scoldings?

She swam back to the float, and climbed the hill to the house. As she went through the lower hall, she heard old Hannah in the kitchen, singing. Yolanda in a bright red beach coat passed her like a flash, saying, "I'm going for a swim with Stuart." Small Joey was in the garden, with his kitten, and Simon screamed on the porch.

Jacqueline when she went at last into her sister's room, wore her blue bath robe and had let her hair down to dry. "Sorry to be so late, Mary, but I had a swim."

"And you got your hair wet. You should have worn a cap."

"I forgot it." Jacqueline handed the mail to Mary, then sat down by the open window, lifting her long locks fan-wise to catch the breeze.

Mary looked over her letters. "Did you get anything, Jack?"

"One from Kit."

"Sue still out there?"

"Yes." But Jacqueline did not want to talk of Sue. "I got caught in the rain when I came home from the Gilmans. I had to run for my life through the rain, and my dress is a ruin. And my hat—!"

Mary laid down her letters. A shadow had fallen across her face and she said, listlessly, "Have a good tea?"

"Yes. There were the little cakes that Kit likes . . . and a lot of things —It was too hot . . . to eat much . . ." She stopped for a moment and went on— "They are buying their pickled peaches in Boston, Mary. It's expensive, but easier, Miss Phoebe says . . . . Mrs. Gilman is reading *Pickwick Papers* and Miss Phoebe, *Martin Chuzzlewit*. They always read Dickens in summer . . . . " Another pause, then: "They read me a letter from Sue . . . . "

Mary was not listening. She looked up from the rings which she was turning thoughtfully on her thin fingers, and said, with a touch of vehemence, "Sue Gilman's a cat!"

Jacqueline stared at her, startled. "Mary!"

"Oh, I mean it. She has always had an eye on Kit."

"Mary, don't!" Jacqueline's voice was sharp. It seemed to her dreadful that Mary should be putting crudely into words the thought which she had been trying to deny to her own consciousness.

"Don't, Mary," she repeated. "Sue is my good friend."

"No woman is another woman's friend when there's a man in the case," Mary said, inexorably; "and we might as well speak the truth about it."

As Jacqueline sat there in the bower of her bronze hair, Mary, watching her, said to herself, "If Kit could only see her like this! She's lovely."

And, suddenly, Jacqueline looked up at her and said, "Mary, I'm not going to marry Kit."

Mary gasped, "My darling, why?"

"Because I trust him so much . . . that I can set him free. I know what everyone is saying—that he's tied—that if he were—rid of me—he'd marry —Sue. Well, I don't believe it. I believe he'll care forever—as I shall care. But I shall send back his ring . . ." her voice wavered, stopped.

"Jacqueline, don't do anything so silly."

"Yes." She came over and stood by the bed. "I've let everybody treat me like a child, Mary. But I'm not a child. And I've got my pride. If Kit chooses to wait—he can love me in his heart, as I love him . . . . Distance will make no difference . . . You see how I—trust him—Mary . . . "

She was white and shaking. Mary held out a hand to her. "My darling, marry him now . . . "

"No."

"Why not?"

"I've told you."

"Is it because you think—we need you? I'll be better soon . . . "

Then something in her small sister's gaze made her cry out—"Oh, Jack, is it because I'm not—going to get well?"

It was the first time in all the years that she had asked that question. She had never asked it of Joel. "I think she's afraid, poor darling," Joel had told Jacqueline; "she'd rather not know." But now she was asking.

JACQUELINE dropped to her knees beside the bed. "Dearest dear, things will work out for all of us."

But Mary clutched at her shoulders. "Jack, look at me—is it because you knew that you have stayed . . . . all these years?"

"I wanted to stay, Mary."

"Do you think I would have let you, if I'd known? Why, you're sacrificing your whole life! And it's bad enough for me—in this bed . . . " She flung out her hands. "Oh, when you were talking about running home in the rain, I thought I'd give the whole world if only I could run like that. I wouldn't have cared if my dress was ruined and my hat. I wouldn't have cared for anything, if I could have felt the rain beating upon me, and my feet flying, and my body coming—alive . . . "

Mary was sobbing wildly. Jacqueline set herself to soothe her. "Doctors don't really know."

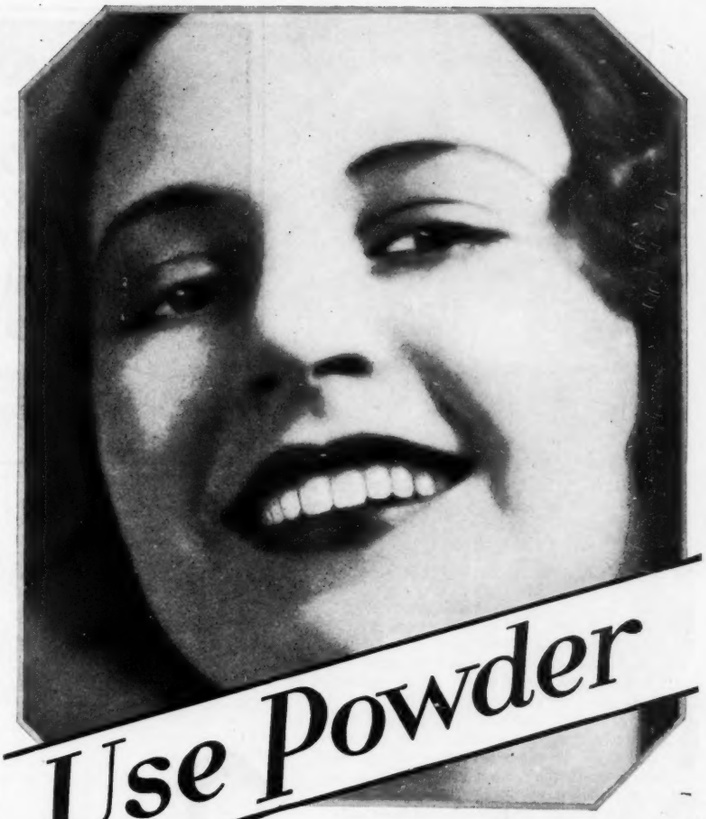
"Jack," she could hardly catch the whispered words—"Jack, I've heard if —one has faith . . . "

"Darling . . . "

"Oh, God . . . make me well . . . "

Jacqueline shrank from the sound of that whispering voice. And in that moment her own bitterness was blotted out by the awful shadow of Mary's misery—*I wouldn't have cared what happened, Jack—I'd give the world if I could feel my feet flying . . . and my body . . . coming alive . . . !*

[*Continued in* JUNE McCALL'S]



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For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

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As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

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Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

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In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

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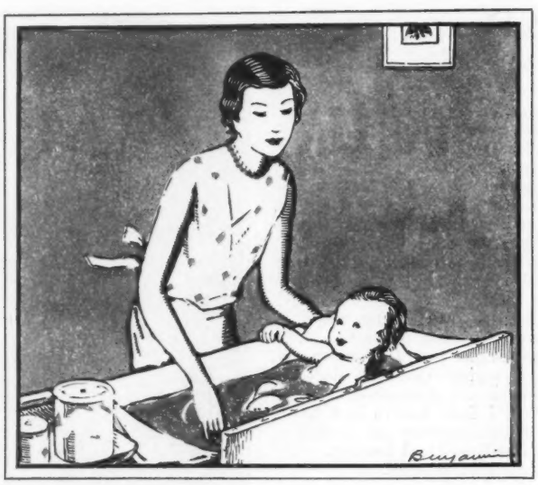
Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.



The easiest way of bathing a young baby is in a rubber folding-tub in which he can be washed without being submerged. Lower him into the warm water in a towel

BABY'S BATH

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

FOR the first few weeks it is advisable to give the baby a basin-bath, using lukewarm water and a mild soap. After this period the tub-bath may be commenced. Many mothers prefer to bathe the baby in the evening, instead of in the morning and they time the bath so that it can be followed by the six o'clock bottle (or nursing) and sleep. In the morning before dressing the infant for the day, a washing of hands, face and any soiled parts is all that is necessary.

The easiest way of bathing a young infant is in a rubber folding-tub in which he can be washed without becoming submerged. First he is undressed on the removable top which is covered with a pad and one soft towel. With a well-soaped wash cloth he is then washed all over, starting at the head and proceeding downward; when this is finished, he is raised in the towel and placed in the tub underneath, which is waiting with warm water at a temperature of about 100° F. The towel underneath prevents the baby from slipping on the rubber bottom of the tub. He is rinsed in the tub, massaged a bit, wrapped in a fresh towel, and placed again on the top of the tub to be dried and powdered. A safe powder is any borated talcum put out by a reliable manufacturer.

At the bathing time numerous small attentions may be given—the baby's nose and ears may be gently cleansed with a small bit of cotton wrapped around one end of a toothpick and dipped in sterile olive oil.

The temperature of the bath should be about 100° F. during the first weeks of life. After the third month it will be best to keep the temperature of the water between 90° and 95° F. When the baby is seven or eight months old, it will be more convenient to give him his bath in an adult bathtub. A stippled rubber mat should be placed on the bottom of the tub to prevent him from slipping. By the time he is nine months of age, and fairly vigorous, the temperature of the water at the commencement of the bath should be about 90° F.; this is gradually reduced to 80° F. by the addition of cold water, the child being rubbed vigorously with the hand while in the water. Sponges are never used in the nursery outfit; wash cloths answer all purposes and are readily cleansed.

NOW and then a child is brought to me who, through carelessness or accident, has experienced an unexpected ducking and has developed a frantic fear of water; these infants are often difficult to train to the daily bath. The plan that has worked out best is to keep the child from seeing the water. Before he enters the bathroom, a sheet is spread over the partially filled tub, and on this sheet he is lowered into the water. Regardless of age, bathing should always be done in a warm room having a temperature of 72° F. or over.

After the second year the cold spray may be brought into use, but it is best not to use water colder than 70° F. However, older children may be given a spray at the temperature at which the water runs from the faucet. In the average town house during winter, the temperature of tap water will range between 50° and 60° F. While being given the spray or shower the child should stand in warm water covering his ankles. This kind of bath may be given by means of a stationary shower, or by a spray attached to the faucet, or by a wash cloth from which the water is squeezed out over the child. If a spray or shower is used, the head should be protected by a bathing cap.

After the cold spray, which requires but a few seconds, the skin should be rubbed vigorously with a bath towel. If this friction does not quickly cause the skin to become warm and reddened, warmer water should be used for the next bath. When the skin of the extremities take on a bluish tinge or when "goose-flesh" appears, the cold spray had better be discontinued. Now and then one meets a strong, vigorous child who fails to react satisfactorily to the cold spray, and with these children also it should be discontinued. Nervous, highly emotional children who are apt to sleep restlessly are often much benefited by a cold spray given just before they go to bed.

Tub Baths for Fever—Perhaps the child has a temperature of 103° or more, and the mother has been instructed to give him a bath to reduce his temperature. To give such a bath, immerge the child in water at a temperature of 95° F.—this degree of temperature will not produce fright or shock. Gradually cool the water by the addition of cold water or small pieces of ice, but do not go below 70°; keep the patient in the water not more than 10 minutes. Friction of his skin by means of the mother's hand should be kept up while he is in the bath.

To give a basin bath for fever, add eight ounces of alcohol to a quart of water at a temperature of 70° F. The child is stripped and covered with a flannel blanket, the entire body in sections is bathed with this solution for ten or fifteen minutes. The skin should not be dried; allow the alcohol and water to evaporate from the body surface, as by this means a greater reduction in the temperature will be brought about. Either the tub-bath or the basin-bath may be used by the mother in case of sudden high fever—104° to 105°—before the physician arrives.

Bathing for Comfort—The basin-bath and tub-bath may also be used as a means of relief during very hot weather. One or two basin-baths a day, with a tub-bath at bedtime during the trying season, will give the child much relief and help him to pass safely through the heated term. The very young feel the extremes of heat most acutely, and endure it with difficulty. Nothing else will give a robust, uncomfortable, heat-tormented child such a refreshing sleep as a cool tub or basin-bath.

During the summer months, nearly every child suffers from prickly heat. Frequent applications of cool water, in the form of either a tub bath or sponging, will bring relief to the burning, itching skin and will also help to cure the condition.

THE soda bath, the bran bath, and starch bath are all useful. The relief afforded the child depends not so much upon what is used in the water as upon the fact that plenty of cool water comes in contact with the skin.

Soda Bath—For the soda bath, add a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda to each half-gallon of water used. The temperature of the water should be that to which the child is accustomed. He should be kept in the bath from two to four minutes and there should be little or no friction of the skin. The child should be dried by patting with soft towels. After the bath—and several times during the day—the irritated portions of the skin should be freely dusted with a good borated talcum powder.

Bran Bath—To prepare the bran bath, mix one cupful of bran with the water in the bathtub. Follow the same method as for the soda bath.

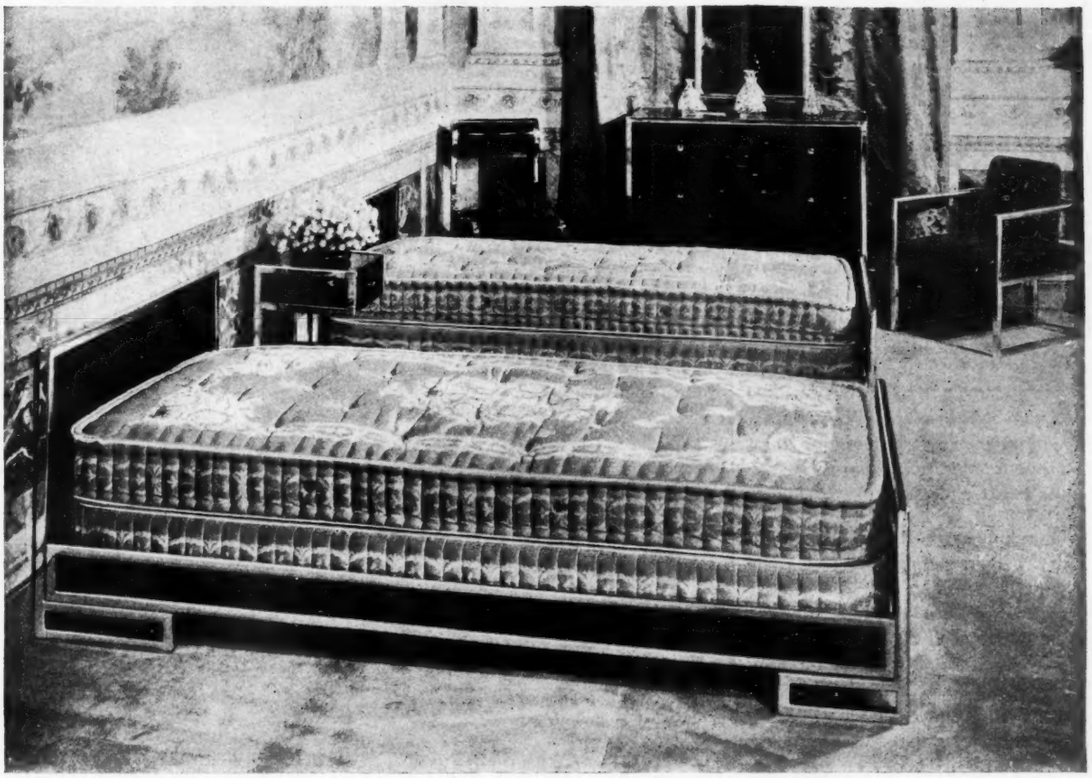
Starch Bath—One-half cupful of starch is added to the water in the bathtub and the same method employed as for the soda bath.

Brine Bath—For the delicate child—and for the child suffering from malnutrition—a brine bath is invigorating and beneficial. To prepare this bath, add an even tablespoonful of salt to each gallon of water in the tub. The child should be thoroughly soaped and washed with plain water before he is placed in the brine bath. He should be kept in the bath for five or ten minutes, and constant friction of his skin by means of the mother's hand should be kept up for the entire time.

Mustard Bath—Perhaps the baby has a convulsion and the mother is told hurriedly over the telephone by the doctor to give a mustard bath. How carry on? A mustard bath is prepared by adding a heaping tablespoonful of mustard to six gallons of warm water. Friction by the hand is maintained in the bath and a time allowance of five to ten minutes is made. A mustard bath will also be found useful for nervous children who sleep badly. Two or three minutes in the mustard water followed by a quick rubbing just before going to bed is very likely to induce refreshing sleep.

the duchess of sermoneta

has taken back from America to her ancient Roman palace the "extraordinarily comfortable" beautyrest mattresses which she discovered in our "amazing country" . . . . .



vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous italian family, whose records go back to the year 900

● "An achievement in comfort typical of your amazing country." So says Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta, beautiful descendant of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Italy. She refers to the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on which she slept in the home of distinguished friends whom she visited during her stay in America over a year ago. "I must send some of these wonderful mattresses and springs home," the Duchess said. And there they are today, the most modern of mattresses—in one of the most ancient palaces of Rome! The Duchess's experience is also that of thousands of Americans who learn, in the homes of friends, of this new type of mattress with its heart of tiny, resilient coils. Now the Simmons Company have produced a second inner coil mattress, the new Deepsleep, at a price that millions can afford

The Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12. Beds, $10 to $60. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

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● Above. Corner of bedroom in the historic Palazzo Sermoneta. Against its marble and frescoed walls, a modern suite in metal designed for Simmons by Norman Bel Geddes offers a rich and interesting contrast. Nine-piece suite.

Below. A glimpse into the gardens with their orange trees and fountains.

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Garments that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

HOW every little roughness hurts His Lordship's roseleaf skin! Especially the irritating ammonia residue so often left clinging to diapers. Put a little Borax in the washing water—it will neutralize the ammonia and save baby from chafing. And a final Borax *rinse* will remove every trace of unpleasant odor, every tiny, irritating particle of the soap itself!

On rainy days—when you have to dry baby's things inside—wash with BORAX. It acts like *indoor sunshine* and makes them just as snowy-white and sweet-smelling as though they'd hung for hours in a sunny meadow. So use 20 Mule Team BORAX for all the clothes that touch baby's precious little skin!

Safeguard His Lordship's Bottle
this scientific way. Wash our carefully with soap and BORAX. Rinse and put in a teaspoon of BORAX. Fill with water. Shake to dissolve. Let stand till morning. Then rinse again with clean water. Boiling the bottles each day is unnecessary now, for Borax is antiseptic. Ask your doctor about this safe, modern method.
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Please send a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

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Lower left—*Silver Shortcake;* Above—*Raspberry Shortcake, rich biscuit dough; Strawberry Shortcake, whipped cream; sponge cake with strawberry custard filling.* Lower right—*a large Old-Fashioned Shortcake*

SHORTCAKES!

By DOROTHY KIRK

WHEN it comes to a choice of shortcakes you can be as old-fashioned as you like, and yet not be a back number, for the like-mother-used-to-make kind is still a sensation on the smartest tables. But if "the modern touch" is your watchword, then a light sponge cake or a delicate white cake will suit you better. The latter are sweeter than the biscuit dough type and are a little less hearty. Any of these shortcakes can be baked in large or individual sizes and, in sheet, layer or shell pans.

Strawberry shortcake is probably the one which comes first to our minds, but we must remember to give raspberries, peaches, apricots, cherries, and rhubarb their turn. Really there is no closed season for shortcakes because with canned fruits we can serve them the year round.

Old-Fashioned Shortcake

4 cups flour
8 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2/3 cup shortening
1½ cups milk

Mix and sift twice, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in shortening with tips of fingers or pastry blender. Add milk gradually to form a soft dough. Knead lightly and *quickly* for a few seconds only. Separate dough into two equal parts; pat and roll out to about ¼ inch thickness. Grease a round layer cake pan and fit one piece of dough into it, brush with melted butter and lay other piece, patted out to the same size, on top. Bake in a quick oven (425° F.) about 15 to 20 minutes. Separate layers and put any desired fruit filling between. Top with more fruit and whipped cream. *To make individual shortcakes* cut the dough with a large biscuit cutter and lay two rounds together with melted butter between. Bake in quick oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Rich Shortcakes

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1/3 cup shortening
1 egg
1/3 cup milk or cream

Mix and sift twice, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in shortening with finger tips or pastry blender. Beat egg until light and combine with milk or cream; add this gradually to the dry ingredients to form a soft dough. Knead lightly and *quickly* for about five seconds. Turn onto board and pat or roll out to about ¼ inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter—preferably large one with fluted edge; place two biscuits together with a little melted butter between. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes. Separate biscuits and put prepared fruit between and on top. Or top with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries, or slices of the fruit.

Silver Shortcake
(White Cake)

¼ cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
½ cup milk
1 1/3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon vanilla or few drops lemon extract
3 egg whites

Cream shortening and sugar together until smooth and free from grainy feeling when rubbed against the bowl with wooden spoon. Add milk alternately with flour and salt sifted together. Beat thoroughly. Just before the last of the flour is added mix the baking powder with it. Add vanilla and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into two layer cake pans and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Or turn into square shallow pan and bake at 375° F. for 20 to 25 minutes. To serve the latter, cool, cut in squares, split and fill with sliced peaches or other fruit. Top with whipped cream if desired.

Modern Shortcake
(Sponge)

2 egg yolks
1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup sugar
½ cup cake or pastry flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites

Beat yolks of eggs with water until thick and lemon colored. Add lemon juice and sugar gradually, continuing to mix until smooth. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, and add to first mixture. Mix well. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in. Bake in "shell pan," putting in only enough batter to cover the raised well in the center. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 20 minutes. (This cake mixture can also be baked in cup cake or layer cake pans.) To serve fill the well with fresh fruit or Strawberry Custard.

Fillings

Half the secret of successful shortcakes lies in the fillings and toppings. Fresh fruit should be well-sugared and allowed to stand in a moderately warm place until the juices "run." For canned fruit it is best to drain off the juice; thicken it and serve as a sauce. Either plain cream or whipped cream is usually served with shortcakes. But whipped evaporated milk, or a meringue of egg whites and sugar are less expensive and very good, too.

Fresh Fruit Fillings

Berries: Wash and hull berries, allowing a quart to six persons. Reserve a few whole ones for garnishing. Crush slightly, or cut in halves, and mix with about ½ cup sugar, depending on sweetness of fruit. Let stand in moderately warm place for half an hour. Put between layers and on top.

Peaches: Peel and slice. Sprinkle with sugar, cover and let stand for 15 or 20 minutes. If allowed to stand too long, peaches will discolor.

Strawberry Custard Filling

1 cup milk
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup ripe strawberries
2 egg yolks

Scald milk in double boiler. Mix sugar, flour and salt and add to egg yolks, slightly beaten. Combine with scalded milk and cook about 15 minutes. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from fire and cool. Add lemon juice and strawberries cut in halves. Spread between layers of sponge cake or fill hollows if cake is baked in shell pans. Sliced bananas or peaches may be used instead of strawberries. This filling may be topped with whipped cream or simply sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Strawberry Sauce

1½ cups strawberries
½ cup sugar
¼ cup hot water
2 tablespoons butter

Wash and hull berries. Crush slightly and add sugar. Let stand in warm place one half hour. Add water and butter. Serve warm on Old-Fashioned Shortcake. This additional sauce makes an especially luscious shortcake.

MAKE your creamed vegetables so good that you'll always want them creamed. Give them the much-to-be-desired "cream and butter" taste plus *better* vegetable substance and flavor.

It has recently been said by a noted authority on foods that the lack of interest in vegetables by fathers and sons is a reflection on our cooking.

IT'S a crime not to have vegetables "creamed." They taste so much better—they afford so much more of appetizing variety—and they *are* so much better food. Much, of course, depends on the "creaming." You want your sauce rich and creamy—you want to retain all the valuable substances and fine flavor of the vegetables. You can do both when you use Pet Milk for the creaming.

The Milk Makes the Difference

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, you dilute it with an equal part of the cooking water from the vegetables. Your sauce will be rich and creamy and nothing is lost either in substance or flavor of the vegetables. If bottled milk were used you'd have to throw away the water, or use more butter and flour and still not have the important milk solids which the Pet Milk sauce contains.

In Many Other Ways

For every use you have for cream or milk, Pet Milk better serves the need. Pet Milk is so rich that you can whip it. You can make frozen or gelatine desserts that have the texture and taste you'd get from cream. And the desserts are better in all respects than cream can make—better, because they have the "whole milk" richness.

The Most Severe of Tests

Specialists have proved Pet Milk to be the best of milk for babies because it is surely safe, uniformly rich and more easily digested than ordinary milk. The same qualities make it superior milk for children to drink—better for every use.

At Less Cost

It's strange, but true, that these creamed vegetables that taste better, and are better, cost less when Pet Milk is used. Because you can get it from your grocer, it costs less than the milk in bottles delivered on your doorstep—costs less than half as much as cream. Yet it is the purest, safest, richest of milk.

PET MILK instead of the usual egg, *in* your croquettes—then dip them in the undiluted milk, and roll in bread crumbs for frying—there never were such delicious croquettes.
ESCALLOPED VEGETABLES —made with Pet Milk, less butter is required and still they have a superior, rich, cream and butter flavor.
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Address
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Science shows you the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy

The microscope shows, as pictured in the illustration to the right, that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped. These unique, soft particles lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it . . . not simply touching the surface with hard sharp points like chunky grit does and naturally they cover more surface. This explains the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy.

Old Dutch is perfect . . . it cleans without scratching the surface, it contains no scratchy grit or crude abrasives. You will convince yourself by making this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drain board of your sink; take a smooth coin, lay it on top of the cleanser and rub gently. You won't feel or hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. Avoid scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which destroy the beauty of the surface and are lodging places for health-endangering invisible impurities.

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is the safest, most convenient and practical method of cleaning. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of "seismotite" which form the basis of Old Dutch Cleanser possess a natural distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt. Old Dutch, therefore, protects your home and family with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch has innumerable uses. In the kitchen; for pots and pans, all kitchen utensils, for cleaning the sink, stove, kitchen cabinet, painted walls and woodwork, etc. In the bathroom, Old Dutch quickly and easily removes the unsightly water rings, stain and soap accumulations in the bathtubs and washbowls, for cleaning metal fixtures, tile, wall and floors, etc.

Old Dutch is perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored as well as snow-white porcelain and enamel. The use of Old Dutch exclusively assures the lasting beauty of these fine surfaces because it is free from acid and caustic which dull their lustre and it doesn't scratch because it is free from harsh, chunky grit.

There is nothing else like it

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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A, B, C'S

[*Continued from page 29*]

what she wanted, and for her the moment was sufficient. Her only connection with the outside world, if she disregarded Kimberley McKay, which she did, was Mrs. Bailey, who got her meals and puttered about the windmill and at night retired to a room perched in its tower where she lent moral support and courage to Leoni's determination to live in a windmill.

So Leoni put the finishing touches on her windmill, and Kim McKay drove the last few nails in his cabin, and when they sometimes met, as they inevitably did, they gave each other distant, chilly nods. And then, quite suddenly, summer swept down over the hillside and caught the two of them in its enchantment.

It was Kimberley who succumbed to it first, and made the first friendly gesture. He took his picture of Leoni on the windmill and went next door to call on her.

He found her, stretched out beneath an old elm tree—a long, slim, curly-headed girl who looked curiously indifferent. She opened her eyes and looked at Kimberley McKay, standing above her. He was holding his canvas in his hand and saying, "Thought you'd like a squint at it, so long as you sat for it."

Leoni closed her eyes. "I wish you'd go away," she murmured wearily. "You've painted my windmill. Now I suppose you're after my tree. But you simply can't be interested in it. It's not a bit artistic."

Kim sat down on the grass beside her. There was no doubt about it, Kim was in a friendly mood. He viewed his picture ruefully. "It's really not very good," he admitted. "I didn't have half enough time for your profile."

Leoni's extravagantly long lashes lifted an eighth of an inch. Through them her eyes, that had no business being that velvety black with hair the color of hers, glowed for a moment. It was quite evident to Leoni that the only way to return this young man to his own hillside was to quarrel with him again, and somehow she wasn't in the mood for quarreling. So she turned her curly head so that her profile lay etched against the sky, and she murmured indifferently, "Finish the profile if you like. But don't talk to me. I'm going to sleep." And she looked as if she meant it.

KIM stared at her. A queer one, she was! At last he was finished. He said, politely, "Thanks, awfully. I wanted to ask you before, but I thought you'd mind."

"Why should I mind?" she murmured. "I've been dissected and put into a dozen books. I've been turned inside out and all my feelings and emotions transplanted into a hundred bars of music. I've been a walking, fertile field for artistic exploration ever since I can remember, so one more loaning of my profile isn't going to hurt me any."

"Who put you in a book?" he asked. "And was it a fairy tale about enchanted people?"

Leoni looked up at the sky. "It was not," she said, chuckling a bit to think of anyone accusing Leon Farness of writing a fairy tale. "Leon Farness put me in a book. He was always putting me in books. Leon Farness is my father, and he writes like glory and grandeur. When he writes words become swords. They are like armies on a triumphant march. When Leon Farness writes, the world reads. But he can't keep track of his laundry or remember when he paid the butcher, and he can't live with my mother because he has to rush around the world, hunting the things he writes about."

"And who put you into a hundred bars of music? And were they love songs as they should have been?"

THEY were not," and Leoni wondered what Lari Rey would think to hear a strange young man accuse her of writing love songs. "Lari Rey put me into music. But then, Lari Rey puts everything into music. Lari Rey is my mother, and she plays like thunder and lightning. When her fingers touch the keys of a piano, beauty walks right into the room. Passion beats its time on your heart. But she can't run a house, or remember where she put her railroad tickets. And she can't live with my father, because just about the time he has to go to Egypt for atmosphere, she has to go to Russia for a concert engagement. Anyway, two artists, plus a grand piano, simply can't exist within the same four walls."

"And do you write books that the world reads? Or is it enough that you make men want to write them? And do you play like thunder and lightning, or is it enough that you are equally disturbing?"

Leoni looked interested. This young man had a quick tongue. She vouchsafed, a glint in her dark eyes, "Since I was ten, I've lived six months with my father, six months with my mother, year in and year out. When I was with my father, I wrote things, until he decided I was meant to be a musician. When I was with my mother I practiced scales, until she decided I was meant to be a writer. Two months ago I decided I was meant to be nothing, and here I am." She shut her eyes again. As far as Leoni was concerned, she'd been quite friendly enough for one afternoon.

He asked, curiously, "Why don't you want to see your picture? I thought women always did."

Leoni stirred uneasily. "Artists—complicating people," she murmured. "I ought to know, I've lived with them enough. They always want you to tell them the truth; and when you do they give you hurt, resentful glances. They—they take such delicate handling. And I'm tired of handling temperamental people adroitly."

"But I," said Kim hastily, "am a very poor artist. In fact, I'm no artist at all. And did you ever hear of anybody called Kim being temperamental?"

Leoni never had. And probably he wasn't a very good artist; so few people were. "It doesn't sound temperamental," she admitted, "but you never can tell. I once knew a man named Jacob Blunt—" Her voice trailed off into thin air and she looked noncommittal, as if to say you couldn't catalogue people by their names.

[*Continued on page 152*]

"MILK *of* MAGNESIA *and* MINERAL OIL *belong together—here they are!"*

HERE is a wonderfully effective emulsion which combines the benefits of two famous preparations and gives a new effectiveness of its own. A combination so gentle, so sure, so easy in action, and yet so nearly tasteless that children take it in milk without knowing it.

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A, B, C'S

[*Continued from page 151*]

Kimberley McKay got to his feet. The obvious thing for him to do was to go, since he was getting no encouragement to stay. So he picked up his picture and went, though none too willingly.

As far as Kim was concerned, he told himself, this girl could sleep the rest of her life. He wouldn't, he vowed, give her another thought. And he thought of nothing else for the next twenty-four hours. He wouldn't, he swore, go near the provoking, indifferent creature again. And at four the next afternoon he was picking her out of a blackberry bush.

Not that Leoni had intended getting into a blackberry bush, but there she was. And while it was an ignominious thing to call for help, it was better than getting any more scratches on smooth, white legs that wore no stockings.

It was Kim who heard her call. And Kim who cut his way through the blackberry tangle and got her out. And by the time he had removed a yard or so of thorny tendrils from her hair, not to mention tying his handkerchief around an arm more bloody than injured, he quite forgot he hadn't intended ever to speak to this lovely girl again.

He said, abruptly, "I've read two of your father's books, and there you were, walking defiantly through each of them. I heard some of your mother's music, and there you were, mixed up in every bar of it. How do you expect a man to forget you and go about his business, when you scatter yourself about so indiscriminately!"

Leoni rubbed a contemplative finger across her cheek, spreading a blackberry stain in the process. "I don't," she pointed out, "expect anything of men. And you didn't have to read the books."

Kim looked at her. He wasn't sure that she was fascinating, and she certainly didn't, at that moment, look dangerous. But a dozen old torn sweaters, not to mention the blackberry stains, couldn't disguise the fact that she'd been born with that certain something. And her hair curled all over her head until she looked like a small, gleaming chrysanthemum.

"You are an unfriendly, ungrateful person," he told her severely. "You live in my windmill—I don't care, it was mine first, and you don't even thank me for keeping you out of the courts. I come along and pick you out of a blackberry bush, and do you say 'Thank you, Mr. Kimberley Marley McKay, and can't I give you a cup of tea?' You do not."

LEONI laughed. She couldn't help it. And after all, there was some truth in what he said. One can't be rude to a gentleman who has saved one's skin from being scratched into a futuristic pattern. So she put on her best party manner, and said politely, "Miss Leoni Farness thanks Mr. Kimberley Marley McKay for picking her out of the blackberry bush. And in payment thereof, she invites him to tea. This very day."

So that was how Leoni found herself sitting across a tea table from a most attractive young man. And that was how Kimberley McKay, who had certainly been warned that he was wasting his time with Leoni, proceeded to waste it recklessly. In fact, how could he remember warnings with Leoni sitting there, her unreasonably dark eyes glowing, her gaudy curls dancing, and with that about her that was a challenge to every man!

Not, of course, that Leoni was flinging down any challenges to Kim McKay. But there she was. And there, in the weeks that followed, was Kim—with increasing frequency.

"Because," he told her, "according to the best fairy tales, a witch who lives in a windmill is bound, sooner or later, to brew magic. And I want to be in on the brewing."

"A drinking man," observed Leoni to her windmill. "Probably with a past, like all men."

KIM eyed her. "It's my future I'm interested in," he retorted. It was occurring to Kim, with disturbing conviction, that Leoni was going to be in that future.

"But don't expect that to be mixed up in my brewing," broke in Leoni hastily. "I'm a selfish person. I brew my own future, nobody else's."

"You tempt the Gods with your scoffing; but that has nothing to do with the fact that someday you'll fall in love, and then you'll brew a man into your future."

"Love!" Leoni sat up a little straighter. "Don't talk to me about love! I know all about it, and as a topic of conversation, I think it is fearfully overrated."

"I wonder"—Kim looked at her, and asked himself why Leoni, in her careless looking clothes and that bright scarf wound around her head, was so unforgettable—"if you get that way because you know everything about love, as you once remarked, or because you know nothing about it?"

Leoni shrugged. "What is there to know?"

"Good grief, don't you even admit you've got a heart? Looking as you do, how can you deny it?"

Leoni lifted a defiant chin. "The trouble with most people is that they expect too much of a heart. It pumps, doesn't it? Then why demand a lot of other impossible things from it?"

"Oh, if you're going to be anatomical!" groaned Kim.

"Very well," returned Leoni obligingly, "I'll be practical. Love means a man. At least"—hastily "—that's the general impression. And what can any man give me? I've enough money to live on, so I don't need support. I've a house of my own"—she sent a slanting glance at Kim to see if he would deny that, "so I don't need a home."

Kim could have shaken her. The stubborn, irritating girl! "Where," he demanded, "did you get the idea that love was all taking and no giving? If that's the way you feel, God help the man who cares for you!"

"God help him, for I won't," murmured Leoni maddeningly. She rose, yawning impolitely. "I'm sleepy. Would you mind going home, Kim? After all, we don't have to settle the question of love. We're not in love."

Kim rose. "Darn right we aren't! And won't be, if I have anything to say about it!" And off he stalked.

But Kim, who may or may not have known anything about art, was to find out a few things about love in the

[*Continued on page 154*]

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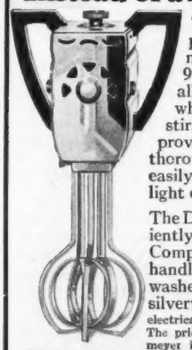

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New shoes *for new dresses*

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■ The photograph shows *Marcel* (at left), a medium-heel model on a slender last, for wear with tailored frocks, suits or ensembles...and *Stepper* (at right), a round-toed model for sports wear. Both shoes are in beige, trimmed with darker beige.

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A, B, C'S

[*Continued from page 152*]

month that followed—a month when everything, the weather included, combined to make him forget his resolutions. He discovered that a man's heart doesn't always lay its allegiance where his mind directs. And he discovered that though he told himself he'd be a poor fool to care for Leoni, he was that fool, and Leoni was in his heart to stay. Consequently, he became so moody that even Leoni, who made it a business not to notice other people's moods, found herself complaining.

She said, at last, "If you're still brooding over your old windmill, take it! I haven't found half the peace here I expected, anyway!" Which was strangely true. Leoni's moods, also, had grown somewhat combustible of late.

"I don't want the windmill," said Kim quietly. "You know that."

Leoni sighed. "I do think I'm patient with you! You're so temperamental that I have to pinch myself at times, to realize I'm not back with my father!" She eyed Kim accusingly. "Is it more letters?"

FOR Kimberley McKay, for the past month, had been getting letters advising him to head for New York and the checking-up of his own affairs. Letters which he had disregarded for the simple reason that Leoni was where she was, and not in the vicinity of New York. In fact, he'd received another such—and rather imperative this time—the very day before. But it wasn't the letter that was bothering him. He said abruptly, "It's not that, and you know it. Why pretend, Leoni! I love you—there, it's out."

For a moment Leoni said nothing at all. Then, slowly, "What do you expect me to do about it?"

"Do about it!" Kim almost shouted. "Are you made of ice, Leoni? Doesn't it mean anything to you when a man is so in love with you that he can't think of anything else, for having you in his mind?"

This, thought Leoni, was what came of seeing too much of an artist. She faced Kim squarely. "You know what I think about love," she told him. "My mother—"

"I know," broke in Kim, made desperate by the feeling that he was ending everything by saying words that couldn't be left unsaid, "that you think you know everything about love. But has it ever occurred to you that your parents, instead of being examples against love, are arguments for it? Perhaps they couldn't live together, but they couldn't live apart, either. That's why they kept you between them, like a little pendulum."

Leoni decided she'd better not say anything more about her parents. It would never do to tell Kim the astonishing news that, with her withdrawal as their pendulum, those two erratic people had gone back to each other, and were living together, in more or less contentment. So she said, instead, "At least, I've played fair—"

"Fair!" Kim snorted. "There's nothing fair about love. There's only torment and despair and misery—and ecstacy and joy."

Leoni shrugged her shoulders. "You make it sound very attractive, I'm sure, if somewhat disturbing. But"—she held out her hand to him—"I suppose this is goodbye."

"Goodbye?" Kim stared at her, his face curiously quiet.

"You will hate me, because I don't love you. Men always do."

Kim flung up his head. "And you, of all people, should know about men in love! Very well, have it your way. But someday, Leoni, you'll know what it is to care. And then you'll not be so—impersonal." And turning on his heel, Kim strode stiffly away.

Leoni watched him go. She wanted to call him back, wanted to say something to wipe that hurt look from Kim's eyes, but she knew there was only one thing he wanted to hear her say, and she couldn't say that. She thought, a little bitterly, "That's life. People coming into your life, and then going out of it. It only goes to prove what I've always known—love spoils everything."

Not that Leoni really believed that Kim wouldn't come back. Men had told her before that they loved her, for this reason or that, and been given the same answer as Kim, and always they had come back. But morning, though it brought no Kim, brought a gray sky and the threat that September, besides being a month of scarlet leaves, could also be a month of sudden storms. When afternoon found the rain washing her windows, Leoni settled herself with a book. The storm and Kim's absence would probably end at the same time, she told herself. But neither Kim nor the weather gave any indication of changing their attitude in the next twenty-four hours.

"He might, at least, have come to see if I was all right," thought Leoni illogically. "He might, at least—"

She whirled about at the opening of her door. Kim? No, it was only Mrs. Bailey, returning from town, drenched and muttering to herself, "Not another trip do I make in this weather, food or no food. Ten miles on a bus! Sensible folk would be in decent houses, anyway, not in contraptions never meant to be lived in!"

Leoni turned upon her. Too edgy for comfort, was Leoni. "Do be quiet!" she cried fiercely. "Haven't I enough, without listening to you complain!"

Mrs. Bailey laid her bundles on the table. "Well, I see you've heard," she observed stolidly. "I'm glad I'm not the one to break bad news. After all, Mr. McKay is a next door neighbor, as you might say—"

SHE didn't see the widening of Leoni's dark eyes; but if she had it wouldn't have made any difference. Never a tactful woman, Mrs. Bailey. She went on, heavily, "Papers full of it. 'Kimberley McKay Loses Fortune—Kills Self!' That young man," and Mrs. Bailey thumped a bottle of milk on the table, "should have been tending to his business, instead of hanging around here all summer."

For a moment it seemed to Leoni as if the floor gave way beneath her. Then she heard somebody scream. Could it be she, screaming? She found Mrs. Bailey pushing her into a chair, crying nervously, "There now, I thought you knew! Or, I'd never blurted it out like that!"

Leoni pushed her hair back from her forehead. There was something wrong about this. Kim—Kim wasn't the sort to kill himself, over money! "I—I

[*Continued on page 156*]

Only CLICQUOT offers this choice of 3 Blends

EACH one of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales is different. Each has its own distinctive flavor. Many people have tried only one, not realizing how the others suit different tastes or moods or occasions.

GOLDEN is rich and full-flavored, with the tang of real ginger in its spirited bubbles. An old-time ginger ale that is zestful and provoking to the appetite.

PALE DRY is mild and delicate, a perfectly balanced blend ideally suited for many recipe drinks. Pure fruit flavorings are more pronounced. It is delicious.

SEC is dry . . . the driest ginger ale made. It has the delicate trace of an elusive flavor all its own. Blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself. Popular wherever smart people gather.

Yes, all different in taste. But all made from the finest, purest ingredients. Aged 6 months in the making for rare mellowness of flavor. Fully carbonated to retain sparkling life. And, as a final guarantee of purity, put only into brand-new bottles—no bottle is ever used twice. Try each of them. See for yourself how each has a place in your home.

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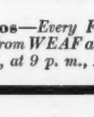

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HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION **S.T.37**

NOW, with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37, you can give mouth, nose and throat safe, *intelligent* antiseptic care. Solution S. T. 37 has sufficient power to kill the harmful bacteria usually present in the mouth, and to keep the bacterial count reduced for hours.

Its active chemical, Hexylresorcinol, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution can be poured even into open wounds without the slightest injury or irritation.

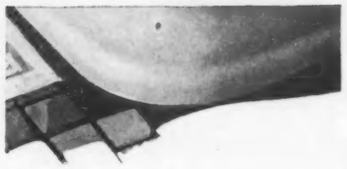
Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, are less effective, either because they are not powerful enough to kill bacteria on contact, or because they penetrate so slowly and imperfectly that they fail to reach them.

For intelligent antiseptic care of mouth and throat, you should rinse them twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. It is odorless, stainless, and has a sweet, pleasant taste. Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or whenever there is irritation in nose or throat. It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces—it will not burn or sting; it is actually soothing. Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

This Product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

SHARP & DOHME

BATHASWEET



Make your Bath a Beauty Treatment

TRY IT FREE

There was a time when a bath was just a bath. Now it is much more. Just a sprinkle of Bathasweet and your daily tubbing becomes a veritable beauty treatment. Not only is the water made fragrant as a flower garden, but it gains a delightful softness. It washes deep into the pores, dissolves the secretions of the skin and leaves about you an indefinable, almost scentless fragrance that lingers all day long. Your skin is stimulated to more radiant health; many blemishes disappear; and an air of springtime daintiness becomes an inseparable part of your personality. No charm is more in keeping with modern ideas of femininity.

The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

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LANE BRYANT MATERNITY Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Dresses and Corsets in latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide for expansion. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

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Write for Samples
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1046 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A, B, C'S

[*Continued from page 154*]

don't believe it!" she cried. "It's not true!"

Mrs. Bailey shook her head. "It's true enough, I saw the headlines. But see, it wasn't your fault. Time and again, I heard you tell him to go."

Leoni sprang to her feet. She couldn't bear this. She didn't love Kim—no, no—but she couldn't have him gone. Not dead. Not Kim, who was so gay, so alive! She heard herself crying, hysterically, "It was my fault! You know it was! You know how we mean it—we women, when we tell a man to go! Oh, Kim—Kim—"

She tore out of the windmill, into the storm. She didn't know where she was going, but she knew she couldn't stay inside, listening to Mrs. Bailey. The wind caught her up, the rain beat down upon her, but she staggered through it, stumbling, running toward Kim's cabin. Then she remembered that he wasn't there, of course he wasn't there! Kim was dead!—and she huddled beneath a tree. The tree where Kim, that first day, had found her.

She tried to think, but everything inside of her seemed stunned. Something hurt, where her heart should be. But she didn't have any heart! Kim had said so. Kim—

It was at that moment, as Leoni stood there, oblivious to the storm that beat upon her, knowing she must do something but not able to reason what, that she saw the light in Kim's cabin. She brushed a hand across her eyes, then looked again. Yes, it was there!

Slipping in the mud, falling and rising again, she stumbled out across the hillside. She reached the cabin porch and fell across it, but the wind and the rain deadened the sound of her footsteps. She clung to the door and tore it open. Then, framed there, with the storm whipping behind her, she stared with unbelieving eyes at the man bent over a suitcase in the center of the room. She held to the door, the strength flowing out of her body. She couldn't speak, for there was Kim! Kim, who was dead, but who wasn't dead, for there he was!

In that instant he was pulling her into the room, shutting out the storm. Kim, looking as if he were the one seeing a ghost. He cried, sharply, "Leoni! What are you doing here! What—" —for she was staring at him with dark, haunted eyes—"what is the matter!"

LEONI'S hands went to her throat. She whispered, still staring at him, "She—Mrs. Bailey—said you were dead!"

"Dead?" For a moment Kim didn't understand. Then, slowly, "No, that was my uncle. You heard?"

Leoni hadn't cried before. Her throat had been too tight for crying. But now she was sobbing, for joy, as she knew. She cried unsteadily, "I thought—" she said—then the sobs stopped her words.

Kim, his face older than she had ever seen it, made a movement toward her, then checked himself. "The names—they are the same," he said quietly. "—I'm sorry if it gave you a shock."

"Shock!" Leoni laughed, wildly. "I thought you were dead!"

Their eyes met, and something flamed between them. It was Kim, with a new firmness about his mouth, who turned away. He made a gesture toward his packing. "You don't mind? I must finish this. I—I'm leaving tonight, you see."

Leoni watched him, a light on her face that made it so beautiful that Kim couldn't bear to look at her. For Leoni, who had found out in those minutes in the storm just what it meant to her to know that Kim was dead, had found out another thing, too; just what it meant to know that he was living.

And so she said, slowly, almost timidly, "Kim, will you take me with you?"

REMEMBERING what her words would have meant to him, four days earlier, Kim's voice when he spoke was almost rough. "No," he said evenly. Then, from his packing, "I don't know why you said that, but it doesn't matter. I've nothing to offer any girl. Everything I had—every cent in the world—was wiped out with my uncle's death."

Leoni's voice was poignant. "And because you've lost everything, do you no longer care?"

Kim turned upon her. "You can ask that! And yet you say you know everything about love!"

But Leoni was beside him, her red mouth trembling at something she saw in Kim's unguarded eyes. "But I was wrong!" she cried passionately. "I didn't even know the A, B, C's of love! But I do now! I knew—women are like that, sometimes—when I thought I had lost you. Oh, Kim, will you take me with you?"

Kim stared at her. Was this Leoni, who scoffed from her hilltop? Leoni, who said she had an income and a home and wanted nothing of any man? "Would you," he asked unsteadily, "marry a man who had nothing? Not even a home?"

Leoni was glowing. Kim loved her, nothing else mattered. "You've got a windmill," she said shamelessly.

"And would you marry an artist? You, who know all about artists and don't think much of them?"

"And who should marry artists," said Leoni steadily, "save those who know all about them! And if you're not a very good artist, it's because you've had nobody to look after you. I know—you should see the trash my father writes when he's trying to shift for himself! But with me to look after you, and I've had such good experience looking after people—" She broke off suddenly, to look at him helplessly, "Do I have to start arguing with you about love all over again!"

It seemed she didn't. For she was in his arms now, where argument was unnecessary. And Kim was looking as if he'd found the gate of Heaven closed to him, only to have someone hand him its key! Then he remembered what pains he'd taken to convince her that he was a very poor artist. He looked over the top of her chrysanthemum head at a painting on the far wall: a picture of a girl, slim, and curly-headed and provokingly indifferent. It was a lovely thing, with proof and some to spare that whoever had done it was a very good artist, indeed. But this, thought Kim, was no time to point that out. Instead, he said, happily, "With you to look after me, we'll brew a new future and a new fortune. This—" he kissed her—"is the first ingredient that goes into the brewing."

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"STRANGERS STOP NOW TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL

Yet Only a Few Weeks Ago She Was Nervous, Pale and Underweight"

A Swiss Discovery That's Working Wonders For Nervous, Underweight Children

"Strangers stop now to admire my little girl, yet only a few weeks ago she was nervous, pale and underweight"

Only a few weeks ago my little daughter was nervous, pale and underweight. Her appetite was poor, she even refused her milk and her sleep was fretful and restless. People used to look at her and remark that a city is no place in which one could raise a healthy child. Naturally, this made me decidedly unhappy.

Finally, I took the child to the doctor who advised Ovaltine. A short time after she began drinking it we noticed results that are almost unbelievable. She has rosy cheeks, a gay, happy manner, an excellent appetite and is gaining in weight.

Strangers stop now to admire my little girl. And I no longer hear remarks about the city being no place in which to raise a child.

Mrs. A. D. H., Jr., 12 East 8th Street, New York City

DISCOVERIES have been made in Switzerland that throw a new light on the underweight, nervous child. The result of those discoveries—*an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink*—has spread over some 54 different nations of the world, largely through medical influence.

New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in most of Europe. Over 20,000 doctors are already advising it.

The two examples of its results, pictured on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think you will agree that trying it is well worth while.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a special 3-day supply coupon is printed below.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered cocoa, chocolate, malt or sugar mixtures offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

**(Note): Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"He's Gained 5 Pounds in 4½ Weeks"

After my little boy had had his tonsils removed I found it impossible to build up either his nerves or his weight. He was much underweight and so fretful that I thought I might have to take him to the Mountains for his health. My husband and I decided to give Ovaltine a trial—giving it to our boy regularly twice a day. Yesterday we weighed him and do you know what we found?

He had gained 5 pounds in 4½ weeks! These results were so surprising that I weighed him twice to make sure that I was right. Really, I can't be thankful enough for Ovaltine.

Mrs. M. W. C.
2640 N. Charles St.
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Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER C

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

Name .....
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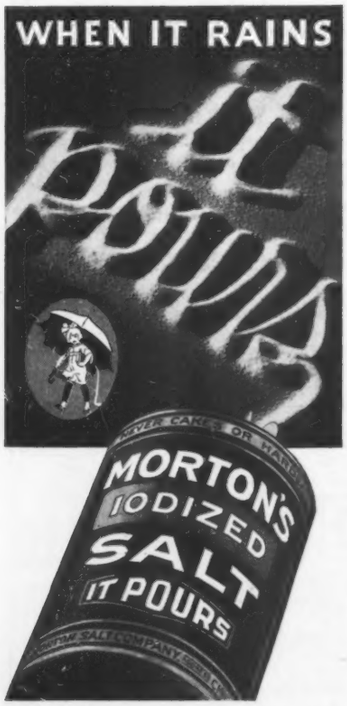
(One package to a person) 709

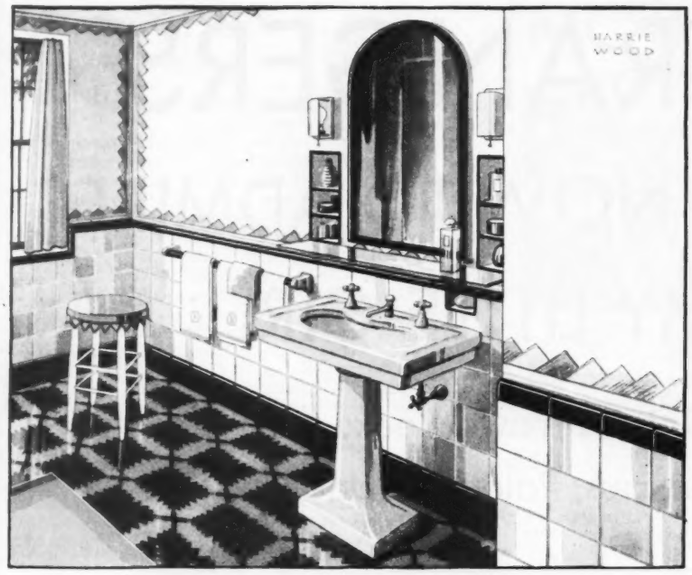
OVALTINE The Swiss Food-Drink

When the weather man warns of rain, ask your grocer for Morton's Iodized Salt. Made with cube-shaped crystals, which tumble off one another instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salts, it will delight you by pouring just as freely in damp weather as it does in dry.

Morton's Iodized Salt also protects children from simple goiter... that common cause of loss of appetite, lack of vigor and backwardness at school.



IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN



A saw-tooth motif in the green wall paper border and in the linoleum tile, together with the green waterproof curtains produces an effective ensemble

BATHROOM SCHEMES

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES

WHITE tile, gleaming metal, snowy towels—and the spotless American bathroom was achieved. It was clean, it was sanitary, but it had a blank, institutional air. Now, color is giving this room the personalized look it should have. In the new house, color may even extend to the fixtures.

However, there are so many other delightful ways of introducing dainty hues that every bathroom in the country—old or new—may be made modern and colorful.

Painted walls, in green, blue, peach, primrose-yellow, and even delicate orchid above harmonizing tiles offer simple means of transformation. Individuality can be developed still further by the addition of wall paper borders around the molding, the wainscoting, and down the corners of the room. Some of the new conventionalized borders are particularly interesting.

The delightful new designs in oilcloth wall coverings are offering strong inducements for the use of figured walls. There are fascinating little chintz patterns, gay plaid ones, and others with geometrical feeling. Nothing could be more practical for bathroom walls for they give perfect protection and they can be cleaned with a damp cloth. Incidentally, the oilcloth offers an excellent base for paint.

Many wall papers are being designed especially for bathroom use, but all of these should be waterproofed, nevertheless, with varnish. The favorite subjects are fish and sea gull motifs, but the simple lattice papers and those with light modernistic designs are more suitable for small bathrooms.

In a very unusual small bathroom in a Colonial house, a highly varnished red toile paper was used above an ivory hard plaster wainscoting. A line of red was carried around the woodwork and the panel of the door. The curtains were white with red dots and the scalloped valance, like the shower curtain, was red rubberized moiré. The floor was black and white tile, and a row of black bottles with red stoppers offered another happy note of contrast. The white towels had red monograms and hung from black rods.

A much daintier scheme was developed around a plain blue oilcloth wall covering. The ceiling was a delicate mauve and the wainscoting and woodwork were blue picked out with a touch of silver in the molding. The hooked rugs had pastel floral patterns and were effective against the black floor. The fixtures were ivory though they could have been orchid-pink, and the towels were lavender. The curtains were mauve, rose, and chartreuse voile drawn tight on rods at top and bottom. A plate of glass half the length of the built-in-tub made shower curtains unnecessary.

FOR floors, marble, tile, rubber compositions, and linoleum are all suitable. The linoleums are especially useful in renovating projects. It is surprising how quickly a colorful floor covering will brighten an entire room. The block patterns in black and white, green and white, and blue and white are all good and give excellent support to the color scheme which is set by the draperies, shower curtain and towels.

An interesting example is a small green and ivory bathroom. The paper is white, highly varnished, and has a green lattice pattern of intertwined ivy. The woodwork is pale green enamel, and a deep-green tiled linoleum covers the floor. Dainty white dotted Swiss curtains are at the windows and green and crystal bottles and boxes develop a refreshing and intimate air.

In bathrooms planned in the white tile era, you will have to depend on colorful rugs for the floor. They can be obtained in sets, with towels to match. Still it is often interesting to select your towels in two colors, as peach and blue, etc.

Another feature which will give a discouraged bathroom a more sprightly air is a row of trim little bottles above the lavatory, instead of the usual miscellaneous array. If there is no space for a shelf, narrow hanging shelves, each side of the mirror, painted some attractive color, as a good expedient. Such touches are enormously important in hot summer months, when all of the pleasure possible should be inveigled out of a cooling shower or bath.

In new houses, extra bathrooms are rapidly on the increase. Small houses costing fifteen and twenty thousand dollars should, without question, have two bathrooms and the number increases after that in direct relation to the size of the house and the family.

For that parade of bathroom bottles

The private bath for the master's room invites the introduction of a dressing-table unit. In a new house this may be built in with cupboard space below and in the walls above. The same effect can be achieved in any large bathroom by flanking a dressing table with tall cabinets. This plan clears the bedroom of bottles, jars, and powder dust and the cupboards offer convenient storage space.

Men favor black fixtures or soft dark red. Black is pleasing against a yellow or red background while brown or tan is a good setting for red fixtures.

EXCEPTIONAL PRICES
ON HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES
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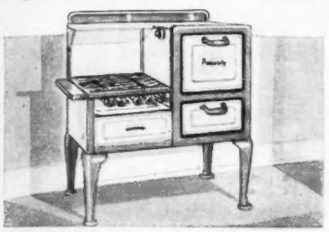
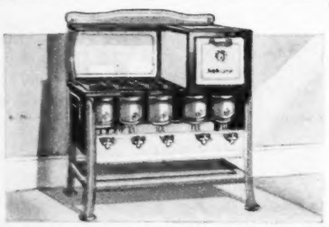
RETAIL STORES

KENMORE ELECTRIC WASHER—washes dainty lingerie or heavy blankets quickly, safely and perfectly—with *no hand rubbing*. Modern and practical throughout, from its beautiful lacquered finish to its powerful splash-proof motor. Comes in 6-sheet capacity. Complete with Lovell Wringer *$74.50

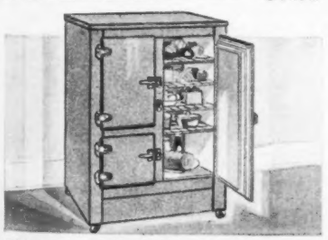


PROSPERITY GAS RANGE—prepares your meals quickly and easily. You'll be proud of its genuine porcelain enamel finish in green and ivory, or snow white. Has four burners and large porcelain lined dependable oven *$49.85

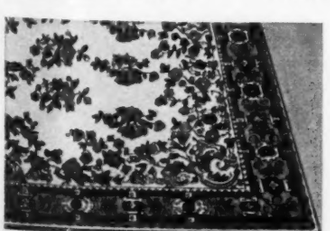
(This range with oven regulator for $9.00 additional)



E-Z-EST WAY WICKLESS OIL RANGE—helps obtain wonderful cooking and baking results. Trimmed in Spring green and ivory on sturdy pressed steel. Women like its handy arrangement of five giant burners (six cooking holes) . . . roomy baking oven and new concealed fuel tank *$37.95



POLAR AIR REFRIGERATOR—preserves food . . . reduces ice bills. No trouble at all to clean the sparkling white enamel interior. Has frame of auto body steel . . . doors fitted with rubber gaskets. Green or gray Krinkle finish. 50-lb. capacity . . . *$27.75



"THREE L" FLOOR-OLEUM RUG—brings gay color and charm to your home. And its stain-proof, enamel paint surface cleans as easily as china! Wears well, for it's reinforced by extra heavy, sanitary, waterproof base. Size 9 x 12 . . . . . *$5.95

Prices slightly higher in some states.

We guarantee our merchandise to be satisfactory in every way; if it is not your money will be refunded without question.

THEY'VE TURNED "VALUE-MINDED"

. . . these smart women shoppers who today are buying at this *New Kind of Store*

Quick, alert, they know what they want—and no substitutes will answer. In merchandise, as in everything else, the woman who does today's buying has learned to separate the good from the shoddy.

When a price is asked, the article that gets her money must be *worth* it. Her "nose for news" has laid bare before her many of the facts behind today's business methods.

She knows, for instance, what it means to buy *laboratory-tested* merchandise . . . to have the guarantee of the world's largest store on every item she purchases . . . to enjoy the low purchase cost of immense buying power.

As soon as she learns that we have twelve million customers—the larger portion of them women—she knows that twelve million can't be wrong about the savings we offer!

Have you joined the procession of women who have found our retail stores the proving ground for value-buying? There's one near you—ready to fill your personal and household needs—with a price-for-quality that will amaze you.

May we look forward to seeing you in our nearest retail store—today or tomorrow?

Only a few of the exceptional merchandise values offered you by Sears, Roebuck are included on this page. If there is no Sears, Roebuck retail store near you, a request sent direct to your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order store will bring you full descriptions and price of any product.

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TO PROTECT THE MOUTH OF YOUTH

. . . a dentist tells how every tube of FORHAN'S *must be made*

YOU probably know that Forhan's occupies a place distinctive among dentifrices, and for very good reasons.

A dentist first devised it. A dentist's critical standards have ever since watched over its preparation. With the scrupulous care he would use in safeguarding the teeth of his patients, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., developed the formula of this dentifrice which bears his name.

He made it mild. He made it safe. He chose only those ingredients for cleansing the teeth which the most critical member of his profession would approve. He demanded continual vigilance in every step of manufacturing—watchfulness over the purity of every tube bearing his name. It was indeed a "dentists' dentifrice."

More than this, he added something found in no other dentifrice—the benefit of a preparation he had developed in his practice—an aid for the gums, based upon a preparation widely known and used by dentists in the care of pyorrhea.

The result was a dentifrice remarkable for the mouth of youth, and for those who wish to keep the mouth young. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, Forhan's not only cleans the teeth, but helps to give healthy gums the tingling stimulation which they need.

We, who make this finer dentifrice, know of no other toothpaste made with such exacting care and patient precision. The high standards of purity prescribed for each ingredient are constantly and watchfully checked.

As a matter of precaution, anyone who values firm, gleaming teeth and healthy gums will want to adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 31*]

evening on the headland, she was conscious of a fundamental difference in their relations. The knowledge that he wanted to marry her inevitably colored her thoughts, and sometimes she wondered whether she could bring herself to be his wife. If he were her husband, Piers and Budge and Venetia could legitimately accept his help in their respective careers. But whenever she had worked herself up into a properly sacrificial frame of mind, the memory of that brief, breath-taking romance with Terry would surge over her, holding her back. The glory and wonder of those three whirlwind weeks when they had loved and been happy together . . . the touch of his lips on hers . . . the winged, flaming marvel of passionate youth and love! . . . Would she ever be able to forget—to shut them out?

"Perhaps I could, if I married Timothy," she thought.

Phil leaned back and gazed hopelessly in front of her, while the tears trickled slowly down her cheeks. She had tried so hard, tried to meet life gamely. And it was all no use. A stifled sob escaped her.

"My dear girl, what is the matter?"

Timothy's kind, concerned voice sounded suddenly in her ears, and she looked up to find him standing beside her, gazing down at her with all the discomfort of a man who finds a woman in tears.

Phil looked down at the basket at her feet. Then her glance, taking in the pudding bowl on her lap was lifted to his face, and a gleam of humor twinkled through the mist that still blurred her eyes.

"I've been crying over these peas," she stated solemnly.

"Tell me all about it," he said quietly, and sat down beside her. And to the popping of pea pods and the soft patter of peas as they cascaded into the basin, she told him about the kitchen maid, and the dwindling profits, and about Piers' ferociously artistic outbreak and the incipient love-affair which she feared to be impending between Venetia and her Italian singing-master.

All at once the bowl, now nearly full, was removed from its place upon her knees and deposited on the ground beside her, and a pair of strong brown hands closed over hers.

"Phil, little Phil," said Timothy, his deep voice dangerously tender, "it's all too much for your small shoulders. Let me look after you, and after that big obstreperous family of yours."

STARTLED, she shrank away from him. And he winced a little at that sudden involuntarily withdrawal.

"Would it be so difficult to trust me?" he said. And the pain which underlay his voice roused her into warm denial.

"Oh, I wish I could—I do wish I could!" she exclaimed desperately. "But it wouldn't be fair, Timothy. It wouldn't be fair to marry you when I can't give you the kind of love you want—the same kind of love you're giving me."

He held her hands more closely.

"Won't you let me be judge of that?" he said. "If I'm content to take what you can give me? Phil . . . dearest . . . if you only knew how much you mean to me! Everything in life—" He broke off unsteadily. And in the dark misery of his eyes she could read just what she was doing to him.

Vaguely she felt as though a multitude of outstretched arms implored her. The eager arms of those she loved—Piers and Budge and Venetia. The passionately waiting arms of Timothy. In denying him she would deny those others, too—deny him happiness and them their chance in life.

She lifted her eyes to his face, then had to look away, shocked at the ravage these few moments showed.

TIMOTHY, oh, my dear, don't look like that!" she cried out hastily. "Listen, I can't answer you—not yet, not now. Give me a little time to think—to decide . . . . "

Very quietly he released her hands. "Thank God you haven't answered 'no'," he said beneath his breath.

"Then you'll wait—you'll give me time?" Phil spoke a trifle wildly.

"I shall always be waiting," Timothy said simply. "Today—tomorrow—next year. But I hope"—and his familiar whimsical humor flashed out—"I hope you won't keep me waiting quite as long as that."

"Tomorrow. I'll answer you tomorrow," replied Phil earnestly.

But when tomorrow came it brought with it a discovery that made everything else seem of no account. Venetia had gone—slipped away in the night, evidently, leaving her bed unslept in and only a scribbled note on the dressing table to explain her absence.

"Do forgive me, Phil dear," ran Venetia's farewell letter. "And get darling Aunt Jem to, too. I simply had to run away. I expect when I see you all again I shall be a celebrated singer. Carlo has arranged everything, so don't worry. He's engaged a room for me and he's written to his old teacher—a very famous *maestro*—and asked him to take me as his pupil. Carlo says I'm simply bound to be a success. And I've promised to marry him, because, after all, it will have been really he who has helped me to be one, and he's dreadfully in love with me. Give my love to everybody, and do *please* try to understand.

"Venetia."

"What are we to do?" gasped Aunt Jem, shaken for once out of her usual self-possession.

"Fetch her home, of course," Budge answered her.

"Sounds easy," sneered Piers. "But where are you going to fetch her home from, my lad? You don't know where she's gone."

"Don't worry, Aunt Jem," said Phil quietly. "I'm going to ask Timothy's advice." And, leaving the room, she made her way hurriedly to the much larger one in which the paying guests took their meals. Timothy rose immediately at her entrance and came quickly toward her.

"What's gone wrong?" he asked, reading at once the signs of trouble in her face.

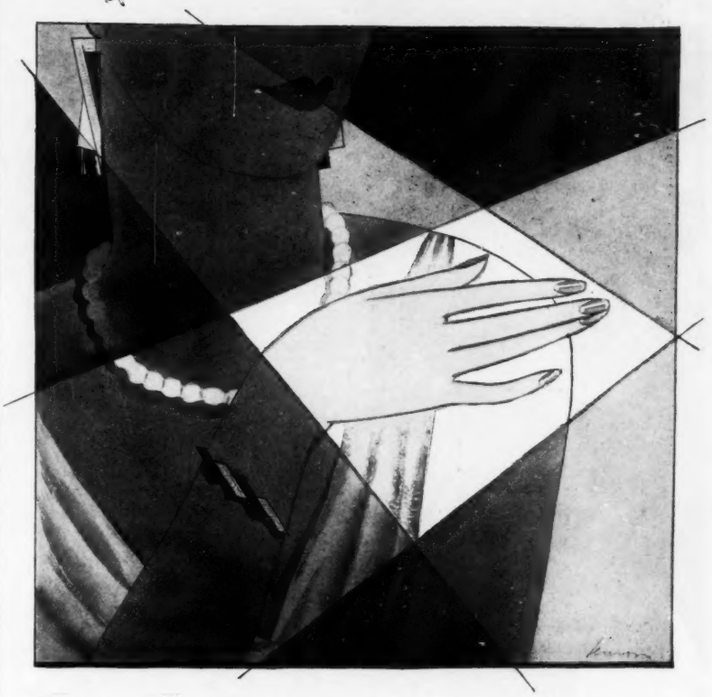
"Come to our sitting room and I'll tell you," she said.

A few moments sufficed to put him in possession of the facts, and his sane grip of things speedily helped to calm the general agitation.

"The child's gone to London, almost certainly," he said. "A well-known singing master such as the one she mentions is sure to be teaching in town. The first thing to do is to get

[*Continued on page 162*]

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT



Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

Correct Nail Color is Vital to Chic

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

, , ,

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is to you a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all sorts of conditions of lights. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GF50
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands."

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better—because it's "CREAMED"

IT'S DIFFERENT . . . and better . . . has a sparkling, lively flavor that you just don't find in ordinary prepared mustards! That's because its choice ingredients are *"creamed"* in the blending, not just mixed together.

You know what a difference that thorough *"creaming"* makes, when you bake a cake, for instance! It brings out all the goodness from each ingredient and creates a *new, perfect flavor!* Perfect texture, too . . . deliciously smooth and velvety.

No wonder women say that French's is *better* for *every prepared mustard use.* Order a jar from your grocer and see for yourself!

■

Try adding French's to white sauce for salmon croquettes or broiled fish. Use one teaspoonful to a cup of white sauce . . . It gives the most marvelous flavor!

FRENCH'S
PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 72 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

Name.....

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FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 161*]

hold of Donaro and find out what lodgings he's sent her to."

"Donaro doesn't come to Torrenby today," observed Phil. "It's his day in Farrenborough"—naming a large town some fifty miles nearer London. "He has a studio at the principal music shop there. I know that."

"Will you let me deal with this for you, Aunt Jem?" asked Wing, turning to Jemima.

"Let you'! My dear man, I'll be only too thankful to you. All I'm afraid of," and her firm mouth quivered, "is that it may be too late."

I DON'T think you need fear—that," Timothy said quietly. "This letter of Venetia's means just what it says, I fancy—merely that Donaro's made all arrangements for her and that she's been foolish enough to promise to marry him—as a reward, presumably! I'll go to Farrenborough by the next train. If Donaro's there, it'll all be plain sailing enough. But if not, it shouldn't be very difficult to discover who was the famous *maestro* under whom Donaro himself studied—the man to whom Venetia has gone." And Timothy strode off to prepare for his departure.

"Don't worry," he said to Jemima when, a few minutes later, the taxi stood ticking breathlessly in front of the house. "I'm sure—*sure* there's no need to."

His last words were for Phil—uttered very quietly as he paused with one foot on the taxi step while she stood beside him.

"When I come back, Phil, will you tell me then?"

She nodded, flushing a little.

"Yes. When you come back."

On the still summer air, softly spoken though they were, the brief question and answer floated to Jemima's ears as she was reëntering the house. They confirmed the fears which she had confided to Luke Brodie not very long after Timothy's arrival at the Grange. But, for the time being, her own anxiety concerning Venetia superseded everything else, and it was not until the evening brought unhoped-for good news that she dared dwell upon this matter.

"Venetia safe in London. Will bring her home tomorrow.

"Wing."

So ran the telegram which reached the Grange late that night and put an end to the long hours of suspense that had made the day seem endless.

"Timothy reminds one of Luke Brodie," Aunt Jemima remarked. "He's so dependable."

"Yes," assented Phil. "He's a dear."

It was very quietly spoken—almost indifferently, and Jemima glanced at her doubtfully. She hesitated a moment, then plunged.

"You're not allowing him to get too fond of you, are you?" she asked.

"Does one allow those things?" returned Phil. "Don't you think they just happen without one's being consulted in the matter?"

"Then it has—happened?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes. He's asked me to marry him. I'm to give him his answer tomorrow, when he comes back."

Jemima spoke gently but to the point. "Phil, aren't you making a mistake? If you really cared for him he wouldn't have had to wait until he comes back for his answer."

"I do care for him. I'm—I'm terribly fond of Timothy. You know I am." It was almost as though Phil were trying to assure not only Aunt Jem but herself.

"And you're going to marry him?"

"Yes." Faced with the outright question Phil suddenly knew what her answer to Timothy would be.

"Fondness isn't enough to marry on. Why are you doing this, Phil?"

"I'm doing it because I want to, of course. I'm—I'm quite sure we shall be happy together, Aunt Jem. You needn't look so doubtful and anxious. Why, I thought you'd be *glad* when I told you!"

"I should be glad, child—more glad than I can say, if I were sure it was for your happiness. But I don't feel sure. Timothy is so much older than you are."

She left it at that, and after she had gone to bed, Phil lay for a long time awake, racked with fresh indecision. The memory of Terry tugged at her heart anew. . . . But he had never written. And meanwhile the sanctuary of Timothy's love awaited her if she only chose to take it. If only she had never known Terry Maclean! Against the soft impalpable darkness of the night she could see his face—young and eager, with its gay blue eyes laughing down at her, and the beautiful, passionate mouth that had kissed her own as only love and youth know how.

TIMOTHY had discovered Donaro giving lessons just as usual at his studio in Farrenborough; and a few minutes alone with him proved that Timothy's original summing up of the situation had been correct. The Italian was desperately and romantically in love with Venetia; and if she had asked him for the moon, and he had been able to procure it, he would undoubtedly have presented her with it.

As it was, she had merely begged him to help her run away from home and to give her an introduction to Signor Guido Chiaravalle, the famous singing teacher under whom he himself had studied.

Timothy dealt with the Italian kindly but firmly. He extracted from him the information that Venetia had traveled up to London from Torrenby by the early morning milk train, and was to have her voice tested at four o'clock that very afternoon; and, leaving him wailing disconsolately, Timothy caught the next train to town and went in search of her at the house of the famous singing master.

He arrived there to find the great Chiaravalle magnificently dispensing tea to a radiant Venetia. The voice trial had been an unequivocal success; and when Timothy had explained matters to the *maestro,* the latter swept aside every consideration except that of the girl's undoubted gift.

"Thees young lady—she has a voice than which I 'ave not heard one better—no, not in twenty years."

He paused. "I would like to teach 'er," he wound up simply, looking at

[*Continued on page 164*]

MOTHER
protect your baby
from loose pins and buttons

Vanta
Baby Garments
No Pins No Buttons

HOW he laughs and chuckles his delight! Happy Baby, safe from hurts which so often come from pricking pins and buttons that turn edgewise! His Vanta Baby Garments fasten so snugly and comfortably with dainty bows of twistless tape, dressing the precious little body without turning or twisting. Adjustable, as Baby grows, never too tight nor too loose.

MOTHER-LOVE, seeking always the softest, downiest garments, finds Vanta always is ideal, being recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere. Every prescribed weight of knitted fabric, of silk, wool, linen mesh, sase, rayon, cotton, each garment being of highest Vanta Quality, guaranteed non-shrinkable, affording perfect protection at all times.

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Almost every improvement in baby dressing has been originated by Vanta Specialists who make only finest Garments and Hosiery for Babies from birth to six years.

Ask your store for the original Vanta Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW KNITTING CO., Dept. 314 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write to J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 314, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

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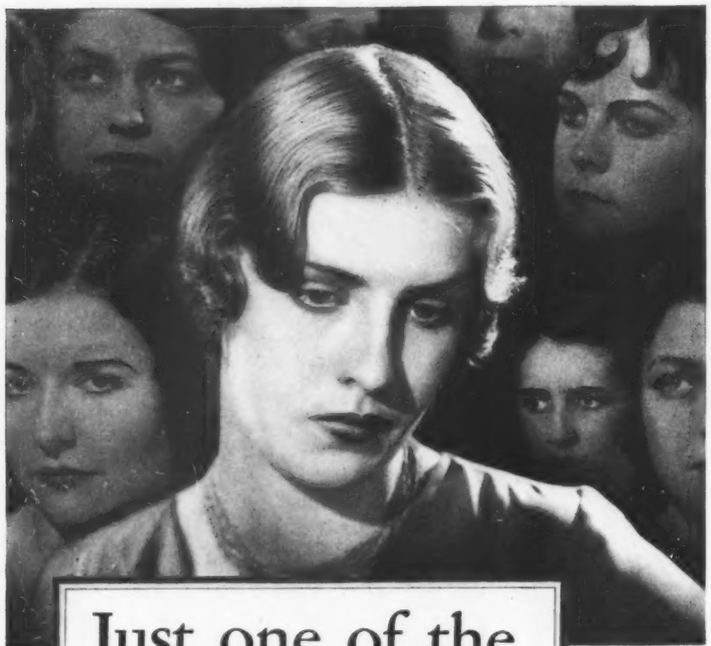
AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

AFTER EVERY MEAL FOR LIFE . . .

AMONG all the riddles of ancient Mexico that scientists and explorers are so busily solving, none is more interesting to modern women than the clue to what seems to be the chief Beauty Secret for lovely lips. It has now been suggested that there is an almost indisputable connection between the well-known perfection of the Aztecs' teeth and lips and the chewing of gum from the Sapota tree (the same sort of gum as in Wrigley's). Already American women are said to be the most youthful looking of all women today, with their universally healthy teeth and lovely contour of mouth—no doubt due to the national custom of chewing gum, popularized and brought to modern scientific perfection by Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's each day. Try Double Mint.

THE FLAVOR LASTS . . .



Just one of the ten million...

suffering from troubles caused or aggravated by harsh toilet tissue

A prominent hospital surgeon connected with one of New York's largest hospitals estimates that between ten and twenty million people in the United States are suffering from ailments of this nature. In many cases, he states, the trouble is directly traceable to harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue.

HABITS of personal cleanliness have very little to do with the origin of rectal trouble, doctors say.

For even the most immaculate run the risk of serious illness every time a harsh or chemically impure toilet tissue is used.

Yet despite this serious danger, in thousands of homes you will find toilet tissues utterly unfit for bathroom use.

Some are glazed, sharp-edged. Some are harsh-surfaced—covered with tiny slivers. Some are even chemically impure—made from reclaimed waste material.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: absorbency—softness—chemical purity. Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres."

These specially treated fibres, soft and cloth-like, are extremely absorbent. Without this absorbent quality thorough hygiene is impossible.

It doesn't pay to be careless in this bathroom essential. Insist on ScotTissue—Sani-Tissue or Waldorf.

3 *for* 25¢ Sani-Tissue

3 *for* 20¢ The Waldorf A Scott Tissue

2 *for* 25¢ Soft as old Linen ScotTissue The absorbent soft white toilet paper Scott Paper Company

Prices for U. S. only

They fit the built-in fixtures

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Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world. Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 162*]

Timothy. "It will be a c-r-r-rime eef she is not trained."

"Well, perhaps it may be arranged at some future time," Wing told him. "But she must first return to her people. You see, she ran away from home to come to you."

Chiaravalle frowned portentously.

"That was ver-ry bad of you. Ver-ry bad," he said, shaking his head at Venetia. "But"—with a brilliant smile—"everything must be pardoned to so beautiful a voice."

Venetia beamed at him in return. "I shall come back," she stated doggedly.

"Yes, come back," nodded the *maestro*. He turned to Wing half-beseechingly. "You must let her come back to me for lessons, signor."

IN HIS own mind Timothy had fully decided that this was precisely what must ultimately be arranged. Chiaravalle's opinion of the girl's voice was too favorable to be disregarded. But meanwhile the important thing was to induce her to agree to returning home.

"Suppose we go along to my house and talk it over?" he suggested to her, a half quizzical, half persuasive quality in his tones.

Venetia capitulated at once and accompanied him to his house with lamblike meekness. There, over the tea and attractive little cakes which Carey promptly conjured up, Wing lectured her on the enormity of her conduct. Lectured her to such effect that before long an abashed and shamefaced Venetia was furtively wiping the tears of repentance from her eyes.

"Come, cheer up," he said. "Going back to Torrenby isn't exactly being consigned to prison, you know."

"It is, rather." Venetia drew a long breath. "And I've never even *seen* London before!" she ended on a convulsive sob.

Timothy reflected for a moment.

"Look here," he suggested at length. "How would you like to stay the night in town, since you are up here? I might take you shopping in the morning and we'd do a matinée or something in the afternoon, and then catch the late train back to Torrenby."

"Timothy!" Venetia spoke in an ecstatic whisper. "*Could* we?"

He smiled in spite of himself.

So it was settled. Venetia was temporarily consigned to the care of Wing's housekeeper, Mrs. Appleby, who stood for propriety.

The following morning Timothy allowed his charge to run riot in Bond Street, and a second suitcase had to be acquired in which to pack her various purchases. And in the afternoon, at her own request, he took her to a concert.

When the concert was over she followed him out of the hall into the foyer in a dream. Engrossed in her thoughts she was scarcely aware of the crowd that pressed about her. Then, striking suddenly across her absorption came a woman's voice, a husky voice which held an arresting quality of appeal in its low tones. "Timothy!" it said. And she felt Wing stop abruptly at her side and turn in the direction whence it came.

"Timothy, I'd no idea you were in town. Why haven't you been to see me?"

The softly uttered question throbbed with gentle accusation and reproach, and Timothy, sensing it, hastened to explain matters, without betraying Venetia's actual misdeeds.

"So I'm not really in town," he concluded. "I only ran up for the night, just to escort this young lady back to Wetherby Grange." He drew Venetia forward. "This is a great friend of mine—Mrs. Darnley."

Elspeth's eyes flickered swiftly over the girl's face as she shook hands. So this startlingly beautiful young person was one of the Wetherbys! One of the "quartette of youngsters" whom she had airily dismissed from her mind as quite innocuous.

"The air down at Torrenby must be terribly good, Timothy. You look a different being, so well and sunburnt," she declared smilingly.

"I feel different," he replied. "And you—how are you, Elspeth?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm a little tired and used up," she answered nonchalantly. "London's been like a fiery furnace the last fortnight, you know. Perhaps"—she hesitated, still regarding him curiously from beneath her long black lashes—"perhaps I'll come down and see what Torrenby can do for me." She turned to Venetia, flashing her a sudden charming smile. "Do you think you could find a corner for me in the Grange if I came?"

And Venetia assented with shy fervency. "Why, of course we could."

"Then perhaps I shall come quite soon," Elspeth promised.

EVENING found Timothy and the runaway installed once more at Wetherby Grange. Venetia had arrived a trifle downcast and nervous as to her reception, but everyone was so immensely relieved to have her back again that anything in the nature of serious reproof was omitted by common consent on the part of all.

"You must have dealt with Donaro very summarily, Timothy," had been Piers' approving comment.

But Wing, with deeper insight, had answered: "Oh, no. The poor devil was genuinely in love. And he's played the game at the finish—cleared out of her way."

The same fineness of perception made him delay asking Phil for the answer she had promised to give him on his return from London, though he longed to know.

Eventually it was Phil herself who gave him his opportunity. Coming into the playroom in search of a book he had left there he found her busily engaged in arranging flowers for the various rooms of the house.

For a moment Phil's busy fingers strove to continue their work; then they became suddenly still as she reached her decision. Lifting her downbent head, her clear, honest eyes sought those of the man standing beside her.

"You've been very patient, Timothy," she said.

He made a quick protesting gesture. "What else could I have done?" he asked. "I didn't want your answer to be based on a sort of rewards and punishments idea."

"I know. It was—it was generous of you."

[*Continued on page 168*]

MAGIC CHEF

Lends Character to Any Kitchen

UNLESS the gas range has a RED WHEEL it is not a LORAIN

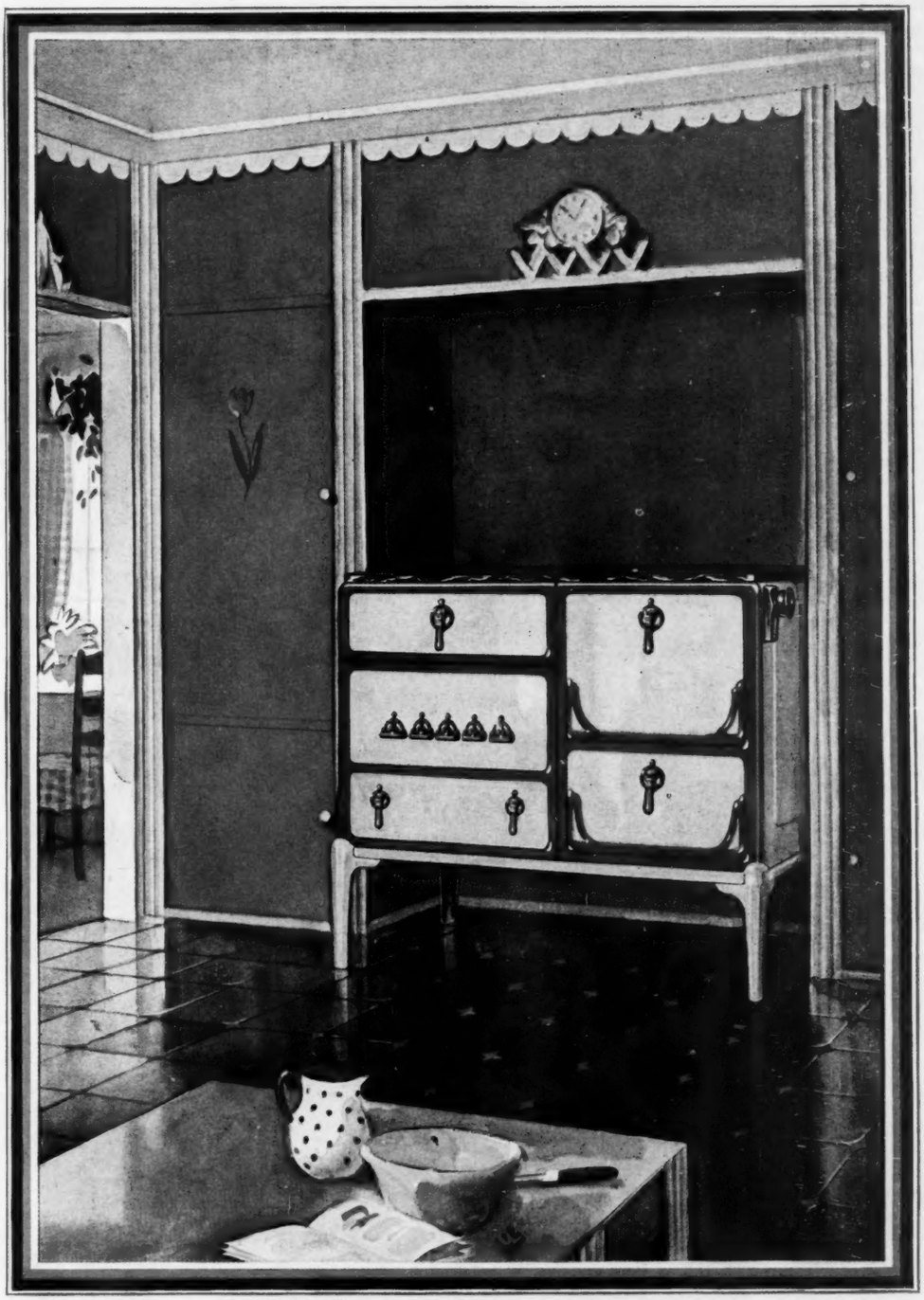
"MAGIC CHEF," the new vogue in gas ranges, lends character to any kitchen. And the character of the kitchen, more than any other room of the home, reflects the character and taste of the owner.

The sparkling, colorful beauty of "Magic Chef" transforms any kitchen, large or small, old-fashioned or modern, plain or colorful, into a charming, inviting room.

Moreover, in addition to its incomparable loveliness, "Magic Chef" embodies many unusual time-and labor-saving features, including the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

"Magic Chef," the first cooking appliance to be designed along ultra-modern lines, has quickly won the unqualified approval of gas-engineering and home economics experts, as well as the unstinted praise of authorities on design and interior decoration.

You'll find "Magic Chef" on display on the sales floors of dealers and gas companies throughout the United States. You are cordially invited to inspect it at your earliest convenience.



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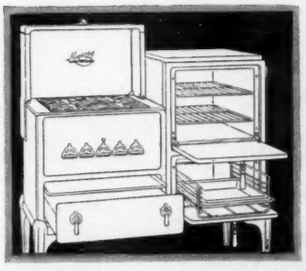
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY • • DEPT. B, 75 CHOUTEAU AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World



Patents Pending

If gas service is not available in your community, let us tell you how to obtain tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

1. "JONQUIL" Model shown above in Old Ivory with Peacock Green trim. Also, "PATRICIAN" Model in Italian Grand Antique Marble finish with Old Ivory trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite.

2. The "Magic Chef" Oven is equipped with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Oven Heat Regulator.

3. Cooking-top cover spring-balanced, easy to operate. Unsightly utensils quickly covered.

4. "Magic Chef" Oven is insulated. Keeps kitchen cooler when baking.

5. Pipes, gas valves and all bolts concealed. All valves convertible into "safety" valves.

6. Unique Broiling-feature includes an extension carriage that brings broiling pan into full view for the easy turning of meat. Reversible broiling pan requires no rack.

7. Top-burners of new, vertical-injection type have removable, non-corrosive heads. Each burner can be used as a simmering or a giant burner.

8. Roomy service-drawer on rollers.

CASH-PRICE
$195.00

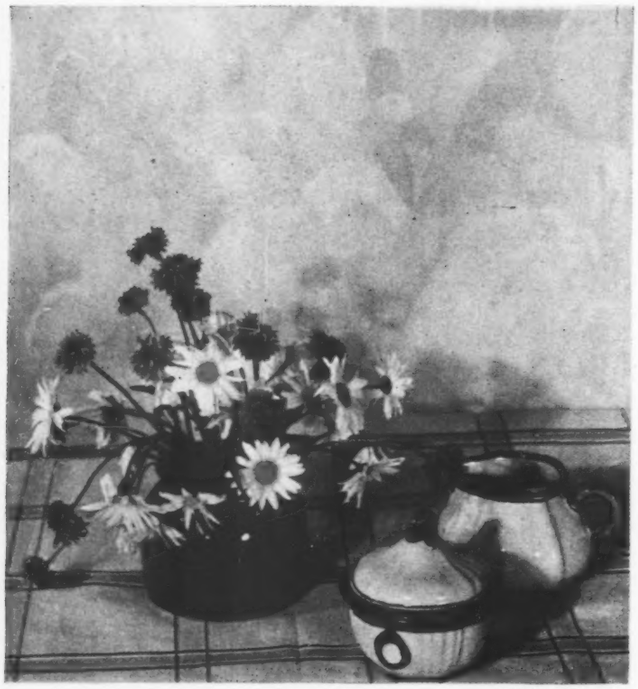
($210 West of the Rockies)
Arrangements can be made to pay out of income.

Send your name and address for free copy of booklet showing modern kitchens.

Magic Chef

BOUQUETS WITH A MISSION

Pretension in early morning hours is a strain on the average constitution. For this reason, friendly blue cornflowers and cheery yellow daisies in a simple little bean pot make an ideal breakfast table bouquet. Their careless arrangement is in artful imitation of nature. Or calendulas, nasturtiums, early Spring primroses, and late fall chrysanthemums in green, blue or yellow pottery or glassware are also delightful breakfast bouquets



Deska' Color Photography

Elegance may be shown in the luncheon table centerpiece. The bowl should be low and the colors of flowers, containers, linen and glassware carefully worked out. If you are not color confident use receptacles of crystal or silver. Select one color to repeat in flowers, candles and glassware. Sweet peas in any hue are effective alone or arranged with pansies, roses, daisies or babies' breath

Lilies are the queens of the field and are distinctive used in the living rooms of the house. A tall black vase is suitable for orange, pink, or white lilies and also makes an admirable setting for the tall-stemmed iris, gladiolus, or chrysanthemum. Each stalk should be inserted individually and studied in order to create a natural and charming effect. Flowers which are lovely in form should never be crowded. Mass arrangements are for peonies and lilacs where color is the greatest interest

Amethyst glass, turquoise draperies and blushing anemones make a delectable combination for a dressing table. A single rosebud, lilies-of-the-valley, dainty sweet peas, fresias, and daisies are also appropriate. Individual likes and dislikes, of course, must be considered and in tint, the flowers should enhance the color scheme of the room. For a guest room it may prove interesting to try character analysis; sweet peas for the young girl, blue larkspurs for the man, roses or asters for the older woman

Arranged by Edna Sibley Tipton

SPRING IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

From Joseph comes a printed silk suit, embroidered in rayon. On a black background are small red and white flowers.

Light as a feather for spring and smoothly fitting are the flesh-colored, hand embroidered rayon brassiere and panties from Kayser.

THE shimmering richness of rayon, its gorgeous colors and supple draping qualities are ideally suited to the luxurious mode of 1930.

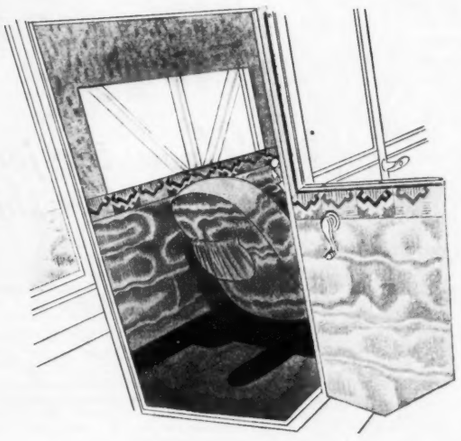
In the smart woman's wardrobe one sees evening gowns, wraps, suits, shoes and underwear of rayon, as often as in the older textiles. These new fabrics are sometimes all rayon, sometimes combinations of silk, wool or cotton, and rayon. Whether lace, satin, crêpe, or mixed weaves, all are chic.

Not only the fashionable woman's clothes and accessories, but her home, her car, and her custom-made plane possess more lavish beauty because of the new man-made textile, rayon.

Beauty, dependability and economy—these have brought rayon into the limelight of the fashion world.

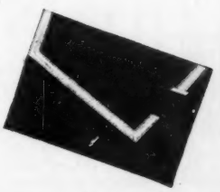
An evening dress of striking beauty is of rayon lace in a modern design. The bodice is white and the flounces that create the skirt are sapphire. From Kurzman.

AND IN THE AIR



The chic aviatrix chooses for the ceiling and upper part of the sides of her plane a beige rayon and cotton fabric; for the lower interior, a dark red rayon and cotton rep moiré. The braid trimming is beige and red. The outside is in three tones of red. Fabrics from Schumacher.

This new-size hat box, 14" x 14" x 9½" high, is bass wood covered with cowhide. The top, tray, and bottom are lined with rayon and silk. The partitions may be removed. The bottom holds four hats. Arthur Gilmore.



Nat Lewis sponsors the vogue for black and flesh in a bag of unusual chic, made of black rayon flat crêpe, with pale pink patent leather for trimming.

A variation of the court pump is created in ivory rayon brocade with a collar of gold kid. Ornamented at the side with a rhinestone buckle. From Delman. A beautiful evening sandal in white rayon brocade is trimmed with gold kid and a topaz buckle. From Delman.

RAYON

RAYON INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

Heywood-Wakefield Reed and Fibre Furniture will bring the color and charm of Springtime into your home. The new suites and single pieces are upholstered in smart fabrics and finished in harmonizing colors. The prices are reasonable.

TO BE SURE OF FINE FURNITURE LOOK FOR THIS RED AND BLACK TAG

Chair, R 910 C, and table, R 940 G, are shown above. . . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Co., Boston, Mass., to cover cost of mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home."

No. 6097. Size 36, 1⅝ yards 32-inch material or 3½ yards 35-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6103. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 32-inch material or 1¾ yards 35-inch.

No. 6111. Size 30, 2⅞ yards 32-inch or 2½ yards 35-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6093. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 35-inch or 3¼ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 6091. Size 36, 6⅞ yards 35-inch or 6¾ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6087. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 35-inch; bow, binding, ½ yard 35-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6090. Size 36, 4¾ yards 35-inch or 3⅝ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 6088. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 27-inch or 3⅛ yards 35-inch. Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6085. Size 36, 3¼ yards 35-inch or 2⅞ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 6083. Size 36, 5⅜ yards 35-inch or 5 yards 39-inch. Width, about 5⅛ yards.

No. 6101. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch material or 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6086. Size 36 requires 5 yards 35-inch material or 4⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 6089. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 35-inch material or 3⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 6095. Size 36 requires 5 yards 35-inch material or 4⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 6113. Size 16, 3 yards 39-inch; blouse, 2 yards 35-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 6079. Size 36, 2¾ yards 54-inch material, lining, 2⅞ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 6082. Size 36, 3⅛ yards 54-inch material, lining, 3¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6092. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards.

No. 6096. Size 36, 4¼ yards 27-inch or 3¼ yards 35-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6113. Size 16, 3 yards 35-inch or 2½ yards 39-inch; blouse, 2⅛ yards 32-inch. Width, about 2⅝ yards.

No. 6094. Size 36, 4½ yards 27-inch or 3¾ yards 35-inch. Width, about 2⅛ yards.

No. 6081. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅛ yard 39-inch Width, about 1⅞ yards.

No. 6080. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 35-inch material or 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6044. Size 36, white or green, 3¾ yards 32-inch, red or flowered, 5 yards 32-inch; bathing suit, 1 yard 54-inch.

No. 6044. Size 36, bathing suit, 1 yard 54-inch, trousers, pockets, 1⅞ yards 35-inch; yoke, ⅜ yard 35-inch.

No. 6080. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 32 or 35-inch material or 2⅛ yards 39-inch.

No. 6072. Size 36, vest, trousers, 4½ yards 39-inch, coat and trousers band, 3¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6069. Size 36, dotted, 4¼ yards 39-inch, bands, ⅝ yard 39-inch, hat, ⅞ yard 39-inch.

No. 6069. Size 36, white, 4 yards 35-inch, blue, 3¼ yards 35-inch, red, 1⅛ yards 35-inch.

No. 6077. Size 2, 2½ yards 27-inch or 1⅞ yards 35-inch.

No. 6110. Size 6, dress, 1½ yards 39-inch, yoke, ⅜ yard 39-inch, jacket, 1¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6012. Size 6, 2¼ yards 35-inch material or 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 6104. Size 12, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 2 yards 54-inch, lining, 2½ yards 39-inch.

No. 6107. Size 8, 1¾ yards 32-inch or 1⅜ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅛ yard 35-inch.

No. 6014. Size 4, 2 yards 27-inch or 1⅞ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.

No. 6106. Size 2 requires 2 yards 39-inch material

No. 6108. Size 6, 1¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅛ yard 39-inch.

No. 6105. Size 12, waist, 1⅜ yards 32-inch; contrasting, 1⅛ yards 35-inch.

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 164*]

"It was merely common decency. But are we sufficiently quit of Venetia's affairs, now, for you to give me an unbiased answer?"

"Quite unbiased," she replied quietly.

His face went white.

"You mean, then, that you can't marry me?"

She smiled up at him. "No," she said, "that's just what I don't mean."

"Phil!"

The sheer, passionate gladness in his voice smote her. She was giving him so little in return for the profound love that he was offering her. She stayed his arms as he would have swept her into them.

"Oh, wait—wait a moment," she implored. "Timothy, you must know . . . I must make you understand. I can't give you what you want—the same kind of love you are giving me. I told you that. And it's still true. I've not altered. But if, knowing that, you still want me—"

The arms she was holding away from her closed round her possessively.

"I do still want you," he answered.

And as she yielded to his clasp he bent and kissed her with an unspeakable tenderness.

FORGIVE me, but are you by any chance Mr. Wetherby?"

Piers looked up from the newsstand on the station platform to encounter a pair of dark eyes that were gazing at him appealingly out of a pointed, ivory face.

"Yes, my name's Wetherby," he began uncertainly.

"I'm Mrs. Darnley," she went on in explanation. "Timothy's—friend."

"Then I'm awfully afraid there's been some mistake," he said. "We weren't expecting you until tomorrow."

"I know you weren't," she now replied. "It's altogether my mistake. I only discovered it in the train when I happened to be looking through your sister's letter again. I've come a day too early, and of course she won't be ready to take me in. It's rather a tragedy, isn't it?"

"I don't think it is at all," said Piers firmly. "I'm quite sure we can fix you up," he assured her. "I'll go and see about your luggage at once."

Piers suddenly felt immensely capable and protective. He and Elspeth reached the Grange in a mood of mutual satisfaction. Phil greeted Timothy's friend warmly, and within a week the latter had, as it were, taken possession. Her personality pervaded the whole place, and from one point of view, at least, she had become to Phil a very disturbing factor.

"I'm afraid I don't like your friend, Mrs. Darnley," she admitted, when Timothy challenged her one day with a secret worry of some kind and demanded to share it.

"I hoped—I thought she seemed to be getting on pretty well with you all," he said at last. "What's wrong?"

Phil smiled in spite of herself.

"'What's wrong'? Oh, dear blind bat, haven't you seen? Piers is falling for her—has fallen, in fact."

Timothy's refusal to take it seriously was reassuring, and Phyllis left him, comforted. As she crossed the threshold she was met by Tomkins.

"There's a gentleman called to see you, miss," he announced composedly. "Mr. Maclean. He said he would wait in the playroom."

Terry! For a moment Phil felt as if her heart had stopped beating. Everything grew vague and indistinct, as though a blinding mist had wrapped her round.

"MEAT — MERE COOKING CAN'T GIVE YOU FLAVOR LIKE THIS . . .

"No, you're not such an appetizing morsel, Mr. Meat, just from the roasting or broiling. It takes more than heat alone to give you the taste that we men hanker for. It's this sprinkle of A-1 Sauce that does the trick — that makes you a downright delicious mouthful. For A-1 is the sauce that's made for meats . . . and fish, too . . . a rich, thick, savory table sauce that's made for you — and made for me."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 45, Hartford, Connecticut.

Know the joy of a Perfect skin

No more tan and freckles—muddy sallow color. No more pimples, roughness and redness to threaten the beauty of your skin! Now, with this one wonderful beauty-aid—Nadinola Bleaching Cream—you can make and *keep* your skin exquisitely white, petal-smooth and lovely, *quickly* and *safely*.

Before bedtime tonight, smooth over your skin a little of this pure white, delicately fragrant cream. Instantly, you feel its tonic effect on your sluggish skin tissues. It brings whiteness and velvety-smoothness up from underneath the darkened, weather-roughed surface. You see your skin growing more lovely every day.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream works mildly and gently, yet quickly and surely. Written money-back guarantee, together with simple directions, in every package. Begin using Nadinola tonight. At toilet counters, extra large size $1; regular size 50c. Or, order from Dept. Mc-5, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Whitens, Clears, Beautifies the Skin

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME Men or women, earn fine income in business of YOUR OWN operating "Specialty Candy Factory"—begin Home Spare Time, make BIG PROFITS First Week. We furnish Tools and Supplies—show you how to make and sell large line PURE, DELICIOUS Candies. Nothing else like it. Booklet FREE. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE Drawer 120 East Orange, N. J.

The Evening
MONDAY, MAY 6
PRICELESS PAINTING DAMAGED
Leaky Roof Responsible says Caretaker of Art Institute
Curator Fears Genuine Old Master May Be Ruined

There can be No Compromise with protection

OF what avail the architectural ingenuity and the alert attendants? Of what use the costly roof — perfect . . . save for an unobserved flaw in construction?

Similarly, of what avail are beauty and costliness in a burial that does not give complete protection against water? The Clark Vault combines dignity and beauty with a degree of impermeability to water such as only metal possesses.

The finest grade specially processed Armco Ingot Iron or Keystone Copper Steel — 12 gauge in thickness — is used. All seams are double welded and their strength is tested under 5,000 pounds of water. Each Clark carries a 50-year guaranty.

Solid copper, 10 gauge in thickness, is used in making the beautiful Clark de luxe model. It is guaranteed perpetually.

Because of the recognized leadership which America has accorded the Clark Vault, people turn to it confidently. It is a form of protection as unfailing and enduring as their love for the one who has passed on.

Clark Vaults can be obtained through better funeral directors everywhere, in the following models: Gray and White Lacquer Finish — Silver Tone and Copper Finish Cadmium Plated by Udylite Process—De Luxe, 10 Gauge Solid Copper.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse
Kansas City, Mo.

CLARK
GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

FIRE OF YOUTH

Terry was waiting for her in the playroom. Amongst the ghosts of the past on which she had closed the door . . . . She had meant never to open it again. And now she'd have to. She couldn't see Terry again without those ghosts. And she couldn't bear not to see him.

She was outside the playroom door now. Someone moved inside the room . . . . strode restlessly over to the window. How can you tell one person's footsteps from a hundred others? You can . . . . Oh, you can!

Phil's hand curled round the door-handle—clung to it for an instant because everything was rocking round her once more. Then desperately she turned it and went into the room.

AS PHIL entered the playroom the man waiting swung round and came toward her, then checked himself abruptly. For an infinite moment they stood gazing at each other. Separated by a few yards of faded carpet . . . by a whole world.

Her glance clung to his face. Yes, it was the same Terry—Terry of the dark head and blue, black-fringed eyes, and the stormy, passionate mouth that had so often kissed her own into quivering silence. Only he was thinner, a trifle worn-looking, as though he had been under some recent strain.

"Terry!" Such a little, little voice it seemed that traveled across the space betwixt them—hardly more than a whisper.

But he heard it, and the frail sound snapped some tension that had held him motionless and silent.

He took a swift stride toward her.

"Is it true?" he demanded harshly.

She shrank back.

"Is—is what true?"

"Is it true that you're engaged—engaged to a man named Wing?" The question came relentlessly.

Unconsciously she clasped her hands tightly together. Then she spoke in a dull, flat voice. "Yes, it's true."

"But surely you understood, *knew* I would come back someday?"

"Why should I know? If you had got in a rut, made no progress, would you have come back then?"

"No, how could I? It would have been the only square thing to do—to keep away."

"The square thing! You mess up a woman's whole life, and then pat yourself on the back for being so magnificent and square! Don't you realize that when a woman loves, all she wants is to share everything with her man—good luck and bad? She doesn't want to be kept out of things by his beastly pride—only allowed into his life if he can come to her with so many pounds in his pocket. And if he can't make them, then he'll keep away, leave her wondering . . . starving for something that's worth all the money in the world. With nothing to hold on to—That's what you've done to me. You wanted to save your own pride, Terry—clear your own corner!

"Oh, Terry—" The beloved name broke sobbingly from her throat. Then all at once, like a dividing sword, came the recollection of Timothy—Timothy, the man whose ring she wore, the man she had promised to marry.

"And now"—drearily—"now we've both got to pay for it. Pay for it—always."

Terry had stood utterly silent while the bitterness and misunderstanding of months poured itself out. And he recognized that all she said was true.

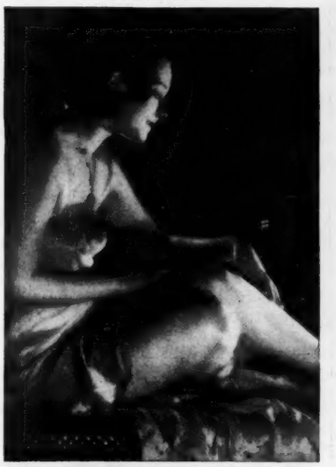
"Phil," he cried hoarsely. "I've been a swine!" He dropped his hand from his face and looked across at her with

[*Continued on page 170*]

Now a Way That Really *Rids* One of *Arm* and *Leg Hair!*

—Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth!

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably



Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Freckles

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them."
Box 4, STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Ill.

Be a Nurse

Make $30-$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 31 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 95 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____
City_____ State_____ Age_____

Don't Be Discouraged
By a Blemished Skin

It is so easy to get rid of such miserable little defects as blackheads, pimples, roughness, etc., through the daily use of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Spread on a little of the ointment at night. Wash off with the soap in the morning. Do this once a day and note the improvement in a week. Then Resinol Soap daily to keep the skin clear and smooth.

Resinol

FREE sample of each on request. Resinol, Dept. 3-E, Baltimore, Md.

The Most *Important* Thing SHE DOESN'T SEE

Ruinous, tell-tale moisture spots on a costly new frock, blighting a dainty atmosphere of feminine loveliness!

Every woman knows how quickly excessive perspiration can ruin a treasured garment, how suddenly it can defeat the lovely impression she hopes to make.

Ever-increasing thousands have found DEW the happy remedy. They have many reasons to prize DEW, but none more important than this—they can use it as often as needed and at any time of day. DEW will not irritate a sensitive skin or harm the most fragile dress when the simple directions are followed.

This crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant stops perspiration at once. You need not hide *this* bottle. It is colorless, unscented and offered in a beautiful spill-proof flask. Mail the coupon below for a generous, free sample. At all drug and department stores. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents, and the large economy size, $1.00.

DEW *instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads*

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CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT
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Please send me, free, a trial size bottle of DEW.
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Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 169*]

eyes full of a bewildered misery. They hurt her, those gay blue eyes she loved grown suddenly somber and desperate with pain.

With a little cry she ran to him, her bitterness forgotten. All she remembered was how much she loved him. And for a few moments they clung to one another, everything forgotten save that they loved and were together.

"Oh, Terry, how shall we bear life—apart?" Phil cried at last.

TERRY kissed her in his old impetuous way. "We're not going to, best beloved. If you've forgiven me, nothing else matters. We belong. And one day we'll go and get married."

She shook her head.

"Oh, don't you see, Terry," she broke in passionately, "I've *got* to marry Timothy, not you. You can't afford to marry."

"So it's money, after all!" He released his hold of her so violently that she stumbled and almost fell. "Money! It's like a club—a horrible golden club, beating us down to the ground—beating out our souls. Phil, you can't—you can't let it stand between us!"

"No," she said slowly. "It's not money. It's the future—the chances for Piers and Budge and Venetia that stand between us." Quickly, in response to his look of blank non-understanding, she outlined Wing's proposals to help the children.

"He's doing everything for us, you see," she ended.

"Which is the same thing in other words—money!" he retorted hotly. "You're only marrying him because he's rich."

"Perhaps, some day, you'll be rich yourself, Terry." Phil spoke dreamingly, as of something that could have no part or lot in any life of hers.

"When I'm too old for it to make any difference," he returned with bitterness. "I want it *now*—now, while we're both young and love each other, when we could be happy together. Oh, Phil, chuck this fellow, Timothy Wing!"

"I can't," she answered drearily. "Not now. If you'd come back earlier, before I promised. Or even after . . . but before he'd done so much for us all. Now it would be like taking what I haven't paid for. Shoplifting"—with a wan little smile. "I must play fair. Besides," she added loyally, "I do love him. Not as I love you. But as a friend. And I couldn't hurt him like that. So you must go, Terry. We—we—" her voice faltered. "We must say goodbye."

His eyes held a queer smouldering light.

"I'm not going," he said doggedly. "I'm not going to give you up. You're not married yet, and until you are I've the right to stay near you. Even if you were, I'd still take that right, I think."

Looking at his face she saw that all the boyishness had gone out of it. It was a man's face, grim and determined.

"You're mine. You've always been mine. And I'm not going to give you up to Wing or any other man, Phil!" His voice deepened to a note of passion. With a swift resistless movement he caught her back into his arms and his lips pressed down on hers. The straining clasp of his arms hurt her. But it was pain that was a fierce overmastering joy to suffer. For that one supreme moment all the world was blotted out. There was only Terry and his love for her. Nothing else. Nothing else mattered. . . .

AN HOUR later, when Terry had departed and all traces of her recent outburst were successfully removed, she encountered Timothy and Budge freshly returned from Langmoor Farm.

"We've been twice round the whole place, Phil," began Budge ardently. "Everything's planned—paddocks, stables, and the ground for schooling the ponies. It will make a marvelous pony farm!"

Wing smiled at the young man's manifest enthusiasm.

"Yes, I think you'll be able to make a good start there when we've put the place in order," he agreed. "We must take Phil over to see it," he added, turning to her, expecting her to share their pride in the venture.

"Yes, you must," she answered mechanically.

Budge's honest soul glowed in his clear brown eyes.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St. London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
6012	6-14	.35	6081	14-18, 36-42	.45	6092	14-18, 36-42	.45	6103	14-16, 36-42	.35
6024	1-6	.35	6082	14-16, 36-46	.50	6093	14-18, 36-42	.45	6104	4-14	.35
6044	14-18, 36-42	.65	6083	14-18, 36-42	.45	6094	14-18, 36-42	.45	6105	6-14	.35
6069	14-16, 36-42	.50	6084	14-16, 36-42	.45	6095	14-18, 36-42	.50	6106	1-4	.35
6072	14-16, 36-42	.45	6085	14-18, 36-42	.45	6096	14-18, 36-42	.50	6107	4-14	.35
6073	14-18, 36-42	.35	6086	14-18, 36-42	.50	6097	14-18, 36-42	.45	6108	4-14	.35
6074	14-18, 36-42	.45	6087	14-18, 36-42	.45	6098	14-20	.50	6109	14-16, 36-46	.45
6075	4-14	.35	6088	14-18, 36-42	.45	6099	14-16, 36-42	.45	6110	4-14	.35
6077	2-8	.35	6089	14-18, 36-42	.50	6100	14-16, 36-46	.35	6111	26-36	.35
6078	14-18, 36-46	.45	6090	14-18, 36-42	.45	6101	14-18, 36-42	.50	6112	26-36	.35
6079	14-16, 36-42	.65	6091	14-18, 36-46	.65	6102	14-16, 36-46	.45	6113	14-20	.50
6080	14-16, 36-42	.35									

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1731	.35	1733	.40	1780	1.75	1783	.30
1732	.45	1779	.30	1782	.75		

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DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

FIRE OF YOUTH

"I shall never in all my life be able to thank you properly, Timothy," he said impulsively.

And Phil, listening to his eager voice, suddenly felt the invisible bonds which held her drawn more tightly. She would never be able to break them now—never.

Somehow or other Phil managed to get through the day, and when evening came something happened which switched her thoughts completely away into another channel. Piers and Elspeth failed to return from Fairbeach, where they had gone for the day.

"They intended climbing Fairbeach Peak—it's a dreadfully dangerous part of the coast. Do you think—" Phil broke off, white-lipped, unable to put her fear into words.

"If—if anything has happened to Piers, I shall never forgive myself," she said wretchedly. "I—I was beastly about him this morning." And Timothy was hard put to it to steady her. This sudden anxiety and suspense, following on the top of all she had gone through since Terry's return, almost unnerved her.

"If they don't turn up within another quarter of an hour, I'll motor straight over to Fairbeach and find out what's happened—if I have to rouse the whole village," said Timothy.

AND then, before the quarter of an hour was up, came the sound of voices outside the window. Piers and Elspeth had returned, obviously safe and sound.

Timothy met them as they entered the house.

"Thank God you're safe!" he exclaimed.

Elspeth's dark eyes flashed up to his face, hungrily, with a strange leaping eagerness in them.

"Were you anxious about me—about us?" she queried swiftly. "I thought you might be worried—Timothy." There was an undercurrent of something that sounded like a mingling of appeal and triumph in the husky voice.

"Worried is rather a mild word to use," returned Wing grimly. "Phil has been simply distracted."

"Oh—Phil!" Elspeth's tone altered curiously, went flat and lifeless. The light died suddenly out of her eyes and without another word she accompanied the two men into the sitting room where the others were waiting.

There had been no accident, it appeared. It was all perfectly simple. They had had dinner at the village inn and afterward climbed to the top of Fairbeach Peak. And when an involuntary outcry of indignation greeted this coolly offered explanation, Piers' only response was an indifferent: "Oh, well, Elspeth wanted to see the view of the coast by moonlight."

The explanation, so carelessly cold-blooded, roused Phil to inward fury. Elspeth was taking Piers—making him hers. And yet, through it all, Phil felt a strange dim certainty that she didn't really want him—was giving nothing in return for the consuming, reckless adoration she had inspired in him.

"Elspeth's ruining him!" she burst out to Timothy, when a little later she was bidding him goodnight. Her voice shook with the tumult of indignation stirring in her. "He's not our Piers any longer."

The morning sunlight flickered across a stone bench in a remote part of the garden where Elspeth had established herself, and flickered, too, over the tall grave figure of Timothy standing beside her.

"Don't you think, Elspeth, you might leave that lad alone?" He spoke

[*Continued on page 173*]

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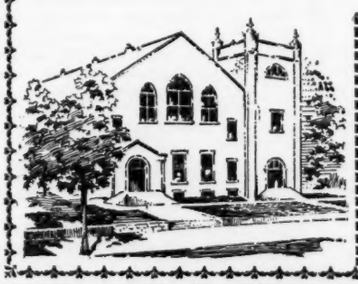

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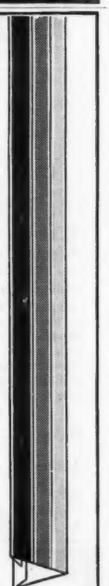

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FIRE OF YOUTH

[*Continued from page 171*]

very gently, almost musingly, as he embarked upon what was bound to be an awkward topic.

Her face did not change. Only her dark eyes opened rather widely as she looked up at him.

"Which lad?" she said indifferently.

"Piers." A smile, whimsically appealing, touched the corners of his lips. "He's not sophisticated enough to be worth your powder and shot. He's too young. Little more than a boy, really. While you are—"

"An experienced woman of thirty-five, married, divorced"—with a bitter inflection in her voice—"and now a presumably designing widow. Is that what you want to tell me?"

"No, it is not. You know that, Elspeth." Timothy spoke conciliatingly. "But it's true that you are," he hesitated, "much older than Piers. So much older that he isn't fair game—"

"Fair game!" She sprang to her feet. "That's rather amusing from you, when you're engaged to marry a girl as young as Phil! Have you thought of the difference in *your* ages, may I ask?"

A shadow passed over Timothy's face.

"Have I not? But if she's willing to overlook it—bridge the difference—that's enough."

"Now, possibly, yes. But what about twenty years hence? You'll be—let me see—" she paused cruelly—"round-about sixty."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"One might be dead by then."

"One might," she answered slowly. "Some of us probably will be—in less time than that."

It seemed almost as if there were some underlying significance in her words.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"I mean," she returned, "that I, at least, shall probably have gone West by then. Lungs, you know. I had a hemorrhage a short time ago. My first"—with a smile that held a hint of bravado—"but not my last. That's due in about two years' time apparently."

Timothy was conscious of an uprush of immense tenderness for her. She was so vital in spirit. Like a slender flame. And now she was facing the approach of death with a flick of her fingers.

HE SLIPPED his arm compassionately round her shoulders. A quiver ran through her slight frame, as an animal quivers under the beloved hand of the man who is his god. Then, suddenly, her composure deserted her. All that she had kept hidden, crushed into silence, revealed itself in a wild, unrestrained outpouring.

"Timothy! Couldn't you have waited—waited until I was dead, and married her afterward?" she exclaimed in a frenzy. "That's why I came here when you told me you were going to marry Phil." Her arms clung round him, her fingers gripping into his shoulders convulsively. "I thought, if we were together again, I could get you away from her. And you hardly seemed to know I was here! I tried to make you jealous. I had Piers always with me, but you didn't mind if he was! That's why I kept him out at Fairbeach Peak last night—I thought you'd be frightened, think I was in danger, and come back to me. You did love me once . . . . Timothy—" She pressed up against him, despairingly imploring. "Now you know I'm going to die, can't you love me just for the time that's left, such a little while? Oh, can't—" She broke off on a sudden choking little cough, and held her handkerchief against her mouth.

Timothy could only stand beside her, strickenly trying to make her realize the truth. Helpless to give her what she asked; moved to an infinite regret and sympathy, but a sympathy that held no trace of passion. For there is nothing so dead, so passionless, as a dead love.

SHE understood at last. The significance of his grave, compassionate utterance pierced through even the clamorous denial of her own heart. Youth had stolen Timothy from her.

"Then don't ask me to give up Piers!" she flung at him when he ceased speaking. "I won't! I can't! I must have something. I've a year left—two, with luck. If I've got to die, at least I'll squeeze everything I can out of life before I go."

Timothy's thoughts were of Phil and of her love for her brother.

"Think again, Elspeth," he urged. "You know what that means for Piers. He's just at the beginning of things, just starting a career. Everything is in front of him. Don't destroy it all."

"Destroy?" Her voice throbbed. Passion and despair fought in it. "It's you who will have destroyed it. Destroyed me, and Piers as well. And in the long run you'll destroy the woman you love—Phil." She threw back her head, regarded him between half-closed lids. "She's too young—like Piers," she flung at him mockingly. "They're your own words. Don't forget them."

Meanwhile Phil was fighting her own battle—trying to keep the love in her heart at bay and remain loyal to the promise she had given Timothy. Terry's continued presence at Hedgecroft was not helping matters, since the intimacy existing between the respective households made it an easy enough matter for him to make sure that hardly a day passed without their meeting one another.

He had never again made open love to Phil; but he declined to go away and leave her in peace, opposing a kind of mocking defiance to all her appeals that he should return to London.

"Why should I?" he asked blandly. "I've got my summer leave and where else should I spend my holiday if not at my own dear sister's?"

"Anywhere else, in the circumstances," retorted Phil, her nerves raw-edged. "And your own dear sister would be the first to say so if she knew the truth."

He left her soon afterward, striding savagely down the drive, his young face set in lines of desperate misery. Nor, for several days, did he come near the Grange again. Then, one afternoon, he reappeared in company with both the Mathesons.

"We've come to invite you all to a picnic," Nell announced gayly. "Timothy and Mrs. Darnley, too. And Luke Brodie is coming. So you can't any of you refuse because someone else hasn't been invited to meet you." She beamed enjoyably on the assembled company. "As you're all going away so soon, we must have one last day together, and my idea is that we go over to St. Hubert's island, in a motor-launch—no sailing-boats this time"—flinging a glance of amusement in the direction of Phil and Terry—"and picnic there."

Phil's heart gave an agonizing leap. The island, where she had been so happy. Go there again—now! Oh, she couldn't! She couldn't!

[*Concluded in* JUNE McCALL'S]

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WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW

[*Continued from page 15*]

child that her very purity would protect her, was supposed to go to picture shows with girl friends in the afternoons. Instead, she and another girl were usually at one of the hotels which feature tea dances, where they would pick up any strangers who had time to dance or drive with them.

Jane was sixteen; she looked twenty. She drank, and spoke casually of "passing out" at parties. She considered virtue old-fashioned. She and her friends were, consciously and deliberately, the Wild Younger Generation.

THE percentage of their sort, however, does not run nearly so high as is generally supposed; and if their parents would make a business of fitting them for a productive life instead of an idle one, it would be still further decreased.

During my high school attendance I saw that much of the time and strength of youth are being wasted by those who have young people in charge. At home boys and girls are made ready for school. At school they are seated uncomfortably, rushed from class to class, allowed to eat improperly and too hurriedly, often exposed, though perhaps unavoidably, to too much or too little light, heat and air, and required to take certain courses which they do not want and will soon forget.

The wonder is that boys and girls do not become more generally disgusted with adult supervision. However, they are surprisingly good-natured. They have become accustomed to being penalized for their youth by having their comfort and convenience often disregarded.

If anyone doubts this, let him sit for even one day at a high school desk. He will conclude that there is much more wear and tear on a high school student's spine than on his morals.

The hurry caused by the short allowance of time for passing from class to class helps, I know from experience, to add to the nervous strain, signs of which appear in so many faces by mid-afternoon.

Also, many teachers seem obsessed by the idea that their particular class is the only one which the student attends, if one is to judge by the size of the assignments for study which they give out. Of course the teachers, in turn, are more or less controlled by school board requirements that classes shall cover a given amount of work in a given time. This all results in making it necessary for the student who seriously wants—as most of them do—to pass his work and graduate in the normal length of time, to put in hours of evening study following his hours of school attendance which would make any believer in an eight-hour working-day turn pale.

As to restrictions, they are excellent in the right place; but one wonders what the authorities had in mind when they passed a rule against sleeveless dresses which would show the underarm, and failed to make one which would compel students to spend at least thirty minutes of a forty minute lunch period in eating a digestible lunch. I have seen hundreds of students, after waiting for fifteen minutes in the lunch line at the cafeteria, hastily swallow a candy bar and a bag of potato chips, or a hamburger, so that they might walk around the school grounds with friends for the remainder of the period.

No wonder they grow heavy-eyed and slow-witted in their afternoon classes. The wonder is that the teachers who scold them for being dull never search for the cause.

I was thinking of all these rather unsatisfactory elements in the school regime, and the effect which they have upon the students, when I remarked to a friend of mine that most high school girls look several years older than they are, and that I considered this the principal reason for my having been able to pass among them undetected.

"It's the life they lead," she declared promptly and confidently, with the sort of regretful contentment which is so often shown by people who have no connection with youth, but who take an interest in believing that it has gone dramatically to the dogs.

"It wasn't like this when we were young!"—How tired one gets of hearing it! How superfluous it is as a comment; how useless as an answer to anything; and how strange it is that such a thing should so often be said in a tone which casts an innuendo of criticism on the present times.

To the person who sees progress as a glorious thing, even though it produces imperfections side by side with achievements, the change in the times creates an interesting problem in personal adjustment.

It is a fortunate child whose parents say, "There is so much that is new and complicated in social relations, and our way of living has been so accelerated that we must be doubly open-minded and alert to understand modern conditions, to learn to use the new advantages and avoid, if possible, the new disadvantages, and to help our children to discriminate also. We must be able to help them to know what they want, not what they think they want."

This means emotional training; and since, as we have seen, the schools fail the child as an individual, the importance of home influences is very clear. It is fatal to let children just grow.

Yet it is surprising to see how many parents not only fail to help their children in reaching a sound, normal attitude toward life; but also indulge themselves in some emotional quirk which is certain to affect the child later in his career.

DURING my attendance at this high school, two examples of extreme types of conduct on the part of parents which produced an identical result in their children came to my attention.

A girl named Bernice who had the reputation of being a "heavy necker" became confidential with me during lunch periods.

"My mother just ignores me," she said, bitterly. "I'm the youngest of three children, and she doesn't like any of us. She does not care about a

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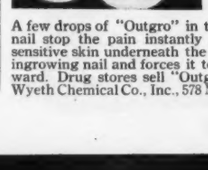

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WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW

[*Continued from page 174*]

thing but society. She never pays any attention to me unless she has to."

Later, I was on two evening parties with Bernice, and I saw that she would kiss any boy with startling eagerness. She told me that she "only petted," and I believed her; but I considered that the fact placed no guarantee on her future, for she was starved for love and affection.

Of course the case is extreme; but there must be many parents who err similarly in a lesser degree. There is the mother who has an important club paper to finish up. She is on the program to read it; and she values the approval of the other women sufficiently that she is just a bit abstracted when Betty comes in from school and begins to talk about her small concerns. How can she know that Betty had intended, if the right moment should come, to talk with her about a boy at school who interests Betty, although she thinks he may be not quite nice?—She could not know, definitely; yet every parent should know that such hesitant confidences may be just under the surface at any time, ready to grow under encouragement, or to fold quickly up like a sensitive-plant at the slightest hint of intolerance or disinterest on the part of others.

Parents may exclaim, "Oh, my child isn't like that at all! The younger generation isn't sensitive. They're really terribly self-sufficient."

They *are* sensitive. They put on that brazen front to protect from possible ridicule their embryonic but intense emotions. Only three qualities are needed to make it possible for any parent to break through to the inner child—understanding, sympathy, and sustained patience.

MOST of all one wonders why any parent should be so lacking in self discipline as to fail to meet his child's needs with the normal attitude which is his obligation toward that child—an attitude of affection, strengthened and made perceptive by simple common sense.

But it takes judgment!

"My dad makes a monkey out of me," a boy told me, half humorously, half ruefully. "For weeks he'll be such a regular fellow that I'll break down and tell him everything I think and do. Then the first thing I know, he's jumping on me about everything I've told him that he doesn't like. Do you think that's square?"

"My mother is beautiful," said a girl proudly, "but gee, she surely does get mad if my brother or I do the least little thing wrong. She wants her friends to think we are perfect. I'd love to talk to her about lots of things, but I can't. She just goes up in the air."

If that mother could hear her children discuss her, she would realize that the impression which she makes on them is more important than the impression which they make on her friends.

"Mother never listens to me, she just wants to read all the time."

"My father is too tired to notice us when he comes home."

"My mother says I ought to speak nicely to her, but you ought to hear how she speaks to me!"

These little family annotations crop up casually and frequently among high school boys and girls; but they are rarely spoken of in the tone of personal injury so often used by adults when talking of their children's derelictions. Today's children are more

[*Continued on page 176*]

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WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW

[*Continued from page 175*]

tolerant and adaptable than previous generations. If an unpleasant condition exists, they recognize it, comment on it with blasting frankness, do something about it if they can, and if they can't, they go their way with remarkably few complaints.

IN SPITE of the talk about the younger generation, the girls know themselves; they know that their ideals and habits, and those of the majority of their friends, are fundamentally sound. But the boys do not know the girls so well. They are constantly hearing stories; and if such things are true, masculine vanity demands of each individual boy that he shall be in a position to reap these publicized social rewards.

Consequently, research work is being done, and every girl is attainable until proved otherwise. The boys have discovered that the high value which a girl places on her popularity can be used as a leverage, and they use it so.

If a girl faces the fear that a decision in favor of socially accepted conduct may cause her to lose the attention of boys, and therefore lose the proof that she is an attractive person, or if she is afraid of losing a boy for whom she cares, the decision to be good requires courage. She makes it in, I believe, ninety-five cases out of a hundred. But it is difficult for her, and she needs help. The mothers can help her by teaching her that it is not a sign of personal undesirability if she finds herself left temporarily to the company of other girls, but may be seen as an evidence of moral steadfastness.

The fathers can help her if they will teach their sons that when a man asks a girl for her company, it is his responsibility not to influence her in any way which tradition, religion and social ethics have taught her is not best.

The present-day boy has much inherent decency, and cannot be blamed for the fact that the Modern Maidens, Bad Babies, and Plastic Youths of screen, stage and literature have left him in a muddle of misconceptions. It is simply another way in which the majority have been victimized by the publicity given the faults of the few.

Very few of the little vanities of parents or teachers get past the eyes of the boys and girls to whom they sometimes make the mistake of condescension.

In a certain class in which I was enrolled, the girl who sat on my right complained to the teacher of eyestrain.

"I get the light straight in my eyes from those windows when I look at the board," she explained. "May I sit there instead?" She indicated a row of vacant seats to the left.

"Tomorrow, perhaps," he answered judicially, and sent her back to her seat.

Considered a weak teacher, he turned, perhaps subconsciously, to such little artifices of authority to bolster up his dignity. But he did not deceive his pupils.

There is one opinion current among high school boys and girls which will surprise many people who believe that the younger generation is the child of increased prohibition drinking. It is that a drink is not required for the making of a party.

On the fourteen evenings which I spent with high school boys, only three times were flasks produced. For one thing, the average high school boy has not enough money to finance much drinking. For another, he is usually interested in athletics, and as one boy said to me, "If a fellow is out to make a team, boozing won't do."

As for the girls, they will admit, if there are no boys around to accuse them of being poor sports, that they would "as soon take a dose of medicine" as drink liquor.

Practically all high school students have had a drink, or drinks, at one time or another. But consistent drinking, if it begins, does not start, as a rule, until after the high school age has been passed. I was fully convinced of this, when an eighteen-year-old beau swallowed approximately six tablespoonfuls of sherry, laid his head on my shoulder, said that I was his "little woman," and fell peacefully asleep.

Smoking is, of course, general among the boys. Possibly ten per cent of the girls smoke, and the number seems to be growing, now that the cigarette manufacturers have so deliberately gone after the women's trade.

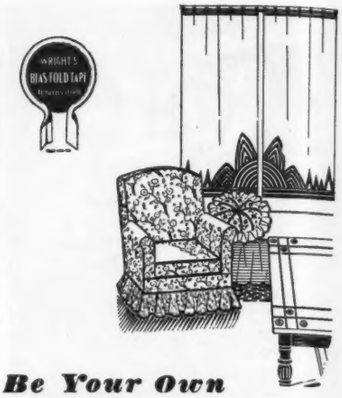
The wholesomeness of the boy or girl who has been given constructive interests, as compared with those who have been left to their own devices, would make any parent who has studied the contrast charge himself to begin in his child's early adolescence to train him so that in time he will be ready to stand financially alone, no matter how well able to care for him the father may be. The point is not that work is necessary for its own sake, but that character is necessary, and that the two are inseparable.

It does seem rather exacting and strenuous that after bearing and clothing and feeding and tidying children, parents should be expected to search for interests, too. But they brought children into the world and the right interests are a safeguard.

IF THE business of being a parent begins to seem, as outlined in these paragraphs, an impossible matter of becoming a combination philosopher, promoter, and diplomat, please remember that after all, I have suggested only two things—to keep children busy, and to understand them.

Understanding can be reached if enough serious consideration is given to the problem of holding the confidence of one's children. Parents may think that children owe them their confidence, but it is something that cannot be exacted by duty, any more than love can be exacted by duty.

Any parent who is the friend of his children, who knows not to seem too anxious about matters of second importance, who is able to keep the first rush of disapproval to himself until he can present his ideas dispassionately and clearly, and balance them with his children's ideas, so that the more reasonable attitude becomes plain to them —not as a prejudice of his own but as a matter of clear judgment—will have his children's confidence.



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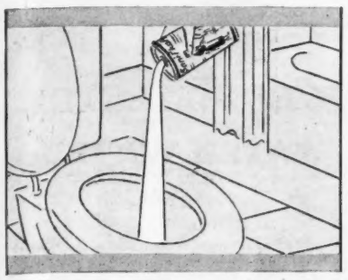

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TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

[*Continued from page 24*]

crammed full of talent, with here and there a dash of genius. The two central figures are Elena, driven ever by the thirst for some intense happiness, and Nancy, her adopted child, wholesome, sturdy but forlorn against the Bateman brilliance and glitter. It's hard to say whether these two, or some of the other eight Batemans command your deepest interest, for they are all fascinating. My own favorites are the Matriarch, Kate, world-known pianist, as strong and gorgeous a creature as you'll meet in many thousands of pages; and Angus who is, but doesn't look like, a genius; who shudders away from anything arty or meretricious, and who, despite his wit and cleverness, is a homely, comfortable person. I think he is the author's favorite, too. She has a quick eye for sham, and together they poke a charitably derisive finger at all sorts of affectations—the slushy sentimentalists and those deluded self-styled realists, who believe that the ugly ones are the only realities, and that "a dead rat is real, a live rose isn't." Miss Cram is one of the few who can write a book which is at once light and deep.

FORREST WILSON in *Rich Brat* takes us behind the scenes in a famous Paris dressmaking establishment, a setting new not only to readers but to the awe-struck young Middle-Western buyer, who is amazingly offered the chance to buy a half interest in the business. The story has a clever heroine, a villain worthy of your best hate, and a purple villainess to match. Besides the adventure, excitement, love and comedy of the story, you get the rich background of Paris, which in a book like this is so much velvet. The author has been advertising manager for several famous Paris dressmakers, and "knows all."

Other recent "inside information" novels well worth reading are *Drum and Monkey*, by George Manning-Sanders, a curious story of a rag man in a sordid London slum, a story whose darkness is shot with rays of the light of the rag man's aspirations for his son; and *Iron Man*, by W. R. Burnett, if you like stories about prize fighters. Then there is Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's *Short As Any Dream*, an unusual story of a New England family, distilled from old letters and family heirlooms and legends. Read this when your mind feels agile, for sometimes you must do a high dive from straight narrative into the characters' streams of consciousness, not to mention brain springs from the present to four generations past, and back again.

Goodbye to All That is the autobiography of Robert Graves, who at thirty-three feels that he has come to the end of one phase of himself—hence the title. He writes with no heed of the reader, but out of sheer need to get his experiences, his observations, his ideas, down on paper. His delicious sense of humor and his detachment save this from being an egotist's book. Indeed, so great is Mr. Graves' detachment, whether he is writing of his childhood, his schooldays, or about the war (and the bulk of the book is about the war) or of some famous personage or some obscure peasant, that the effect is almost that of a drama in which most of the characters dictate their own parts. The book will move you deeply, amuse you often, and interest you always, even if, at times, you may be out of sympathy with some thought or belief of the author.

As a rule I don't greatly enjoy collections of letters. But Dorothy Brooke's *Private Letters, Pagan and Christian*, is different. It makes you feel chummy with ten centuries—the five before and the five after the birth of Christ. Though it contains the correspondence of many famous individuals, there are also many letters from persons unknown—a wife reproaching her errant husand; a son excusing himself to his father; letters about the poor quality of a quilt; or about a mouse catcher; or decorating a house. A delightful, cozy anthology.

Murder Yet to Come, by Isabel Briggs Myers, the $7500 Stokes-McClure prize mystery detective novel, has this among many qualities rare in hist-hark fiction: You get so interested in the characters themselves that you really care what happens to them. It is a good tale, to boot, exciting without recourse to outrageousness; and it's a sporting book, for it gives you an even chance to solve the murder.

FOR those who like their murders straight, unblended with romantic love, *The Silent Murders* by Neil Gordon provides good measure in killings, tantalizing clues, and action.

In John Arnold's *What Happened at Andals* the chief lure lies in discovering what the mystery really is. The solution is a minor matter. A rather spoofing book, but with too much violence for its light framework to bear.

For the Defence is the life of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, by Edward Marjoribanks.

THRILLS FOR THE EARS

[*Continued from page 24*]

may have its chance at life. They carry out her wish, though each of them sacrifices his own life in doing so. That is all there is to the story, but it is enough. The performances by Charles Bickford, Fred Kohler, and Raymond Hatton and the direction by William Wyler are worthy of high praise.

Men Without Women is equally uncompromising and even more terrible in its stark strength. The scene is the interior of a sunken submarine—probably the most gruesome scene that the mind of man can imagine in this safe and sane age. As the water seeps in, the trapped men prepare, in their various ways, for the end that becomes increasingly inevitable; while above them, on the sea's surface, the rescuers flounder about in agonies of frustration. Here again the acting of the cast is superlatively good, as is John Ford's direction and the dialogue by James K. McGuinness.

Truly, the talking pictures are getting ahead when they can achieve terrific dramatic power without resorting to the old tricks which have come to be traditional on the screen.

A third photoplay which does without a love story of the usual, highly-sexed kind, is *Seven Days Leave*, adapted from J. M. Barrie's beautiful one-act play, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*. The hero of this is a stalwart private in the Canadian Black Watch, and the heroine a pathetic, lonely, old Cockney scrubwoman. Together they enact a tender, simple and legitimate romance.

Seven Days Leave is loudly recommended to all those who aren't ashamed to weep in public.

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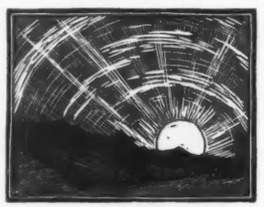
SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 34*]

dailies. But in my time even a three line scoop meant something, and to secure a scoop, and a good one, meant the highest commendation from our chiefs, and frequently increased the fatness of one's pay envelope.

Like Caesar, I saw my chance and took it. The city editor had sent me over to watch and wait around police headquarters, where we usually got our first tips on criminal happenings. As I was going up the steps I met a man coming down, a rooming house proprietor whose name I have forgotten. He stopped me and said he had a line on a story that would make a fine scoop if I could get it. Out Gratiot Avenue, he said, were two young wives who lived in a two-family flat, who had discovered that a shop keeper whose premises adjoined their own had been in the habit of spying upon them. These amiable ladies, having made the discovery, did not take the matter up with their husbands, my informer said, but early that morning had armed themselves with blacksnake whips, and, after luring their romantic and amorously inclined neighbor to one of their homes had whipped him to within an inch of his life.



My blood thrilled to the amazing possibilities of this story. It must be remembered that Detroit was not favored with two or three killings and a score of hold-ups every night in those good old days when ten cents bought a four-square New England boiled dinner in the triangle restaurant near the down-town fire department. Two or three good murders a year was about all we could expect, and this story, if it was true, was almost as good as a murder, I thought. The picturesqueness of its detail, the commendable and highly virtuous courage of the two ladies, and the lureful atmosphere of possibilities which encompassed the whole affair sent me off as fast as I could go. And I not only found the story to be true, but discovered the two ladies still heated with their exertions and willing to talk.

NEVER did a street car move as slowly as the one on which I returned with my precious facts to the "News" office. It was almost time for the paper to go to press, and it still gives me a thrill when I recall how Ed Beck stood over my shoulder snatching out of my machine every half dozen lines I wrote and rushing them to the typesetting room. What a story! The whole staff knew of it in a little while and I could feel my glory filling our big reportorial room. It was the best scoop that had come into the office for a long time, and I figured that not only was my place on the staff now firmly established, but that by another Saturday I would be drawing ten dollars a week instead of eight.

The story came out on the front page. Recently there had joined our staff a tall, middle-aged, Van Dyke bearded man from the New York "World" named Annesley Burrowes, and the young reporters especially had looked upon this man of great experience with a feeling akin to awe. When he came up to me, and said, "That's a great story," I knew that I must surely have hit the bull's-eye, and hit it squarely this time.

The next morning there was an unusual conference of editors and a couple of citizens in Pat Baker's office. I was called.

Then came the crash.

I had made a highly respectable gentleman of Detroit horse-whipped by the two ladies! I had got the victim's last name right, but, God help me, *I had got his first name wrong!*

Of course I was not close enough to either the legal or the financial ends of the institution to know what happened. I heard afterward there was a twenty thousand dollar libel suit, and twenty thousand dollars in Detroit then was almost as much as a million now. I also heard there was a settlement. But I *was* close enough to all ends of the establishment to get the full effect of a unanimous opinion that I should be fired immediately.

FOR weeks I haunted the streets in quest of work. Something held me to the city, even though every instinct in me was an urge for me to get away from it. I did not want to acknowledge myself beaten. And now, in what appeared to be these very dark hours for me, my story-writing was again my encouragement and inspiration, as it was always to be throughout my life. After a day of hopeless wandering in my hunt for work it was a soothing comfort to get down to my old typewriter at night, and always now I could depend on "The Gray Goose" to take my stories at ten dollars apiece.

As weeks grew into months I think I must have begun to look a little shabby. My condition was worse because of the fact that shortly after leaving the university I had contracted a school-boy marriage, which like most juvenile alliances of this kind, turned out unfortunately not long afterward, when the courts returned freedom to both the young woman in the case and myself. This unfortunate culmination of a first marriage occurred before my return to Owosso, but at the time I lost my position on the "News" I had other responsibilities than my own to care for.

I took a sick man's place in a coal yard on Lysander Street and a week's work there did not improve my appearance. Then, one day, in going through a big office building, stopping almost at random to ask here and there if a man was wanted, I came into an office where there was one of the finest looking old gentlemen I have ever seen, a man as gentle in appearance as he was of voice and heart. Alfred Russell is long since dead but he has left behind him a record of charitable acts and kindness of heart. He took me into his private office and patiently listened to my story from beginning to end.

Then he gave me a letter to a huge pharmaceutical manufacturing plant out Jefferson Avenue, where I got a job at fifty dollars a month.

My first week's task was largely the manipulation of a long paddle with which I stirred a hair tonic that was brewing in huge vats. I do recall that the joyous fumes of this tasty-smelling concotion so nearly overcame me one day that I almost fell into the vat. My next experience was with cod-liver oil, and after that I helped buzz

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WEST ELECTRIC Water Wavers don't break, bend, rust or get out of order. *If one does, we'll replace it free.* They're made of round aluminum tubing — light as a feather. There are no seams or edges to injure the hair. Finest steel music wire gives proper tension for *any* thickness of hair, and patented ball lock prevents unfastening. At Department and 5 and 10c stores everywhere.

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Do you know how easy it is to fade out homely, rusty-brown freckles so that no one will ever again call you Freckle-Face? Do you know how to protect your sensitive complexion from the damage caused by Spring sun and wind?

Simply get a jar of Othine Double Strength, and a few nights' use of this dainty white cream will show you how easy it is to rid yourself of freckles and regain the fair, lovely, soft, milk-white skin that is your natural birthright.

Spring sun and winds have a strong tendency to bring out freckles, and as a result more Othine is sold during the season. Be sure to ask for Othine Double Strength at any drug or department store. Othine is always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not satisfy.

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SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 178*]

up sandalwood from which was made a distillation of sandal oil.

My prize experience was in the pepsin department, where this well-known article of pharmacy was prepared from the glandular layers of pigs' stomachs; and not being well acquainted with this process, I supposed, from the beginning, that the pigs' stomach had to go through a period of odoriferous decay before they gave up their treasure, for it was one of the strongest smelling places I was ever in, and more than once while I was there I found myself yearning for the big hair tonic paddle back. But I graduated in time, and went to the pill department, and here for another week I made pills of all shapes and sizes and colors, amid the roar of a score of huge revolving drums in which they were polished and colored.

I NOW believed that I was about as far from the goal which I had set out to achieve as the winds of fortune could possibly have carried me. My early dreams, my ambitions, my love for nature, my university career, my story-writing, everything I had ever hoped or planned for, seemed ended here, *in the making of pills.*

At the end of six weeks I was back in the combination publicity and correspondence department, and told that my duties thereafter would be associated with the scores of medical and pharmacal journals which would be directed to my care, and which, in a kind of editorial way, were to be read and marked with suggestions for the various departments which their contents might interest. This work possessed two virtues which raised my spirits again; it was interesting, and it had a real literary flavor.

In the department where they made pepsin from pigs' stomachs I had become acquainted with an aristocratic-looking but poverty-stricken Belgian by the name of Van der Noot, who later became very well-known in Detroit. Now Van der Noot claimed to be not only a gentleman in financial distress, but also a Baron, and that in the days of not so long ago when a Baron was still big enough socially and politically to become a news item when discovered at work.

So I spent an evening writing up Van der Noot's story, and sent it in to the Sunday editor of the "News-Tribune", along with his picture. To my amazement and delight the story was taken and I received a check for eight dollars for it, or as much as I had received in a whole week on the "News".

The sun began to shine again, and after nearly fifteen years of effort in my story-writing I made another signal advance in that creative profession which I was so persistently determined to succeed in.

Then came that unforgettable tenth day of May, 1902, when Annesley Burrowes called me to the Sunday "News-Tribune" office and offered me a job as special writer on the paper at *eighteen dollars a week,* or more than twice what I had received as a reporter. So I collected what properties I had in my desk and went to the "News-Tribune" office on the second floor of the old "News" building on Shelby Street, which for five years thereafter was to be largely the scene of my joys and my sorrows, my tears and my smiles, in the road I was bound and determined to follow.

Assuredly, no man ever appreciated his change of fortune more than I did when I took up my duties on the Sunday paper, and the joyous thrill which accompanied this change was something which, though mellowing through the years, abided with me for all time—and this very largely because I had gone through certain unforgettable chastening processes during the preceding year.

I fell to the job as a glove fits the hand. My task of writing Sunday features, half fact and half fiction, was in reality not a task but a labor of love. I made several wonderful new friends. And, toward the end of 1902 I succeeded in placing myself with two more magazines, "The Oracle" and "The Era." The latter magazine paid me twenty dollars for a story—this was the biggest price I had received for any piece of fiction.

But it was not until December, 1904, that I for the first time hit the bull's-eye for which I had been continually shooting over a period of seventeen years. At my newspaper desk I wrote a story of Lake Michigan entitled *The Captain of the Christopher Duggan.* I sent this to "Munsey's Magazine." And there came back four words——"At last—good boy!"——and with those words *a check for seventy-five dollars.*

When beginners come to me, and sympathize with themselves because they have written half a dozen sketches or stories without success, I look back and endeavor to give them at least some kind of an idea of what they must expect to do in the way of work before they can possibly win; for nine out of ten writers, granting the tenth may be a prodigy, must each of them exert both the mental and physical energy of half a dozen average men or women before the ladder has been even half climbed to success. I also add a ray of sunshine to what otherwise might appear as a grim outlook by assuring them that once they hit the bull's-eye, and hit it right, they will find themselves on a road much more clearly marked for them and much more easily traveled.

"Munsey's" acceptance of *The Captain of the Christopher Duggan* started me on this road. I knew, now, what the big magazines wanted.

BY THIS time I was also deeply absorbed in the writing of my novel. I was now in the rather unusual and difficult position of having the following tasks on my hands at one and the same time.

My newspaper work.

My Canadian Government work.

The Editing of "Dollars and Sense," a business magazine.

The writing of a series of articles on the Great Lakes.

The completion of my novel, *The Courage of Captain Plum.*

A juvenile book.

It was not long before I received a letter telling me that *The Courage of Captain Plum* had not only been accepted, but it was immensely liked, and that it would be published in book form early in the following year, 1908. Enclosed with the letter was a *contract!*

[*Continued on page 180*]

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you'll know Pebeco Toothpaste is *working!* Not the sweet, meaningless flavor of the ordinary dentifrice. But a sharp, refreshing tang...distinctive, *active!* Perhaps at first you may not like it—but it definitely assures you that it is doing its job—affirms your real need of its help. In a week you will be grateful for the change. While cleaning and whitening the teeth, Pebeco actually counteracts the destructive mouth acids which cause decay. Isn't this *extra* result alone worth your week's trial? NOW?

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SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 179*]

Then, in this wonderful document which was as precious to me as the Declaration of Independence, these great publishers promised, not only to me but to my heirs forever, to sell the book for a dollar and fifty cents a copy, and pay ten per cent royalty.

Determined to be very conservative, I figured that my book would sell only one hundred thousand copies instead of two or three times that number. This meant that my royalty, amounting to fifteen cents on each copy, would be fifteen thousand dollars, a fortune so great that the mental contemplation of it fairly took my breath away.

I assured my folks at home that hereafter they would never have to worry, and that dear old Dad could get rid of his cobbling-shop and retire for the rest of his life. Then I wrote to my brother, who was down in Ohio, and told him that I was going on a real wilderness trip and that I would pay all of his expenses if he would accompany me. He came bag and baggage. It was not difficult for me to secure free transportation, and Ed and I had one of the most wonderful adventures of our lives in the Hudson's Bay Country.

And then that bitter day when I opened my publisher's letter which contained my royalty report on the sales of *The Courage of Captain Plum*.

There was my check, not for fifteen thousand dollars, not even for seven thousand five hundred, but for two hundred and eighty-four dollars and forty cents!

It was fortunate for me that I had become deeply absorbed in my work for the Canadian Government, and had spent months in the western prairies riding horseback and hobnobbing with the Royal Northwest Police, before that letter reached me.

Otherwise I doubt if I would have stood up under the shock.

IT WAS not long before I began to appreciate the fact that to have had a book published at all, on its own merits and without paying for its publication, was an achievement; and from the moment I accepted that healthful viewpoint my determination and desire to win over all the obstacles I might find in my way became stronger than ever.

I had a new inspiration now, a great passion which I wanted to make the heart and the soul of the books I was going to write. This was my love for that glorious northland which from the beginning, in the first story I wrote about it, I called "God's Country." The Hudson's Bay wilderness, the vast and unpeopled prairies of the Peace River Country, the mountains of the western slope, the Athabasca, the Mackenzie and the Arctic Plains called to me every hour of my life. I had felt their thrill, and years of their glory lay ahead of me.

I made my plans accordingly, and events in my life so shaped themselves that I returned to the town of my birth in November of 1908, to make my home there. Soon after my return I was invited by a friend of mine to go as his guest to a chicken-pie supper at the Congregational Church. There he introduced me to a group of young school teachers, and among these young ladies was one who appealed to me greatly. This was the young lady who was in the seventh grade when I was in the tenth, and whom I did not know at that time. She had been reading accounts about my latest expedition into the north, and was so very nice and interesting that I decided to get better acquainted with her. I did. A little later I made up my mind that she would make a wonderful comrade on the hundred wild trails I was going to travel, and at last I discussed the matter with her. She thought it would be rather nice, too. So we were married.

And for nine months, through all of one beautiful autumn, a long winter and a lovely spring our honeymoon was in a log cabin in the Hudson's Bay Country, far removed from civilization, where we used dogs and sledge and snowshoes, caught fur on a twenty mile trap line, and where I wrote my novel *Philip Steel of the Royal Mounted*.

If *Captain Plum* had sold a hundred thousand copies, as I had so optimistically expected it to do, would I have been at that chicken-pie supper? I wonder!

What has come to me during the seventeen years since that chicken-pie supper in the Congregational Church at Owosso—an understanding of life, home, faith and happiness—I would not exchange for all the possessions of all the millionaires on the face of the earth.

But my love for book writing has accumulated too big a momentum to stop, and so I continued to turn out novels wherever I happened to be, on northern trails, in cabins, and at home, with the result that my *Cold Hunters*, a sequel to *The Wolf Hunters*, appeared in 1909. My royalties for the last six months of that year, *on all four of my books*, amounted to just one hundred and forty-nine dollars and seventy cents!

At about this time I saw my opportunity, as many wise young men have done before me, of making the fortune which I would use to such great advantage in financing some expensive expeditions which I wished to make into the north. This opportunity presented itself to me in the physical form of a local bucket-shop which had installed itself in a room over one of our banks, and where I pocketed one hundred dollars in a single day in a little fling at a copper stock, which I bought on a five-dollar margin. Now the thought came to me that if I had made a hundred dollars so easily with the very small amount I had "invested," what would it not be possible for me to make with, say, ten times my original capital? I acted immediately upon the very reasonable answer which I gave to this question, and began buying on a margin in a market that was so steadily going up that, on the second day, I called my wife over the telephone and told her I was as good as a rich man, and that in proof of it was sending her a piano that very afternoon.

WHEN I went home my wife was as excited as I, and asked me how much I had made, and if I could give her some of it in addition to the piano. I told her that of course I had no ready cash in hand, as I had not been foolish enough to sell in a market that was going up so fast; but I explained to her that I had, altogether, almost four hundred shares of stock, and that every point it went up meant four hundred dollars in our pockets.

"But why didn't you bring *some* of it home with you?" she asked, with the unreasonableness of most women in those matters, and I had some difficulty in explaining to her how I had made almost two thousand dollars that day, yet did not have a cent of it in my pockets.

I never fully realized what it meant to be a lamb until the next day. My stocks began going down, and I hung on like grim death, knowing this was only a slight reaction and that the stocks would go up again higher than ever, as all the newspapers were predicting. Then something which they called "the bottom fell out," and before I knew it my excited broker had me digging up everything I could lay my hands on to cover my margins.

Everything I had was gone—everything except the piano, which was the only object of value I had not mortgaged. Even my *Danger Trail* royalty was spent in advance. I went home on that day of tragedy dead broke. But still I had friends and from them I borrowed a hundred dollars. Then I wired to the Grand Trunk Pacific for free transportation, and by the time it arrived my wife and I were ready for the wilderness. We buried ourselves completely, with the nearest Hudson's Bay post fifty miles away, and I wrote another book.

In fact, I kept on writing books—I could not help myself.

I ALWAYS tell those who write for advice and help that it is absolutely impossible for an *unclean* book to live, and I assure them this statement is backed not alone by my own personal opinion, but also by fact, if they will look back through literary history. I say to young writers that the same law which governs the rest of humanity must govern them, and that law is the law of decency. A clean mind and a clean body—those things, combined with courage, ambition and faith, not only may, but *can* climb to the heights of dreams. For people are like that, and happiness *does* come to those who work for and deserve it. It is my belief that only in constructive writing can an author be happy for all time in his work. After all, the greatest pleasure which the Controlling Power has given us is not play, but *work*.

Only the man or woman who has work to do, and a hard and constructive work, is happy. Our greatest and most successful men do not retire when they have achieved fame and fortune. They work until they die, and in continuing at a labor which they love they live longer than those who do the other thing. And they became great and successful because they loved their work, not because they worked only to achieve an end. This is vitally true of authors. The mere desire to make money will not build success, and the writer who starts out with that thought in mind is doomed to failure. And it is a hard work, difficult work. At times it almost reaches a point of drudgery, yet if one's love for it is great enough it does not seem to be drudgery. It demands from a man or woman, as I have said before, the courage and energy and mental determination of half a dozen average men and women, though to the world at large an author's labor may appear to be, and is generally accepted as being, an exceedingly easy and pleasant one. It is toil, but it brings happiness, when rightly done. And so greatly a part of one's heart and soul and body does it then become that more than one writer has continued work on his last book when he knew that death was only a few weeks or months away.

I should like briefly to tell my own methods of work. I want to emphasize first the fact that an author, no matter how successful he may be, is only an average human being in whose head God has tied an unimportant little knot, which, with hard work and perseverance, has made it possible for him to earn a livelihood with a pen instead of a surgeon's knife or a farmer's hoe.

In order that my work shall be as good as I can make it, I keep myself physically and mentally fit. I rise from my bed at six o'clock every morning of my life, seven days a week, when I am at home, except in spring and summer, when I may rise an hour earlier. I immediately drink two large glasses of water, and then snap through from [*Continued on page 182*]

MAYTIME

By Theda Kenyon

I met a Fool on a heathered knoll—
(Sing a song of Maytime!)
A light-limbed, motley Fool was he,
And he sang his song exultantly,
His lilting song of Maytime:

The Wiseman sits in his solemn tower
Through the youthful Maytime,
And counting the stars, gives each a name,
In an endlessly wheeling, mechanical game . . . .
But I lie flat on my back in the grass,
And make love to the dainty small stars, as they pass,
And shepherd the clouds in the fold of the lea.
"Oh, I'm glad that I am a Fool!" sang he,
"For I know the language of Maytime!"

I met a Fool on a heathered knoll—
(Sing a song of Maytime!)
A light-limbed Fool, caught dizzily
On the verge of eternity—
But he sang his song full gallantly!
Oh, I wish that I were as wise as he,
In my passing Maytime . . . .

He saved a life . . . and prevented a revolution

Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known . ."

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is the use of a good yeast. Its action causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of ugly skin eruptions, which I long ago proved to result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps 'sunlight-starved' bodies to assimilate the elements which keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 4 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, DR. GEORGES FAROY, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

The brilliant Spanish surgeon, DR. CATALINA, declares, "Recent scientific experiments confirm the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) MR. C. B. WEBBER, *Boston manufacturer, writes:* "After a short illness, I still didn't feel right, so I called my doctor. He said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered Fleischmann's Yeast. It did everything he said it would. I am now completely well."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* MRS. P. J. RILEY *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely. I haven't a trace of indigestion and no longer feel sluggish and tired."

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SON OF THE FORESTS

[*Continued from page 180*]

fifteen to twenty minutes of peppy calisthenics, interrupting myself only long enough to drink two more glasses of water. After the calisthenics I take a shower, finishing with cold water. Then I have my breakfast, which usually consists of a half bowl of bran with cream and milk. I walk for no longer than ten minutes, but as fast as I can, as slow walking is no exercise at all, and am at my studio ready for work at half past seven.

Because of my exercises, my light breakfast, and my short but strenuous walk I feel vibrantly and buoyantly alive through every inch of me, and am eager to get to work *because of the sheer pleasure of it*. My brain is clear and my body is glad and happy because I have started the day right, and have given them the chance which nature intended they should have. The man who drags himself out of bed at eight or nine o'clock, sucks at a cigarette before breakfast, bolsters himself up with a highball instead of physical exercise, and then starts out with bacon and eggs inside him is drawing on his resources without putting anything back.

ARRIVING at my studio at half past seven, I have a fifteen minute conference with my secretary, then disconnect my telephone, lock my doors, and from eight until eleven-thirty bury myself in my work. There are mornings when this work comes easily and spontaneously, and many others when I seem to drag forth my thoughts word by word. Yet I have found that spontaneity, in my case, has almost never meant best work; in other words, the more I find it necessary to concentrate and toil, the more finished and satisfactory is the work which results. I build every line and page of my manuscript to the best of my ability when I first write it, with the result that I am a very slow worker compared with many others, and do not average more than four or five hundred words a day. I have spent an entire forenoon on one paragraph of a dozen lines, keeping at it until I thought my head would split, but determined to get the effect I wanted now or never. Many times I have experimented by leaving such paragraphs or pages, returning to them later, but without exception I have found myself slighting my work in those instances. The rule "Do not put off until tomorrow what can be done today," I have found to be a very wise one to follow in writing my books.

I am at my typewriter from two to three and a half hours, doing original work, and as my dinner is at twelve o'clock I have just about enough time in which to stretch myself and walk briskly for a few blocks. This dinner, with occasional exceptions, is very largely of vegetables and green stuffs, with dairy products and nuts furnishing the necessary proteins in the place of meats. Yet I am extremely fond of meat, and enjoy it thoroughly at the times we allow ourselves to have it, getting much more pleasure out of it, I think, than if we had it daily.

I return immediately to my studio, which is only three blocks from my home, and until half past four o'clock my time is occupied in dictation, plotting and planning tomorrow's work, reading, editing, gathering facts for the skeletons of future work, and attending to the hundred and one details which come up in an author's life, as in every other man's.

During the afternoon I am glad and happy to have people call upon me, either from my own community or from out of town. I make one positive exception. No business except that associated with my literary work can get through the doors of my studio. But those who wish to see me for purely social and friendly reasons are more than welcome. That is why I turn the others away. The people who visit my studio represent almost every known part of the world. Not a week passes that I do not talk with someone whose home is thousands of miles away.

The week before I came up to my cabin I exchanged hunting yarns with a planter from Borneo, went over old trails again with a man from Fairbanks, Alaska, and spent a delightful hour with a mining engineer from the Nuevo Leone district of Mexico. And not a day passes when I am at home that people from nearer places are not my guests for a little while. They are all my friends, whether I have seen them before or not, for the mere fact that they are interested enough in my work to pay me the honor and compliment of a visit makes me feel very close to them. Our little talks are nearly always very informal, and while candy and cigars are passed I often go on with the bits of work which these interruptions do not entirely stop. We always have a good time.

However, unless there are exceptional circumstances, I am out of the studio at half past four and off on a brisk four-mile-an-hour walk. Either this, or swimming, or golf, or horseback riding, according to the season. My experience has taught me that a human being should have not less than five or six miles of walking a day, and by walking I mean a real workout, not under four miles an hour; or, if not walking, then some exercise equally good. After this walk, if it is a walk, I am ready for supper without meat or heavy dessert. Before bed I take from five to ten minutes of brisk calisthenics.

Above all other things I believe in healthful, physical play, and in those certain kinds of mental play which are accompanied by the life-giving sunshine of fun, fellowship and laughter. Today I love play as much as I did when I was fifteen. I think I enjoy it even more than I did at that time.

And yet, if a writer loves his work, he can never forget it utterly. I always think of myself as two persons, and it is the person inside me, my subconscious self, who writes my stories and is constantly on the watch for incidents, events and characters that may find their places in the fabric of his creations. This "other person" begins to take possession of me from the moment I sit down at my typewriter to work, and if my carnate and visible self revolts too strongly, and vanquishes him for a time, then no creative work is done. This loyal and unseen being within me, who is infinitely more valuable than the physical creature which carries it about, works many times when I wish he would rest—he drives on the other self.

I never read a book of history or a scientific volume or article that he does not peruse the pages with me, everlastingly in quest of the idea or thought which may help us to build something bigger or better in our own weak efforts at creating literature. And he is always with me on the street, in the theater, in the big woods—wherever I go—that same tireless hunter for "material" from which fiction is made.

ALWAYS I urgently impress upon youth to care for the greatest of all earthly tabernacles, their own bodies. Distort and choke in a mean and weak body this other self that is in you, and only darkness, tragedy and unhappiness can be the result; but give to this soul-comrade all the cleanness and strength you are capable of giving and you will receive, in return, courage, success and a happiness and faith which *come only with the real glory of living.*

Until now I have never dared an attempt at expressing my faith on paper. I have not dared simply because I have not felt myself capable. Nor do I feel myself capable of the task I have set before myself now. Hundreds of my friends know what my faith is, and by them I have been chiefly urged, and also by the glowing thought that what has brought happiness and faith to many of these friends of mine may possibly be helpful to others. Never in our known history of life has a faith been more desired than at the present time, a faith which, with our increased intelligence in the balance, is not an insult to God; a faith which does not require dark magic, parables, cheap trickery and blasphemous pageantry to keep it alive; a faith we can believe in and not simply hope for, a faith that is clean, unselfish, and reasonable in so far as our own small reason has progressed in this universe.

And we have progressed, a little. The Black Ages are gone. The centuries are past when religion was a powerful weapon in the hands of a few, employed to subdue and hold in awe an overwhelmingly ignorant humanity. Today the world wants a faith and it wants a God even more than it wanted them in the days of Moses. It may not *need* them more, but they are more insistently demanded.

And for these reasons more and more people are asking themselves the questions:

Is there a God?

Is there a hereafter for me when my earthly life is done?

Here is, then, my creed of life.

I not only believe, but I *know* there is a God—a Great Intelligence, a colossal Soul and Mind that governs and controls life and gives to all that life the reward which it has won for itself when the next step comes.

So answering this question also answers the other. I know there is a Great Intelligence which we call God; and I know there is a hereafter.

MY OWN faith is built on a foundation of proofs which are real and reasonable. It is not built up of hope and desire, but of cold and incontrovertible fact. I have tried to topple them over in one way or another, and after each effort I have found them stronger than before. I have found that the faith which I thought I had discovered was not my own alone. I learned, first of all, that it was largely Christ's faith, and I found it in one form or another in the hearts of innumerable men and women.

In the first years of my own unrest I wanted a God. I accepted the fact that there was a God; but I wanted a God that I was a part of, and could understand, and work toward.

My belief has shown to me the beauty and meaning and at the same time the triviality of death. If I should try to make myself believe that the life in man's body is the only life that is indestructible my faith would go into pieces like a shattered glass.

Why should death horrify, except as man has built up its horrors? We are not filled with dread when we lie down to sleep at night because we know we are going to awaken to another day. Then why do we dread the longer sleep which we call death, if one really has a faith? It may, in reality, be a shorter sleep than we take at night; and this night-sleep of ours, coming to us once in every twenty-four hours, is death itself in so far as our lives are concerned during the period of our unconsciousness. Death, I believe, is intended by the Divine Power to be a beautiful thing, just as it is also the Omnipotent Law that life shall exist upon life in order that there may be progression and not stagnation, and that the race may survive.

It is when man's own exaggerated conception of himself and his power drops away, that the real glory of living becomes a part of earthly life. With my own eyes and to my own immeasurable joy and satisfaction I can see the sublime efficiency and productivity of the Great Builder whenever I look about me. I see it, first, all about me in my own little world.

It is my faith that Life on the Earth and on countless suns and planets is working toward one end. The form in which that life manifests itself makes no difference. Life is Life. The life of a stone is the life of a plant. The life of a plant is the life of flesh and blood. The life of flesh and blood is the life which inspires the universe. It is all one and the same. It is what the Master-Builder wants, developed, experienced, fitted for the glorious and eternal reward of becoming one of His fellow-workers in the building and running of the universe, and in directing to constructive ends the terrific, unseen, and to us, utterly mysterious forces of space and existence.

For work is happiness. Work is Life. Work is God. And work, in the end, must be our Heaven.

TWO JUNE FEATURES

ON WHAT are fifty-fifty marriages founded? What are the dangers to avoid, in making a success of being housewife, sweetheart, friend and efficient business woman or artist, all in one? Some famous wives of famous men give their answer in

FAMOUS THOUGH MARRIED

by Dorothy Ducas

A FAMILY MATTER

by Helen Christine Bennett

An amusing and richly entertaining article about the great red volume, treasured in the Library of Congress, which bears the title "Americans of Royal Descent"—and the Americans who wave the flag of democracy with one hand and turn its leaves with the other.

Choose your new living room suite from these KROEHLER super-values...

STANDARD QUALITY SUITE No. 237—2 pieces—$150

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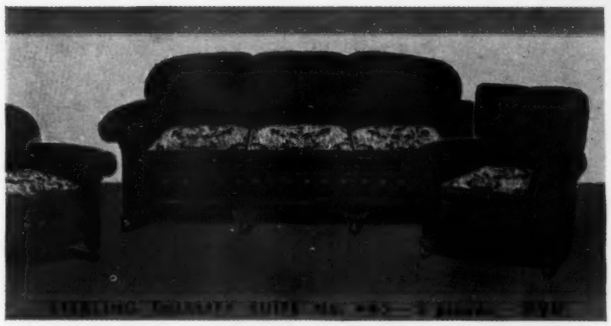

No. 237—Typical two-piece suite from the Standard Quality group. Large sofa of serpentine design and extra deep cushioning. Smart button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich taupe mohair with reversible cushions of colorful jacquard moquette. Same suite available in many other beautiful colors. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame and patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at small extra cost. The two pieces priced at only $150. Extra chair to harmonize, where three pieces are desired, $48.50 **$150**

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CUSTOM-MADE SUITE No. 939—2 pieces—$230

ONLY six months ago your selection of living room furniture would have been made with much guesswork and uncertainty. But these new and amazing Kroehler Value Standards have completely revolutionized everything.

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Take advantage of this revolutionary development perfected in the great Kroehler factories. See these new and amazing Kroehler Super-Values at your nearest Kroehler dealer's store. He has many other models in each group; many beautiful fabrics, too, from which you may choose.

If you do not recall a nearby dealer who features Kroehler Living Room Furniture, *write us.* We will send you his name and address and a free copy of our booklet, "Enjoyable Living Rooms by Kroehler," without delay.

No. 939—*Kroehler's finest quality.* Luxurious sofa and button-back chair to match. Covered all around in rich, silver taupe mohair. Reversible cushions of jacquard moquette. Kroehler non-warping hardwood frame. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slightly higher cost. May also be had in a choice of many other attractive coverings. The two pieces, $230. Lounge chair No. 8956 in figured green tapestry, $75 . . . **$230**

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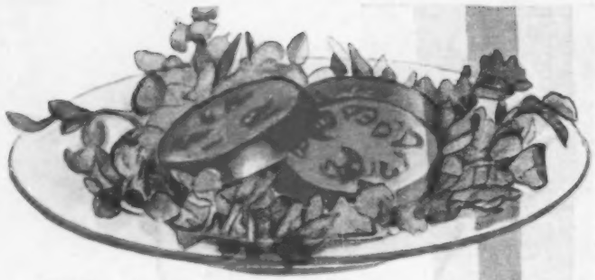

With this dainty salad of tomatoes and water cress—a French Dressing made with mint.

THE SPRING SALAD SEASON ARRIVES !

When nearly every pantry shelf in town blossoms out with a new can of Wesson Oil, you may be sure the Spring Salad season has arrived.

Fresh Spring vegetables—just out of the garden ! That means salads—and Wesson Oil.

For there is no salad oil that has quite so completely won the hearts of American women. Probably because it is so choice a salad oil and because it's so really *wholesome*.

Here is a pure, rich oil, golden in color, exquisitely delicate in flavor—and deliciously good to eat.

Indeed, it's so good that you'll find women everywhere who like to use it plain, just as it is. Who keep a cruet of it on the table, along perhaps with a cruet of some fine vinegar.

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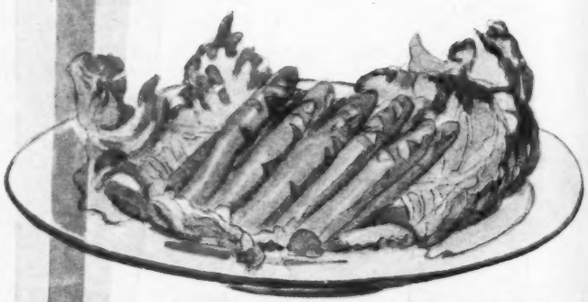
For fresh pineapple, cherries and lettuce—a Nut French Dressing seems a happy choice.

A salad of string beans, celery, green pepper and lettuce suggests a piquant Indian French Dressing.



Asparagus tips and crisp lettuce—a delightful Chiffondale French Dressing goes with it delightfully.

A French Dressing made with Chili Sauce gives spice to this always popular salad of fresh cucumbers, carrots and lettuce.

Grapefruit, orange and romaine—and a French Dressing ever so slightly sweetened with Bar le Duc is quite delicious.